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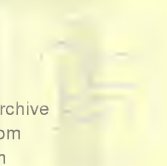
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# LOVE IN A VILLAGE;

A COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS;

By ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

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# REMARKS.

THIS is an opera, in which plot, incident, and character are not subservient to the harmony of sweet sounds; but where sound and sense happily unite, to give entertainment to that taste, which is refined both in the one and the other.

None but a churlish spectator can behold this village group, without sharing in all their various interests and sensations—their family quarrels, petty intrigues, diminutive gallantries, clownish stupidities, rural festivities, sparkling anger, flaming love, and all those freaks of pain, pleasure, or absurdity, which passion deals out in the circle of a village, as well as in the precincts of a metropolis.

"Love in a Village" was first performed in 1763; and is entitled to particular notice, because it has ever since been a favourite opera, and will certainly preserve to future times the station it has obtained upon the English stage.

Bickerstaff, the author, has borrowed part of this production from a work, entitled, the "Village Opera," by Charles Johnstone, and also from the "Gentleman Dancing Master," by Wycherley, one of the most indifferent among that poet's dramas; and

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yet to him are present auditors indebted for that very pleasant scene, where Lucinda imposes her lover upon her father in a counterfeit character, with the vain efforts of her aunt to point out the deception.

It is great praise to the author of this opera, that music has neither made his lovers insipid, nor the other characters dull. Young Meadows and Rosetta excite sympathy, and their friends and acquaintance produce mirth; yet, happily, not that species of merriment, which makes an enlightened auditor sigh whilst he laughs.

Justice Woodcock's humour is perfectly natural; and such is likewise the ill humour of his sister, the old maid.

Hawthorn, the rustic sportsman, is nicely distinguished from the coarse, clownish Hodge; and the underplot of Eustace with the Justice's daughter is more amusing than secondary fables generally are; while Madge, forsaken, is a perfect description of the ill-fated state of many a rural servant maid.

The dialogue is easy and appropriate; and if the songs are not distinguished by much poetical skill, they are pleasing through simplicity and rational sentiment.

Perhaps the *denouement* might have been delayed with better effect; for though Sir William Meadows heard of the situation of his son, it was not requisite that he should likewise know Rosetta was in the same house. The fable, thus conducted, the final discovery of events would have been postponed till the conclusion of the piece.

The famed Miss Brent was the original Rosetta; the equally famed Miss Catley succeeded her; and they each enriched the managers, and enraptured their audience, almost as much as Mrs Billington has since done in any of her most favourite characters.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sir William Meadows | *Mr Waddy.* |
| Young Meadows | *Mr Incledon.* |
| Justice Woodcock | *Mr Munden.* |
| Hawthorn | *Mr Townsend.* |
| Eustace | *Mr Claremont.* |
| Hodge | *Mr Emery.* |
| Footman | *Mr Platt.* |
| Carter | *Mr Beverley.* |

### Country Lads.

*Messrs Abbot—L Bologna—Lee—Odwell—Street—Tett—Thomas—Truman.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Rosetta | *Miss Mortimer.* |
| Lucinda | *Mrs Atkins.* |
| Deborah Woodcock | *Mrs Davenport.* |
| Margery | *Mrs Martyr.* |
| Cook | *Mr Harley.* |
| Housemaid | *Mrs Castelle.* |

### Country Lasses.

*Mesdames Benson—Bologna—Blurton—Bennet—Cox—Dibdin, &c.*

*SCENE—A Village.*

# LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

## ACT THE FIRST.

### SCENE I.

*A Garden.*

ROSETTA *and* LUCINDA *are discovered at Work, seated upon Two Garden Chairs.*

AIR I.

Ros. *Hope! thou nurse of young desire,*
*Fairy promiser of joy;*
*Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,*
*Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy:*

Lucin. *Hope! thou earnest of delight,*
*Softest soother of the mind;*
*Balmy cordial, prospect bright,*
*Surest friend the wretched find:*

Both. *Kind deceiver, flatter still,*
*Deal out pleasures unpossest;*
*With thy dreams my fancy fill,*
*And in wishes make me blest.*

*Lucin.* Heigho——Rosetta!
*Ros.* Well, child, what do you say?

*Lucin.* 'Tis a devilish thing to live in a village an hundred miles from the capital, with a preposterous gouty father, and a superannuated maiden aunt.—I am heartily sick of my situation.

*Ros.* And with reason—But 'tis in a great measure your own fault: here is this Mr Eustace, a man of character and family; he likes you, you like him; you know one another's minds, and yet you will not resolve to make yourself happy with him.

AIR II.

*Whence can you inherit*
*So slavish a spirit?*
*Confined thus and chain'd to a log!*
*Now fondled, now chid,*
*Permitted, forbid:*
*'Tis leading the life of a dog.*

*For shame, you a lover!*
*More firmness discover.*
*Take courage, nor here longer mope;*
*Resist and be free,*
*Run riot like me,*
*And, to perfect the picture, elope.*

*Lucin.* And this is your advice?

*Ros.* Positively.

*Lucin.* Here's my hand; positively I'll follow it—I have already sent to my gentleman, who is now in the country, to let him know he may come hither this day; we will make use of this opportunity to settle all preliminaries—And then—But take notice, whenever we decamp, you march off along with us.

*Ros.* Oh! madam, your servant; I have no inclination to be left behind, I assure you—But you say you got acquainted with this spark, while you were with your mother, during her last illness at Bath, so that your father has never seen him?

*Lucin.* Never in his life, my dear; and I am confident he entertains not the least suspicion of my having any such connexion: my aunt, indeed, has her doubts and surmises; but, besides that my father will not allow any one to be wiser than himself, it is an established maxim between these affectionate relations, never to agree in any thing.

*Ros.* Except being absurd; you must allow they sympathize perfectly in that——But, now we are on the subject, I desire to know what I am to do with this wicked old justice of peace, this libidinous father of yours? He follows me about the house, like a tame goat.

*Lucin.* Nay, I'll assure you he has been a wag in his time—you must have a care of yourself.

*Ros.* Wretched me! to fall into such hands, who have been just forced to run away from my parents to avoid an odious marriage——You smile at that now; and I know you think me whimsical, as you have often told me; but you must excuse my being a little over delicate in this particular.

AIR III.

*My heart's my own, my will is free,*
*And so shall be my voice;*
*No mortal man shall wed with me,*
*Till first he's made my choice.*

*Let parents rule, cry nature's laws,*
*And children still obey;*
*And is there then no saving clause,*
*Against tyrannic sway?*

*Lucin.* Well, but my dear mad girl——

*Ros.* Lucinda, don't talk to me—Was your father to go to London, meet there by accident with an old fellow, as wrong-headed as himself, and in a fit of absurd friendship agree to marry you to that old fel-

low's son, whom you had never seen, without consulting your inclinations, or allowing you a negative, in case he should not prove agreeable——

*Lucin.* Why, I should think it a little hard, I confess—yet, when I see you in the character of a chambermaid——

*Ros.* It is the only character, my dear, in which I could hope to lie concealed; and I can tell you, I was reduced to the last extremity, when, in consequence of our old boarding-school friendship, I applied to you to receive me in this capacity: for we expected the parties the very next week.

*Lucin.* But had not you a message from your intended spouse, to let you know he was as little inclined to such ill-concerted nuptials as you were?

*Ros.* More than so; he wrote to advise me, by all means, to contrive some method of breaking them off, for he had rather return to his dear studies at Oxford; and after that, what hopes could I have of being happy with him?

*Lucin.* Then you are not at all uneasy at the strange rout you must have occasioned at home? I warrant, during this month you have been absent———

*Ros.* Oh! don't mention it, my dear; I have had so many admirers since I commenced Abigail, that I am quite charmed with my situation—But hold, who stalks yonder into the yard, that the dogs are so glad to see?

*Lucin.* Daddy Hawthorn, as I live! He is come to pay my father a visit; and never more luckily, for he always forces him abroad. By the way, what will you do with yourself, while I step into the house to see after my trusty messenger, Hodge?

*Ros.* No matter: I'll sit down in that arbour, and listen to the singing of the birds: you know I am fond of melancholy amusements.

*Lucin.* So it seems, indeed: sure, Rosetta, none of

your admirers had power to touch your heart! you are not in love, I hope?

*Ros.* In love! that's pleasant: who do you suppose I should be in love with, pray?

*Lucin.* Why, let me see——What do you think of Thomas, our gardener? There he is, at the other end of the walk—He's a pretty young man, and the servants say he's always writing verses on you.

*Ros.* Indeed, Lucinda, you are very silly.

*Lucin.* Indeed, Rosetta, that blush makes you look very handsome.

*Ros.* Blush! I am sure I don't blush.

*Lucin.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ros.* Pshaw, Lucinda, how can you be so ridiculous?

*Lucin.* Well, don't be angry, and I have done—But suppose you did like him, how could you help yourself?

AIR IV.

*When once Love's subtle poison gains*
*A passage to the female breast,*
*Like lightning rushing through the veins,*
*Each wish, and every thought's possest.*
*To heal the pangs our minds endure,*
*Reason in vain its skill applies;*
*Nought can afford the heart a cure,*
*But what is pleasing to the eyes.* [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*Another Part of the Garden.*

*Enter* YOUNG MEADOWS.

*Y. Mead.* Let me see—on the fifteenth of June, at half an hour past five in the morning—[*Taking out a Pocket-book.*]—I left my father's house, unknown to any one, having made free with a coat and jacket of

our gardener's which fitted me, by way of a disguise: —so says my pocket-book; and chance directing me to this village, on the twentieth of the same month, I procured a recommendation to the worshipful Justice Woodcock, to be the superintendant of his pumpkins and cabbages, because I would let my father see I chose to run any lengths rather than submit to what his obstinacy would have forced me, a marriage against my inclination, with a woman I never saw. [*Puts up the Book, and takes up a Watering-pot.*]—Here I have been three weeks, and in that time I am as much altered as if I changed my nature with my habit. 'Sdeath, to fall in love with a chamber-maid! And yet, if I could forget that I am the son and heir of Sir William Meadows—But that's impossible.

AIR V.

*O! had I been by Fate decreed*
*Some humble cottage swain,*
*In fair Rosetta's sight to feed*
*My sheep upon the plain,*
*What bliss had I been born to taste,*
*Which now I ne'er must know!*
*Ye envious powers! why have ye placed*
*My fair one's lot so low?*

Ha! who was it I had a glimpse of as I pass'd by that arbour? Was it not she sat reading there? The trembling of my heart tells me my eyes were not mistaken. Here she comes.

*Enter* ROSETTA.

*Ros.* Lucinda was certainly in the right of it, and yet I blush to own my weakness even to myself—Marry, hang the fellow, for not being a gentleman.

*Y. Mead.* I am determined I won't speak to her—[*Turning to a Rose-tree, and plucking the Flowers.*]—

Now or never is the time to conquer myself; besides, I have some reason to believe the girl has no aversion to me: and, as I wish not to do her an injury, it would be cruel to fill her head with notions of what can never happen. [*Hums a Tune.*] Pshaw! rot these roses, how they prick one's fingers!

*Ros.* He takes no notice of me; but so much the better, I'll be as indifferent as he is. I am sure the poor lad likes me; and if I was to give him any encouragement, I suppose the next thing he talked of would be buying a ring, and being asked in church—Oh, dear pride, I thank you for that thought.

*Y. Mead.* Ha! going without a word! a look!—I can't bear that—Mrs Rosetta, I am gathering a few roses here, if you please to take them in with you.

*Ros.* Thank you, Mr Thomas, but all my lady's flower-pots are full.

*Y. Mead.* Will you accept of them for yourself, then? [*Catching hold of her.*] What's the matter? you look as if you were angry with me.

*Ros.* Pray, let go my hand.

*Y. Mead.* Nay, pr'ythee, why is this? you sha'n't go, I have something to say to you.

*Ros.* Well, but I must go, I will go; I desire, Mr Thomas——

AIR VI.

*Gentle youth, ah, tell me why*
*Still you force me thus to fly;*
*Cease, oh! cease, to persevere,*
*Speak not what I must not hear;*
*To my heart its ease restore;*
*Go, and never see me more.* [Exit.

*Y. Mead.* This girl is a riddle—That she loves me, I think there is no room to doubt; she takes a thousand opportunities to let me see it: and yet when I

speak to her, she will hardly give me an answer; and if I attempt the smallest familiarity, is gone in an instant—I feel my passion for her grow every day more and more violent———Well, would I marry her? would I make a mistress of her if I could? Two things, called prudence and honour, forbid either. What am I pursuing, then? A shadow. Sure my evil genius laid this snare in my way. However, there is one comfort, it is in my power to fly from it; if so, why do I hesitate? I am distracted, unable to determine any thing.

AIR VII.

*Still in hopes to get the better*
*Of my stubborn flame I try;*
*Swear this moment to forget her,*
*And the next my oath deny.*
*Now prepared with scorn to treat her,*
*Ev'ry charm in thought I brave;*
*Boast my freedom, fly to meet her,*
*And confess myself a slave.* [Exit.

SCENE II.

*A Hall in* JUSTICE WOODCOCK'S *House.*

*Enter* HAWTHORN, *with a Fowling-piece in his Hand, and a Net with Birds at his Girdle.*

AIR VIII.

*There was a jolly miller once,*
*Lived on the river Dee;*
*He work'd and sung from morn till night;*
*No lark more blithe than he.*

*And this the burden of his song*
*For ever used to be,*
*I care for nobody, no, not I,*
*If no one cares for me.*

House, here, house! what, all gadding, all abroad? house, I say, hilli ho ho!

*J. Wood.* [*Without.*] Here's a noise! here's a racket! William! Robert! Hodge! why does not somebody answer? Odds my life, I believe the fellows have lost their hearing!

*Enter* JUSTICE WOODCOCK.

Oh, Master Hawthorn! I guessed it was some such madcap—Are you there?

*Hawth.* Am I here? Yes: and if you had been where I was three hours ago, you would find the good effects of it by this time; but you have got the lazy unwholesome London fashion of lying a bed in a morning, and there's gout for you—Why, sir, I have not been in bed five minutes after sun-rise these thirty years, am generally up before it; and I never took a dose of physic but once in my life, and that was in compliment to a cousin of mine, an apothecary, that had just set up in business.

*J. Wood.* Well, but Master Hawthorn, let me tell you, you know nothing of the matter; for I say sleep is necessary for a man; ay, and I'll maintain it.

*Hawth.* What, when I maintain the contrary?—Look you, neighbour Woodcock, you are a rich man, a man of worship, a justice of peace, and all that; but learn to know the respect that is due to the sound from the infirm; and allow me that superiority a good constitution gives me over you—Health is the greatest of all possessions; and 'tis a maxim with me, that an hale cobler is a better man than a sick king.

*J. Wood.* Well, well, you are a sportsman.

*Hawth.* And so would you too, if you would take my advice. A sportsman! why there is nothing like it: I would not exchange the satisfaction I feel while I am beating the lawns and thickets about my little farm, for all the entertainments and pageantry in Christendom.

AIR IX.

*Let gay ones and great*
*Make the most of their fate;*
*From pleasure to pleasure they run:*
*Well, who cares a jot?*
*I envy them not,*
*While I have my dog and my gun.*
*For exercise, air,*
*To the fields I repair,*
*With spirits unclouded and light;*
*The blisses I find,*
*No stings leave behind,*
*But health and diversion unite.*

*Enter* HODGE.

*Hodge.* Did your worship call, sir?

*J. Wood.* Call, sir! where have you and the rest of these rascals been? but I suppose I need not ask—You must know there is a statute, a fair for hiring servants, held upon my green to-day; we have it usually at this season of the year, and it never fails to put all the folks hereabout out of their senses.

*Hodge.* Lord, your honour, look out, and see what a nice show they make yonder; they had got pipers and fiddlers, and were dancing as I came along, for dear life—I never saw such a mortal throng in our village in all my born days again.

*Hawth.* Why I like this now, this is as it should be.

*J. Wood.* No, no, 'tis a very foolish piece of business; good for nothing but to promote idleness and the getting of bastards: but I shall take measures for preventing it another year, and I doubt whether I am not sufficiently authorized already; for by an act passed *Anno undecimo Caroli primi*, which impowers a justice of peace, who is lord of the manor——

*Hawth.* Come, come, never mind the act; let me tell you this is a very proper, a very useful meeting; I want a servant or two myself, I must go see what your market affords; and you shall go, and the girls, my little Lucy and the other young rogue, and we'll make a day on't as well as the rest.

*J. Wood.* I wish, master Hawthorn, I could teach you to be a little more sedate: why won't you take pattern by me, and consider your dignity?—Odds heart, I don't wonder you are not a rich man; you laugh too much ever to be rich.

*Hawth.* Right, neighbour Woodcock! health, good-humour, and competence, is my motto: and if my executors have a mind, they are welcome to make it my epitaph.

AIR X.

*The honest heart, whose thoughts are clear*
*From fraud, disguise, and guile,*
*Need neither Fortune's frowning fear,*
*Nor court the harlot's smile.*

*The greatness that would make us grave*
*Is but an empty thing;*
*What more than mirth would mortals have?*
*The cheerful man's a king.* [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

*The Hall.*

*Enter* LUCINDA *and* HODGE.

*Lucin.* Hist, hist, Hodge!

*Hodge.* Who calls? here am I.

*Lucin.* Well, have you been?

*Hodge.* Been! ay I ha' been far enough, an' that be all: you never knew any thing fall out so crossly in your born days.

*Lucin.* Why, what's the matter?

*Hodge.* Why, you know, I dare not take a horse out of his worship's stables this morning, for fear it should be missed, and breed questions; and our old nag at home was so cruelly beat i' th' hoofs, that, poor beast, it had not a foot to set to ground; so I was fain to go to Farmer Ploughshare's, at the Grange, to borrow the loan of his bald filly; and, would you think it? after walking all that way—de'el from me, if the cross-grain'd toad did not deny me the favour.

*Lucin.* Unlucky!

*Hodge.* Well, then I went my ways to the King's-head in the village, but all their cattle were at plough: and I was as far to seek below at the turnpike: so at last, for want of a better, I was forced to take up with Dame Quickset's blind mare.

*Lucin.* Oh, then you have been?

*Hodge.* Yes, yes, I ha' been.

*Lucin.* Pshaw! Why did not you say so at once?

*Hodge.* Ay, but I have had a main tiresome jaunt on't, for she is a sorry jade at best.

*Lucin.* Well, well, did you see Mr Eustace, and what did he say to you? Come, quick—have you e'er a letter?

*Hodge.* Yes, he gave me a letter, if I ha'na lost it.

*Lucin.* Lost it, man!

*Hodge.* Nay, nay, have a bit of patience: adwawns, you are always in such a hurry—[*Rummaging his Pockets.*] I put it somewhere in this waistcoat pocket. Oh, here it is.

*Lucin.* So, give it me. [*Reads the Letter to herself.*

*Hodge.* Lord-a-mercy! how my arms aches with beating that plaguy beast; I'll be hang'd if I won'na rather ha' thrash'd half a day, than ha' ridden her.

*Lucin.* Well, Hodge, you have done your business very well.

*Hodge.* Well, have not I now?

*Lucin.* Yes—Mr Eustace tells me in this letter, that he will be in the green lane, at the other end of the village, by twelve o'clock—You know where he came before?

*Hodge.* Ay, ay.

*Lucin.* Well, you must go there; and wait till he arrives, and watch your opportunity to introduce him, across the fields, into the little summer-house, on the left side of the garden.

*Hodge.* That's enough.

*Lucin.* But take particular care that nobody sees you.

*Hodge.* I warrant you.

*Lucin.* Nor for your life drop a word of it to any mortal.

*Hodge.* Never fear me.

*Lucin.* And, Hodge——

AIR XI.

Hodge. *Well, well, say no more;*
*Sure you told me before;*
*I see the full length of my tether;*
*Do you think I'm a fool,*
*That I need go to school?*
*I can spell you and put you together.*

*A word to the wise*
*Will always suffice;*
*Addsniggers, go talk to your parrot;*
*I'm not such an elf,*
*Though I say it myself,*
*But I know a sheep's head from a carrot.*
[Exit.

*Lucin.* How severe is my case! Here I am obliged to carry on a clandestine correspondence with a man in all respects my equal, because the oddity of my father's temper is such, that I dare not tell him I have ever yet seen the person I should like to marry—But perhaps he has quality in his eye, and hopes, one day or other, as I am his only child, to match me with a title—vain imagination!

AIR XII.

*Cupid, god of soft persuasion,*
*Take the helpless lover's part:*
*Seize, oh seize, some kind occasion,*
*To reward a faithful heart.*

*Justly those we tyrants call,*
*Who the body would enthral;*
*Tyrants of more cruel kind,*
*Those who would enslave the mind.*

*What is grandeur? foe to rest;*
*Childish mummery at best;*
*Happy I, in humble state;*
*Catch, ye fools, the glittering bait.* [Exit.

## SCENE V.

*A Field, with a Stile.*

*Enter* HODGE, *followed by* MARGERY: *and in some Time after, enter* YOUNG MEADOWS.

*Hodge.* What does the wench follow me for? Odds flesh, folks may well talk, to see you dangling after me every where, like a tantony pig: find some other road, can't you; and don't keep wherretting me with your nonsense.

*Marg.* Nay, pray you, Hodge, stay, and let me speak to you a bit.

*Hodge.* Well! what sayn you?

*Marg.* Dear heart, how can you be so barbarous? and is this the way you serve me after all? and won't you keep your word, Hodge?

*Hodge.* Why, no I won't, I tell you; I have changed my mind.

*Marg.* Nay, but surely, surely—Consider, Hodge, you are obligated in conscience to make me an honest woman.

*Hodge.* Obligated in conscience!—How am I obligated?

*Marg.* Because you are; and none but the basest of rogues would bring a poor girl to shame, and afterwards leave her to the wide world.

*Hodge.* Bring you to shame! Don't make me speak, Madge, don't make me speak.

*Marg.* Yes do, speak your worst.

*Hodge.* Why then, if you go to that, you were fain to leave your own village, down in the West, for a bastard you had by the clerk of the parish, and I'll bring the man shall say it to your face.

*Marg.* No, no, Hodge, 'tis no such thing, 'tis a base lie of Farmer Ploughshare's—But I know what makes you false-hearted to me, that you may keep company

with young madam's waiting woman, and I am sure she's no fit body for a poor man's wife.

*Hodge.* How should you know what she's fit for? She's fit for as much as you mayhap; don't find fault with your betters, Madge—[*Seeing* YOUNG MEADOWS.] O, Master Thomas! I have a word or two to say to you:—Pray did not you go down to the village one day last week, with a basket of something upon your shoulder?

*Y. Mead.* Well, what then?

*Hodge.* Nay, not much, only the ostler at the Green-man was saying as how there was a passenger at their house as see'd you go by, and said he know'd you: and axt a mort of questions—So I thought I'd tell you.

*Y. Mead.* The devil! ask questions about me! I know nobody in this part of the country; there must be some mistake in it—Come hither, Hodge. [*Exeunt.*

*Marg.* A nasty ungrateful fellow, to use me at this rate, after being to him as I have. Well, well, I wish all poor girls would take warning by my mishap, and never have nothing to say to none of them.

AIR XIII.

*How happy were my days till now!*
*I ne'er did sorrow feel,*
*I rose with joy to milk my cow,*
*Or take my spinning-wheel.*

*My heart was lighter than a fly,*
*Like any bird I sung,*
*Till he pretended love, and I*
*Believed his flattering tongue.*

*Oh the fool, the silly fool,*
*Who trusts what man may be;*
*I wish I was a maid again,*
*And in my own country.* [Exit.

## SCENE VI.

*A Green, with the Prospect of a Village, and the Representation of a Statute or Fair.*

*Enter* JUSTICE WOODCOCK, HAWTHORN, MRS DEBORAH WOODCOCK, LUCINDA, ROSETTA, YOUNG MEADOWS, HODGE, *and several* COUNTRY PEOPLE.

*Hodge.* This way, your worship, this way. Why don't you stand aside there! Here's his worship a-coming.

*Countr.* His worship!

*J. Wood.* Fye, fye, what a crowd's this! Odd, I'll put some of them in the stocks. [*Striking a Fellow.*] Stand out of the way, sirrah.

*Hawth.* For shame, neighbour. Well, my lad, are you willing to serve the king?

*Countr.* Why, can you list ma'? Serve the king, master! no, no, I pay the king, that's enough for me. Ho, ho, ho!

*Hawth.* Well said, Sturdy-boots.

*J. Wood.* Nay, if you talk to them, they'll answer you.

*Hawth.* I would have them do so, I like they should.—Well, madam, is not this a fine sight? I did not know my neighbour's estate had been so well peopled. Are all these his own tenants?

*Mrs Deb.* More than are good of them, Mr Hawthorn. I don't like to see such a parcel of young hussies fleering with the fellows.

*Hawth.* There's a lass. [*Beckoning to a* COUNTRY GIRL. Come hither, my pretty maid. What brings

you here? [*Chucking her under the Chin.*] Do you come to look for a service?

*C. Girl.* Yes, an't please you.

*Hawth.* Well, and what place are you for?

*C. Girl.* All work, an't please you.

*J. Wood.* Ay, ay, I don't doubt it; any work you'll put her to.

*Mrs Deb.* She looks like a brazen one—Go, hussy.

*Hawth.* Here's another. [*Catching a Girl that goes by.*] What health, what bloom!—This is nature's work; no art, no daubing. Don't be ashamed, child; those cheeks of thine are enough to put a whole drawing-room out of countenance.

*Hodge.* Now, your honour, now the sport will come. The gut-scrapers are here, and some among them are going to sing and dance. Why there's not the like of our statute, mun, in five counties; others are but fools to it.

*Servant-man.* Come, good people, make a ring, and stand out, fellow-servants, as many of you as are willing, and able to bear a bob. We'll let my masters and mistresses see we can do something at least; if they won't hire us, it sha'n't be our fault. Strike up the Servants' Medley.

AIR XIV.

HOUSEMAID.

*I pray ye, gentles, list to me,*
*I'm young, and strong, and clean you see;*
*I'll not turn tail to any she*
*For work that's in the country.*
*Of all your house the charge I take,*
*I wash, I scrub, I brew, I bake;*
*And more can do than here I'll speak,*
*Depending on your bounty.*

FOOTMAN.

*Behold a blade, who knows his trade*
*In chamber, hall, and entry;*
*And what tho' here I now appear,*
*I've served the best of gentry.*
*A footman would you have,*
*I can dress, and comb, and shave;*
*For I a handy lad am;*
*On a message I can go,*
*And slip a billet-doux,*
*With your humble servant, madam.*

COOK-MAID.

*Who wants a good cook, my hand they must cross;*
*For plain wholesome dishes I'm ne'er at a loss;*
*And what are your soups, your ragouts, and your sauce,*
*Compared to English roast beef?*

CARTER.

*If you want a young man, with a true honest heart,*
*Who knows how to manage a plough and a cart,*
*Here's one for your purpose, come take me and try;*
*You'll say you ne'er met with a better nor I.*
*Gee ho, Dobbin, &c.*

CHORUS.

*My masters and mistresses, hither repair;*
*What servants you want you'll find in our fair;*
*Men and maids fit for all sorts of stations there be;*
*And, as for the wages, we sha'n't disagree.* [Exeunt.

## ACT THE SECOND.

### SCENE I.

*A Parlour in* JUSTICE WOODCOCK'S *House.*

LUCINDA *and* EUSTACE.

*Lucin.* Well, am not I a bold adventurer, to bring you into my father's house at noon-day? Though, to say the truth, we are safer here than in the garden; for there is not a human creature under the roof besides ourselves.

*Eust.* Then why not put our scheme into execution this moment? I have a post chaise ready.

*Lucin.* Fye! how can you talk so lightly? I protest I am afraid to have any thing to do with you, your passion seems too much founded on appetite; and my aunt Deborah says—

*Eust.* What! by all the rapture my heart now feels——

*Lucin.* Oh, to be sure, promise and vow; it sounds prettily, and never fails to impose upon a fond female.

AIR XV.

*We women like weak Indians trade,*
*Whose judgment tinsel show decoys;*
*Dupes to our folly we are made,*
*While artful man the gain enjoys:*
*We give our treasure to be paid,*
*A paltry, poor return! in toys.*

*Eust.* Well, I see you've a mind to divert yourself with me; but I wish I could prevail on you to be a little serious.

*Lucin.* Seriously then, what would you desire me to say? I have promised to run away with you; which is as great a concession as any reasonable lover can expect from his mistress.

*Eust* Yes; but, you dear provoking angel, you have not told me when you will run away with me.

*Lucin.* Why that, I confess, requires some consideration.

*Eust.* Yet remember, while you are deliberating, the season, now so favourable to us, may elapse, never to return.

AIR XVI.

*Think, my fairest, how delay*
*Danger every moment brings;*
*Time flies swift, and will away;*
*Time that's ever on its wings;*
*Doubting and suspence at best,*
*Lovers late repentance cost;*
*Let us, eager to be blest,*
*Seize occasion ere 'tis lost.*

*Enter* JUSTICE WOODCOCK *and* MRS DEBORAH WOODCOCK.

*J. Wood.* Why, here is nothing in the world in this house but caterwauling from morning to night—nothing but caterwauling. Hoity toity! who have we here?

*Lucin.* My father and my aunt!

*Eust.* The devil! What shall we do?

*Lucin.* Take no notice of them, only observe me. [*Speaks aloud to* EUSTACE.] Upon my word, sir, I don't know what to say to it, unless the Justice was

at home; he is just stepped into the village with some company; but, if you will sit down a moment, I dare swear he will return [*Pretends to see the* JUSTICE.]—Oh! sir, here is my papa!

*J. Wood.* Here is your papa, hussy! Who's this you have got with you? Hark you, sirrah, who are you, ye dog? and what's your business here?

*Eust.* Sir, this is a language I am not used to.

*J. Wood.* Don't answer me, you rascal—I am a justice of the peace; and if I hear a word out of your mouth, I'll send you to jail, for all your laced hat.

*Mrs Deb.* Send him to jail, brother, that's right.

*J. Wood.* And how do you know 'tis right? How should you know any thing's right?—Sister Deborah, you are never in the right.

*Mrs Deb.* Brother, this is the man I have been telling you about so long.

*J. Wood.* What man, goody Wiseacre?

*Mrs Deb.* Why, the man your daughter has an intrigue with; but I hope you will not believe it now, though you see it with your own eyes—Come, hussy, confess, and don't let your father make a fool of himself any longer.

*Lucin.* Confess what, aunt? This gentleman is a music-master: he goes about the country teaching ladies to play and sing; and has been recommended to instruct me; I could not turn him out when he came to offer his service, and did not know what answer to give him till I saw my papa.

*J. Wood.* A music-master!

*Eust.* Yes, sir, that's my profession.

*Mrs Deb.* It's a lie, young man; it's a lie. Brother, he is no more a music-master, than I am a music-master.

*J. Wood.* What, then you know better than the fellow himself, do you? and you will be wiser than all the world?

*Mrs Deb.* Brother, he does not look like a music-master.

*J. Wood.* He does not look! ha! ha! ha! Was ever such a poor stupe! Well, and what does he look like then? But I suppose you mean he is not dressed like a music-master, because of his ruffles, and this bit of garnishing about his coat—which seems to be copper too—Why, you silly wretch, these whipper-snappers set up for gentlemen, now-a-days, and give themselves as many airs as if they were people of quality.—Hark you, friend, I suppose you don't come within the vagrant act? You have some settled habitation?—Where do you live?

*Mrs Deb* It's an easy matter for him to tell you a wrong place.

*J. Wood.* Sister Deborah, don't provoke me.

*Mrs Deb.* I wish, brother, you would let me examine him a little.

*J. Wood.* You sha'n't say a word to him, you sha'n t say a word to him.

*Mrs Deb.* She says he was recommended here, brother; ask him by whom?

*J. Wood.* No, I won't now, because you desire it.

*Lucin.* If my papa did ask the question, aunt, it would be very easily resolved.

*Mrs Deb.* Who bid you speak, Mrs Nimble Chops? I suppose the man has a tongue in his head to answer for himself.

*J. Wood.* Will nobody stop that prating old woman's mouth for me? Get out of the room.

*Mrs Deb.* Well, so I can, brother; I don't want to stay: but remember, I tell you, you will make yourself ridiculous in this affair; for through your own obstinacy, you will have your daughter run away with before your face.

*J. Wood.* My daughter! Who will run away with my daughter?

*Mrs Deb.* That fellow will.

*J. Wood.* Go, go, you are a wicked censorious woman.

*Lucin.* Why sure, madam, you must think me very coming indeed.

*J. Wood.* Ay, she judges of others by herself; I remember, when she was a girl, her mother dared not trust her the length of her apron string; she was clambering upon every young fellow's back.

*Mrs Deb.* I was not.

*J. Wood.* You were.

*Lucin.* Well, but why so violent?

AIR XVII.

*Believe me, dear aunt,*
*If you rave thus and rant,*
*You'll never a lover persuade;*
*The men will all fly,*
*And leave you to die,*
*Oh, terrible chance! an old maid.*

*How happy the lass,*
*Must she come to this pass,*
*Who ancient virginity 'scapes?*
*'Twere better on earth,*
*Have five brats at a birth,*
*Than in hell be a leader of apes.*

[*Exit* MRS DEB.

*J. Wood.* Well done, Lucy, send her about her business; a troublesome, foolish creature! does she think I want to be directed by her?—Come hither, my lad, you look tolerable honest.

*Eust.* I hope, sir, I shall never give you cause to alter your opinion.

*J. Wood.* No, no, I am not easily deceived; I am generally pretty right in my conjectures.—You must know, I had once a little notion of music myself, and learned upon the fiddle; I could play the Trumpet Minuet, and Buttered Peas, and two or three tunes.

I remember when I was in London, about thirty years ago, there was a song, a great favourite at our club at Nando's coffee-house! Jack Pickle used to sing it for us; a droll fish: but 'tis an old thing, I dare swear you have heard it often.

AIR XVIII.

*When I followed a lass that was froward and shy,*
*Oh! I stuck to her stuff, till I made her comply;*
*Oh! I took her so lovingly round the waist,*
*And I smack'd her lips, and held her fast:*
*When hugg'd and haul'd,*
*She squeal'd and squall'd;*
*But though she vow'd all I did was in vain,*
*Yet I pleased her so well that she bore it again:*
*Then hoity, toity,*
*Whisking, frisking,*
*Green was her gown upon the grass;*
*Oh! such were the joys of our dancing days.*

*Eust.* Very well, sir, upon my word.

*J. Wood.* No, no, I forget all those things now; but I could do a little at them once:—Well, stay and eat your dinner, and we'll talk about your teaching the girl—Lucy, take your master to your spinnet, and show him what you can do—I must go and give some orders; *Then hoity, toity, &c.* [*Exit.*

*Lucin.* My sweet pretty papa, your most obedient humble servant; ha! ha! ha! was ever so whimsical an accident! Well, sir, what do you think of this?

*Eust.* Think of it! I am in amaze.

*Lucin.* O your awkwardness! I was frightened out of my wits, lest you should not take the hint; and if I had not turned matters so cleverly, we should have been utterly undone.

*Eust.* 'Sdeath! why would you bring me into the house? we could expect nothing else: besides, since hey did surprise us, it would have been better to have discovered the truth.

*Lucin.* Yes, and never have seen one another afterwards! I know my father better than you do; he has taken it into his head, I have no inclination for a husband; and, let me tell you, that is our best security; for if once he has said a thing, he will not be easily persuaded to the contrary.

*Eust.* And pray what am I to do now?

*Lucin.* Why, as I think all danger is pretty well over, since he has invited you to dinner with him, stay; only be cautious of your behaviour; and, in the mean time, I will consider what is next to be done.

*Eust.* Had not I better go to your father?

*Lucin.* Do so, while I endeavour to recover myself a little out of the flurry this affair has put me in.

*Eust.* Well, but what sort of a parting is this, without so much as "your servant," or "goodbye to you?" No ceremony at all? Can you afford me no token to keep up my spirits till I see you again?

*Lucin.* Ah, childish!

*Eust.* My angel!

AIR XIX.

Eust. *Let rakes and libertines resign'd*
*To sensual pleasures, range;*
*Here all the sex's charms I find,*
*And ne'er can cool or change.*

Lucin. *Let vain coquets and prudes conceal*
*What most their hearts desire;*
*With pride my passion I reveal,*
*Oh! may it ne'er expire.*

Both. *The sun shall cease to spread its light,*
*The stars their orbits leave;*
*And fair creation sink in night,*
*When I my dear deceive.* [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*A Garden.*

*Enter* ROSETTA.

*Ros.* If ever poor creature was in a pitiable condition, surely I am. The devil take this fellow, I cannot get him out of my head; and yet I would fain persuade myself I don't care for him:—well, but surely I am not in love?—Let me examine my heart a little: I saw him kissing one of the maids the other day—I could have boxed his ears for it—and have done nothing but find fault and quarrel with the girl ever since. Why was I uneasy at his toying with another woman?—what was it to me?—Then I dream of him almost every night—but that may proceed from his being generally uppermost in my thoughts all day:—O! worse and worse!—Well, he is certainly a pretty lad; he has something uncommon about him, considering his rank:—And now let me only put the case, if he was not a servant, would I, or would I not, prefer him to all the men I ever saw? Why, to be sure, if he was not a servant—In short, I'll ask myself no more questions, for the further I examine, the less reason I shall have to be satisfied.

AIR XX.

*How bless'd the maid, whose bosom*
*No headstrong passion knows;*
*Her days in joys she passes,*
*Her nights in calm repose.*
*Where'er her fancy leads her,*
*No pain or fear invades her;*
*But pleasure,*
*Without measure,*
*From every object flows.*

*Enter* YOUNG MEADOWS.

*Y. Mead.* Do you come into the garden, Mrs Rosetta, to put my lilies and roses out of countenance; or to save me the trouble of watering my flowers, by reviving them? The sun seems to have hid himself a little, to give you an opportunity of supplying his place.

*Ros.* Where could he get that now? he never read it in the Academy of Compliments.

*Y. Mead.* Come, don't affect to treat me with contempt; I can suffer any thing better than that; in short, I love you; there is no more to be said: I am angry with myself for it, and strive all I can against it: but, in spite of myself, I love you.

AIR XXI.

*In vain I every art essay,*
*To pluck the venom'd shaft away*
*That rankles in my heart;*
*Deep in the centre fixed, and bound,*
*My efforts but enlarge the wound,*
*And fiercer make the smart.*

*Ros.* Really, Mr Thomas, this is very improper language; it is what I don't understand; I can't suffer it, and, in short, I don't like it.

*Y. Mead.* Perhaps you don't like me.

*Ros.* Well, perhaps I don't.

*Y. Mead.* Nay, but 'tis not so; come, confess you love me.

*Ros.* Confess! indeed I shall confess no such thing: besides, to what purpose should I confess it?

*Y. Mead.* Why, as you say, I don't know to what purpose; only it would be a satisfaction to me to hear you say so; that's all.

*Ros.* Why, if I did love you, I can assure you, you would never be the better for it—Women are apt enough to be weak; we cannot always answer for our inclinations, but it is in our power not to give way to them; and if I was so silly—I say, if I was so indiscreet, which I hope I am not, as to entertain an improper regard, when people's circumstances are quite unsuitable, and there are obstacles in the way that cannot be surmounted—

*Y. Mead.* Oh! to be sure, Mrs Rosetta, to be sure: you are entirely in the right of it—I—know very well, you and I can never come together.

*Ros.* Well, then, since that is the case, as I assure you it is, I think we had better behave accordingly.

*Y. Mead.* Suppose we make a bargain then, never to speak to one another any more?

*Ros.* With all my heart.

*Y. Mead.* Nor look, nor, if possible, think of one another?

*Ros.* I am very willing.

*Y. Mead.* And, as long as we stay in the house together, never to take any notice?

*Ros.* It is the best way.

*Y. Mead.* Why, I believe it is—Well, Mrs Rosetta—

AIR XXII.

Ros. *Be gone—I agree;*
*From this moment we're free:*
*Already the matter I've sworn:*
Y. Mead. *Yet let me complain*
*Of the fates that ordain,*
*A trial so hard to be borne.*
Ros. *When things are not fit,*
*We should calmly submit;*
*No cure in reluctance we find.*
Y. Mead. *Then thus I obey,*
*Tear your image away,*
*And banish you quite from my mind.*

*Ros.* [*Aside.*] Well, now I think I am somewhat easier: I am glad I have come to this explanation with him, because it puts an end to things at once.

*Y. Mead.* Hold, Mrs Rosetta, pray stay a moment —The airs this girl gives herself are intolerable:—I find now the cause of her behaviour; she despises the meanness of my condition, thinking a gardener below the notice of a lady's waiting woman!—'Sdeath, I have a good mind to discover myself to her. [*Aside.*

*Ros.* Poor wretch! he does not know what to make of it: I believe he is heartily mortified; but I must not pity him. [*Aside.*

*Y. Mead.* It shall be so; I will discover myself to her, and leave the house directly—Mrs Rosetta— [*Starting back.*] Pox on it, yonder's the justice come into the garden!

*Ros.* O lord! he will walk round this way;—pray go about your business; I would not for the world he should see us together.

*Y. Mead.* The devil take him! he's gone across the parterre, and can't hobble here this half hour; I must and will have a little conversation with you.

*Ros.* Some other time.

*Y. Mead.* This evening, in the green-house at the lower end of the canal; I have something to communicate to you of importance. Will you meet me there?

*Ros.* Meet you!

*Y. Mead.* Ay; I have a secret to tell you; and I swear from that moment there shall be an end of every thing betwixt us.

*Ros.* Well, well, pray leave me now.

*Y. Mead.* You'll come then?

*Ros.* I don't know, perhaps I may.

*Y. Mead.* Nay, but promise.

*Ros.* What signifies promising; I may break my promise—but I tell you I will.

*Y. Mead.* Enough—Yet before I leave you, let me

desire you to believe I love you more than ever man loved woman; and that, when I relinquish you, I give up all that can make my life supportable.

AIR XXIII.

*Oh! how shall I in language weak*
*My ardent passion tell;*
*Or form my falt'ring tongue to speak*
*That cruel word, farewell!*
*Farewell—but know, though thus we part,*
*My thoughts can never stray:*
*Go where I will, my constant heart*
*Must with my charmer stay.* [Exit.

*Ros.* What can this be that he wants to tell me? I have a strange curiosity to hear it, methinks—well—

*Enter* JUSTICE WOODCOCK.

*J. Wood.* Hem; hem; Rosetta!

*Ros.* So, I thought the devil would throw him in my way; now for a courtship of a different kind; but I'll give him a surfeit—Did you call me, sir?

*J. Wood.* Ay, where are you running so fast?

*Ros.* I was only going into the house, sir.

*J. Wood.* Well, but come here; come here, I say. [*Looking about.*] How do you do, Rosetta?

*Ros.* Thank you, sir, pretty well.

*J. Wood.* Why, you look as fresh and bloomy to-day—Adad, you little slut, I believe you are painted.

*Ros.* O! sir, your are pleased to compliment.

*J. Wood.* Adad, I believe you are—let me try—

*Ros.* Lord, sir!

*J. Wood.* What brings you into this garden so often, Rosetta? I hope you don't get eating green fruit and trash; or have you a hankering after some lover in dowlas, who spoils my trees, by engraving true-

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lovers' knots on them, with your horn and buck-handled knives? I see your name written upon the cieling of the servants' hall, with the smoke of a candle; and I suspect—

*Ros.* Not me, I hope, sir,—No, sir; I am of another guess mind, I assure you; for, I have heard say men are false and fickle—

*J. Wood.* Ay, that's your flaunting, idle young fellows; so they are: and they are so damn'd impudent! I wonder a woman will have any thing to say to them; besides, all that they want is something to brag of, and tell again.

*Ros.* Why, I own, sir, if ever I was to make a slip, it should be with an elderly gentleman—about seventy, or seventy-five years of age.

*J. Wood.* No, child, that's out of reason; though I have known many a man turned of threescore with a hale constitution.

*Ros.* Then, sir, he should be troubled with the gout, have a good strong, substantial, winter cough —and I should not like him the worse—if he had a small touch of the rheumatism.

*J. Wood.* Pho, pho, Rosetta, this is jesting.

*Ros.* No, sir, every body has a taste, and I have mine.

*J. Wood.* Well, but, Rosetta, have you thought of what I was saying to you?

*Ros.* What was it, sir?

*J. Wood.* Ah! you know, you know well enough, hussy.

*Ros.* Dear sir, consider what has a poor servant to depend on but her character? And, I have heard, you gentlemen will talk one thing before, and another after.

*J. Wood.* I tell you again, these are the idle, flashy young dogs: but when you have to do with a staid, sober man—

*Ros.* And a magistrate, sir!

*J. Wood.* Right; it's quite a different thing—— Well, shall we, Rosetta, shall we?

*Ros.* Really, sir, I don't know what to say to it.

AIR XXIV.

*Young I am, and sore afraid:*
*Would you hurt a harmless maid?*
*Lead an innocent astray?*
*Tempt me not, kind sir, I pray.*
*Men too often we believe:*
*And should you my faith deceive,*
*Ruin first and then forsake,*
*Sure my tender heart would break.*

*J. Wood.* Why, you silly girl, I won't do you any harm.

*Ros.* Won't you, sir?

*J. Wood.* Not I.

*Ros.* But won't you, indeed, sir?

*J. Wood.* Why, I tell you I won't.

*Ros.* Ha, ha, ha!

*J. Wood.* Hussy, hussy.

*Ros.* Ha, ha, ha!—Your servant, sir, your servant. [*Exit.*

*J. Wood.* Why, you impudent, audacious—

*Enter* HAWTHORN.

*Hawth.* So, so, justice at odds with gravity! his worship playing at romps!—Your servant, sir.

*J. Wood.* Haw: friend Hawthorn!

*Hawth.* I hope I don't spoil sport, neighbour: I thought I had the glimpse of a petticoat as I came in here.

*J. Wood.* Oh! the maid—Ay, she has been gathering a sallad—But come hither, Master Hawthorn, and I'll show you some alterations I intend to make in my garden.

*Hawth.* No, no, I am no judge of it; besides, I want to talk to you a little more about this—Tell me, Sir Justice, were you helping your maid to gather a sallad here, or consulting her taste in your improvements, eh? Ha, ha, ha! Let me see, all among the roses; egad, I like your notion: but you look a little blank upon it: you are ashamed of the business, then, are you?

AIR XXV.

*Oons! neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle like this;*
*What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss?*
*The greatest and gravest—a truce with grimace!—*
*Would do the same thing, were they in the same place.*

*No age, no profession, no station is free;*
*To sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee:*
*That power resistless, no strength can oppose,*
*We all love a pretty girl——under the rose.*

*J. Wood.* I profess, Master Hawthorn, this is all Indian, all Cherokee language to me; I don't understand a word of it.

*Hawth.* No, may be not: well, sir, will you read this letter, and try whether you can understand that? it is just brought by a servant, who stays for an answer.

*J Wood.* A letter, and to me! [*Taking the Letter.*] Yes, it is to me; and yet I am sure it comes from no correspondent that I know of. Where are my spectacles? not but I can see very well without them, Master Hawthorn: but this seems to be a sort of a crabbed hand.

SIR,

*I am ashamed of giving you this trouble; but I am informed there is an unthinking boy, a son of mine,*

*now disguised and in your service, in the capacity of a gardener : Tom is a little wild, but an honest lad, and no fool either, though I am his father that say it.*—— Tom—oh, this is Thomas, our gardener; I always thought that he was a better man's child than he appeared to be, though I never mentioned it.

*Hawth.* Well, well, sir, pray let's hear the rest of the letter.

*J. Wood.* Stay, where is the place ? Oh, here——

*I am come in quest of my runaway, and write this at an inn in your village, while I am swallowing a morsel of dinner : because not having the pleasure of your acquaintance, I did not care to intrude, without giving you notice*——(Whoever this person is, he understands good manners.)——*I beg leave to wait on you, sir ; but desire you would keep my arrival a secret, particularly from the young man.*

WILLIAM MEADOWS.

I'll assure you, a very well-worded, civil letter. Do you know any thing of the person who writes it, neighbour ?

*Hawth.* Let me consider—Meadows—by dad, I believe it is Sir William Meadows of Northamptonshire; and, now I remember, I heard, some time ago, that the heir of that family had absconded, on account of a marriage that was disagreeable to him. It is a good many years since I have seen Sir William, but we were once well acquainted; and, if you please, sir, I will go and conduct him to the house.

*J. Wood.* Do so, Master Hawthorn, do so,—But, pray, what sort of a man is this Sir William Meadows? Is he a wise man ?

*Hawth.* There is no occasion for a man that has five thousand pounds a year to be a conjuror ; but I suppose you ask that question, because of this story

about his son; taking it for granted, that wise parents make wise children.

*J. Wood.* No doubt of it, Master Hawthorn, no doubt of it—I warrant we shall find now, that this young rascal has fallen in love with some minx, against his father's consent—Why, sir, if I had as many children as King Priam had, that we read of at school, in the destruction of Troy, not one of them should serve me so.

*Hawth.* Well, well, neighbour, perhaps not; but we should remember we were young ourselves; and I was as likely to play an old don such a trick in my day, as e'er a spark in the hundred:—nay, between you and me, I had done it once, had the wench been as willing as I.

AIR XXVI.

*My Dolly was the fairest thing!*
*Her breath disclosed the sweets of spring;*
*And if for summer you would seek,*
*'Twas painted in her eye, her cheek;*
*Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe,*
*Of fruitful autumn was the type;*
*But when my tender tale I told,*
*I found her heart was winter cold.*

*J. Wood.* Ah, you were always a scape-grace rattle-cap.

*Hawth.* Odds heart, neighbour Woodcock, don't tell me, young fellows will be young fellows, though we preach till we're hoarse again: and so there's an end on't. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

JUSTICE WOODCOCK'S *Hall.*

HODGE *and* MARGERY.

*Hodge.* So, mistress, who let you in?

*Marg.* Why, I let myself in.

*Hodge.* Indeed! Marry come up! why, then, pray let yourself out again. Times are come to a pretty pass;—I think you might have had the manners to knock at the door first.—What does the wench stand for?

*Marg.* I want to know if his worship's at home?

*Hodge.* Well, what's your business with his worship?

*Marg.* Perhaps you will hear that—Look ye, Hodge, it does not signify talking, I am come, once for all, to know what you intends to do; for I won't be made a fool of any longer.

*Hodge.* You won't?

*Marg.* No, that's what I won't, by the best man that ever wore a head. I am the make-game of the whole village upon your account; and I'll try whether your master gives you toleration in your doings.

*Hodge.* You will?

*Marg.* Yes, that's what I will; his worship shall be acquainted with all your pranks, and see how you will like to be sent for a soldier.

*Hodge.* There's the door; take a friend's advice, and go about your business.

*Marg.* My business is with his worship, and I won't go till I sees him.

*Hodge.* Look you, Madge, if you make any of

your orations here, never stir if I don't set the dogs at you—Will you begone?

*Marg.* I won't.

*Hodge.* Here, Towzer. [*Whistling.*] Whu, whu, whu!

AIR XXVII.

*Was ever poor fellow so plagued with a vixen?*
*Zounds! Madge, don't provoke me; but mind what I say;*
*You've chose a wrong person for playing your tricks on,*
*So pack up your alls, and be trudging away:*
*You had better be quiet,*
*And not breed a riot;*
*'Sblood, must I stand prating with you here all day?*
*I've got other matters to mind;*
*Mayhap you may think me an ass;*
*But to the contrary you'll find:*
*A fine piece of work, by the mass!*

*Enter* ROSETTA.

*Ros.* Sure I heard the voice of discord here—as I live, an admirer of mine; and, if I mistake not, a rival—I'll have some sport with them.—How now, fellow-servant, what's the matter?

*Hodge.* Nothing, Mrs Rosetta; only this young woman wants to speak with his worship.—Madge, follow me.

*Marg.* No, Hodge, this is your fine madam: but I am as good flesh and blood as she, and have as clear a skin too, tho'f I mayn't go so gay:—and now she's here, I'll tell her a piece of my mind.

*Hodge.* Hold your tongue, will you?

*Marg.* No, I'll speak if I die for it.

*Ros.* What's the matter, I say?

*Hodge.* Why nothing, I tell you;—Madge——

*Marg.* Yes, but it is something, it's all along of she, and she may be ashamed of herself.

*Ros.* Bless me, child, do you direct your discourse to me?

*Marg.* Yes, I do, and to nobody else; there was not a kinder soul breathing than he was till of late. I had never a cross word from him till he kept you company; but all the girls about say there is no such thing as keeping a sweetheart for you.

*Ros.* Do you hear this, friend Hodge?

*Hodge.* Why, you don't mind she, I hope; but if that vexes her, I do like you, I do; my mind runs upon nothing else; and if so be as you was agreeable to it, I would marry you to-night, before to-morrow.

*Marg.* You're a nasty monkey, you are parjured, you know you are, and you deserve to have your eyes tore out.

*Hodge.* Let me come at her—I'll teach you to call names, and abuse folks.

*Marg.* Do strike me; you a man!

*Ros.* Hold, hold—we shall have a battle here presently, and I may chance to get my cap tore off—Never exasperate a jealous woman; 'tis taking a mad bull by the horns—Leave me to manage her.

*Hodge.* You manage her! I'll kick her.

*Ros.* No, no, it will be more for my credit to get the better of her by fair means—I warrant I'll bring her to reason.

*Hodge.* Well, do so then—But may I depend upon you? when shall I speak to the parson?

*Ros.* We'll talk of that another time—Go.

*Hodge.* Madge, good bye. [*Exit.*

*Ros.* The brutality of this fellow shocks me!— Oh, man, man—you are all alike—A bumpkin here, bred at the barn-door! had he been brought up in a court, could he have been more fashionably vicious? show

me the lord, 'squire, colonel, or captain of them all, can outdo him.

AIR XXVIII.

*Cease, gay seducers, pride to take*
*In triumphs o'er the fair;*
*Since clowns as well can act the rake*
*As those in higher sphere.*

*Where then to shun a shameful fate*
*Shall helpless beauty go?*
*In ev'ry rank, in ev'ry state,*
*Poor woman finds a foe.*

*Marg.* I am ready to burst; I can't stay in the place any longer.

*Ros.* Hold, child—come hither.

*Marg.* Don't speak to me, don't you.

*Ros.* Well, but I have something to say to you of consequence, and that will be for your good; I suppose this fellow promised you marriage?

*Marg.* Ay, or he should never have prevail'd upon me.

*Ros.* Well, now you see the ill consequence of trusting to such promises: when once a man hath cheated a woman of her virtue, she has no longer hold of him; he despises her for wanting that which he hath robb'd her of; and, like a lawless conqueror, triumphs in the ruin he hath occasioned.

*Marg.* Nan!

*Ros.* However, I hope the experience you have got, though somewhat dearly purchased, will be of use to you for the future; and as to any designs I have upon the heart of your lover, you may make yourself easy, for, I assure you, I shall be no dangerous rival; so go your ways, and be a good girl.

[*Exit.*

*Marg.* Yes—I don't very well understand her talk, but I suppose that's as much as to say she'll keep him to herself: well, let her—who cares? I don't fear getting better nor he is any day of the year, for the matter of that; and I have a thought come into my head that may be will be more to my advantage.

AIR XXIX.

*Since Hodge proves ungrateful, no further I'll seek,*
*But go up to town in the waggon next week;*
*A service in London is no such disgrace,*
*And Register's office will get me a place:*
*Bet Blossom went there, and soon met with a friend;*
*Folks say in her silks she's now standing on end!*
*Then why should not I the same maxim pursue,*
*And better my fortune as other girls do?* [Exit.

SCENE IV.

*A Room in* JUSTICE WOODCOCK'S *House.*

*Enter* ROSETTA *and* LUCINDA.

*Ros.* Ha! ha! ha! Oh, admirable, most delectably ridiculous. And so your father is content he should be a music-master, and will have him such, in spite of all your aunt can say to the contrary?

*Lucin.* My father and he, child, are the best companions you ever saw, and have been singing together the most hideous duets! Bobbing Joan, and Old Sir Simon the King: Heaven knows where Eustace could pick them up; but he has gone through half the contents of Pills to purge Melancholy with him.

*Ros.* And have you resolved to take wing to-night?

*Lucin.* This very night, my dear; my swain will go

from hence this evening, but no farther than the inn where he has left his horses; and at twelve precisely, he will be with a post-chaise at the little gate that opens from the lawn into the road, where I have promised to meet him.

*Ros.* Then, depend upon it, I'll bear you company.

*Lucin.* We shall slip out when the family are asleep, and I have prepared Hodge already. Well, I hope we shall be happy.

*Ros.* Never doubt it.

AIR XXX.

*In love should there meet a fond pair,*
*Untutor'd by fashion or art,*
*Whose wishes are warm and sincere;*
*Whose words are th' excess of the heart:*

*If aught of substantial delight,*
*On this side the stars can be found,*
*'Tis sure when that couple unite,*
*And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.*

*Enter* HAWTHORN.

*Hawth.* Lucy, where are you?

*Lucin.* Your pleasure, sir?

*Ros.* Mr Hawthorn, your servant.

*Hawth.* What, my little water wag-tail! The very couple I wish'd to meet: come hither, both of you.

*Ros.* Now, sir, what would you say to both of us?

*Hawth.* Why, let me look at you a little—have you got on your best gowns, and your best faces? If not, go and trick yourselves out directly, for I'll tell you a secret—there will be a young bachelor in the house, within these three hours, that may fall to the share of one of you, if you look sharp—but whether mistress or maid——

*Ros.* Ay, marry, this is something; but how do you know whether either mistress or maid will think him worth acceptance?

*Hawth.* Follow me, follow me; I warrant you.

*Lucin.* I can assure you, Mr Hawthorn, I am very difficult to please.

*Ros.* And so am I, sir.

*Hawth.* Indeed!

### AIR XXXI.

*Well, come, let us hear what the swain must possess,*
*Who may hope at your feet to implore with success?*

Ros. *He must be, first of all,*
*Straight, comely, and tall:*
Lucin. *Neither awkward*
Ros. *Nor foolish,*
Lucin. *Nor apish,*
Ros. *Nor mulish;*
Lucin. Ros. *Nor yet should his fortune be small.*
Hawth. *What think'st of a captain?*
Lucin. *All bluster and wounds!*
Hawth. *What think'st of a 'squire?*
Ros. *To be left to his hounds.*
Lucin. *The youth that is form'd to my mind,*
*Must be gentle, obliging and kind;*
*Of all things in nature love me:*
Ros. *Have sense both to speak and to see—*
*Yet sometimes be silent and blind.*
Hawth. *'Fore George, a most rare matrimonial receipt!*
Ros. Lucin. *Observe it, ye fair, in the choice of a mate;*
*Remember, 'tis wedlock determines your fate.*

## ACT THE THIRD.

### SCENE I.

*A Parlour in* JUSTICE WOODCOCK'S *House.*

*Enter* SIR WILLIAM MEADOWS, *followed by* HAWTHORN.

*Sir Will.* Well, this is excellent, this is mighty good, this is mighty merry, faith; ha! ha! ha! was ever the like heard of? that my boy, Tom, should run away from me for fear of being forced to marry a girl he never saw! that she should scamper from her father for fear of being forced to marry him; and that they should run into one another's arms this way in disguise, by mere accident, against their consents, and without knowing it, as a body may say! May I never do an ill turn, Master Hawthorn, if it is not one of the oddest adventures partly——

*Hawth.* Why, Sir William, it is a romance—a novel—a pleasanter history by half, than the Loves of Dorastus and Faunia: we shall have ballads made of it within these two months, setting forth, how a young 'squire became a serving man of low degree; and it will be stuck up with Margaret's Ghost and the Spanish Lady, against the walls of every cottage in the country.

*Sir Will.* But what pleases me best of all, Master Hawthorn, is the ingenuity of the girl. May I never do an ill turn, when I was called out of the room, and the servant said she wanted to speak to me, if I

knew what to make on't: but when the little gipsey took me aside, and told me her name, and how matters stood, I was quite astonished, as a body may say; and could not believe it partly, till her young friend, that she is with here, assured me of the truth on't: indeed, at last, I began to recollect her face, though I have not set eyes on her before, since she was the height of a full-grown greyhound.

*Hawth.* Well, Sir William, your son as yet knows nothing of what has happened, nor of your being come hither; and, if you'll follow my counsel, we'll have some sport with him.—He and his mistress were to meet in the garden this evening by appointment; she's gone to dress herself in all her airs; will you let me direct your proceedings in this affair?

*Sir Will.* With all my heart, Master Hawthorn, with all my heart; do what you will with me, say what you please for me; I am so overjoyed, and so happy—And may I never do an ill turn, but I am very glad to see you too; ay, and, partly, as much pleased at that as any thing else, for we have been merry together before now, when we were some years younger: well, and how has the world gone with you, Master Hawthorn, since we saw one another last?

*Hawth.* Why, pretty well, Sir William; I have no reason to complain: every one has a mixture of sour with his sweets; but, in the main, I believe, I have done in a degree as tolerably as my neighbours.

AIR XXXII.

*The world is a well-furnish'd table,*
*Where the guests are promisc'ously set;*
*We all fare as well as we're able,*
*And scramble for what we can get.*

*My simile holds to a tittle,*
*Some gorge, while some scarce have a taste;*
*But if I'm content with a little,*
*Enough is as good as a feast.*

*Enter* ROSETTA.

*Ros.* Sir William, I beg pardon for detaining you, but I have had so much difficulty in adjusting my borrowed plumes——

*Sir Will.* May I never do an ill turn, but they fit you to a T, and you look very well, so you do: Cocksbones, how your father will chuckle when he comes to hear this!—Her father, Master Hawthorn, is as worthy a man as lives by bread, and has been almost out of his senses for the loss of her—But tell me, hussy, has not this been all a scheme, a piece of conjuration between you and my son? Faith, I am half persuaded it has; it looks so like hocus pocus, as a body may say.

*Ros.* Upon my honour, Sir William, what has happened has been the mere effect of chance; I came hither unknown to your son, and he unknown to me: I never in the least suspected that Thomas the gardener was other than his appearance spoke him; and, least of all, that he was a person with whom I had so close a connexion. Mr Hawthorn can testify the astonishment I was in when he first informed me of it; but I thought it was my duty to come to an immediate explanation with you.

*Sir Will.* Is not she a neat wench, Master Hawthorn? May I never do an ill turn, but she is—But you little plaguy devil, how came this love affair between you?

*Ros.* I have told you the whole truth, very ingenuously, sir; since your son and I have been fellow-servants, as I may call it, in this house, I have had more than reason to suspect he had taken a liking to

me; and I will own, with equal frankness, had I not looked upon him as a person so much below me, I should have had no objection to receiving his courtship.

*Hawth.* Well said, by the lord Harry! all above board, fair and open.

*Ros.* Perhaps I may be censured by some for this candid declaration, but I love to speak my sentiments; and I assure you, Sir William, in my opinion, I should prefer a gardener, with your son's good qualities, to a knight of the shire without them.

AIR XXXIII.

*'Tis not wealth, it is not birth,*
*Can value to the soul convey;*
*Minds possess superior worth,*
*Which chance nor gives nor takes away.*
*Like the sun, true merit shows,*
*By nature warm, by nature bright;*
*With inbred flames, he nobly glows,*
*Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.*

*Hawth.* Well, but sir, we lose time—is not this about the hour appointed to meet in the garden?

*Ros.* Pretty near it.

*Hawth.* Oons, then, what do we stay for? Come, my old friend, come along; and, by the way, we will consult how to manage your interview.

*Sir Will.* Ay, but I must speak a word or two to my man about the horses first.

[*Exeunt* SIR WILLIAM *and* HAWTHORN.

*Enter* HODGE.

*Ros.* Well—What's the business?

*Hodge.* Madam—Mercy on us, I crave pardon!

*Ros.* Why, Hodge, don't you know me?

*Hodge.* Mrs Rosetta?

*Ros.* Ay.

*Hodge.* Know you! Ecod, I don't know whether I do or not: never stir, if I did not think it was some lady belonging to the strange gentlefolks: why, you ben't dizen'd this way to go to the statute dance presently, be you?

*Ros.* Have patience, and you'll see:—but is there any thing amiss, that you came in so abruptly?

*Hodge.* Amiss! why, there's ruination.

*Ros.* How? where?

*Hodge.* Why, with Miss Lucinda: her aunt has catch'd she and the gentleman above stairs, and overheard all their love discours

*Ros.* You don't say so?

*Hodge.* Ecod, I had like to have popp'd in among them this instant; but, by good luck, I heard Mrs Deborah's voice, and run down again, as fast as ever my legs could carry me.

*Ros.* Is your master in the house?

*Hodge.* What, his worship? No, no; he is gone into the fields, to talk with the reapers and people.

*Ros.* Poor Lucinda! I wish I could go up to her; but I am so engaged with my own affairs——

*Hodge.* Mrs Rosetta.

*Ros.* Well?

*Hodge.* Oddsbobs, I must have one smack of your sweet lips.

*Ros.* Oh, stand off; you know I never allow liberties.

*Hodge.* Nay, but why so coy? there's reason in roasting of eggs; I would not deny you such a thing.

*Ros.* That's kind: ha! ha! ha!—But what will become of Lucinda? Sir William waits for me; I must be gone. Friendship, a moment by your leave: yet, as our sufferings have been mutual, so shall our joys; I already lose the remembrance of all former pains and anxieties.

AIR XXXIV.

*The traveller benighted,*
*And led thro' wearied ways,*
*The lamp of day new lighted,*
*With joy the dawn surveys.*

*The rising prospects viewing,*
*Each look is forward cast;*
*He smiles, his course pursuing,*
*Nor thinks of what is past.* [Exit.

*Hodge.* Hist, stay! don't I hear a noise?

*Lucin.* [*Within.*] Well, but dear, dear aunt——

*Mrs Deb.* [*Within.*] You need not speak to me, for it does not signify.

*Hodge.* Adwawns, they are coming here! ecod, I'll get out of the way—Murrain take it, this door is bolted now—So, so.

*Enter* MRS DEBORAH, *driving in* LUCINDA.

*Mrs Deb.* Get along, get along; you are a scandal to the name of Woodcock; but I was resolved to find you out, for I have suspected you a great while, though your father, silly man, will have you such a poor innocent.

*Lucin.* What shall I do?

*Mrs Deb.* I was determined to discover what you and your pretended music-master were about, and lay in wait on purpose: I believe he thought to escape me, by slipping into the closet when I knocked at the door; but I was even with him, for now I have him under lock and key, and, please the fates, there he shall remain till your father comes in: I will convince him of his error, whether he will or not.

*Lucin.* You won't be so cruel: I am sure you won't:

I thought I had made you my friend by telling you the truth.

*Mrs Deb.* Telling me the truth, quotha! did I not overhear your scheme of running away to-night, through the partition? did not I find the very bundles pack'd up in the room with you, ready for going off? No, brazenface, I found out the truth by my own sagacity, though your father says I am a fool; but now we'll be judged who is the greatest;—and you, Mr Rascal, my brother shall know what an honest servant he has got.

*Hodge.* Madam!

*Mrs Deb.* You were to have been aiding and assisting them in their escape, and have been the go-between, it seems, the letter-carrier!

*Hodge.* Who me, madam?

*Mrs Deb.* Yes, you sirrah.

*Hodge.* Miss Lucinda, did I ever carry a letter for you? I'll make my affidavy before his worship——

*Mrs Deb.* Go, go, you are a villain; hold your tongue.

*Lucin.* I own, aunt, I have been very faulty in this affair; I don't pretend to excuse myself; but we are all subject to frailties; consider that, and judge of me by yourself; you were once young and inexperienced as I am.

AIR XXXV.

*If ever a fond inclination*
*Rose in your bosom to rob you of rest;*
*Reflect with a little compassion,*
*On the soft pangs, which prevail in my breast.*
*Oh where, where would you fly me?*
*Can you deny me thus torn and distrest?*
*Think, when my lover was by me,*
*Wou'd I, how cou'd I, refuse his request?*

*Kneeling before you, let me implore you ;*
*Look on me sighing, crying, dying ;*
*Ah ! is there no language can move?*
*If I have been too complying,*
*Hard was the conflict 'twixt duty and love.*

*Mrs. Deb.* This is mighty pretty romantic stuff! but you learn it out of your play-books and novels. Girls in my time had other employments ; we worked at our needles, and kept ourselves from idle thoughts: before I was your age, I had finished with my own fingers, a complete set of chairs, and a fire-screen in ten-stitch! four counterpanes in Marseilles quilting ; and the Creed and the Ten Commandments, in the hair of our family : it was framed and glazed, and hung over the parlour chimney-piece, and your poor dear grandfather was prouder of it than of e'er a picture in his house. I never looked into a book, but when I said my prayers, except it was the Complete Housewife, or the great family receipt-book : whereas you are always at your studies ! Ah, I never knew a woman come to good that was fond of reading.

*Lucin.* Well, pray, madam, let me prevail on you to give me the key, to let Mr Eustace out, and I promise, I never will proceed a step farther in this business without your advice and approbation.

*Mrs Deb.* Have not I told you already my resolution ?—Where are my clogs and my bonnet ? I'll go out to my brother in the fields ; I'm a fool, you know, child : now let's see what the wits will think of themselves—Don't hold me——

*Lucin.* I'm not going ;—I have thought of a way to be even with you, so you may do as you please.

[*Exeunt different Ways.*

*Hodge.* Well, I thought it would come to this ; I'll be shot if I didn't—So, here's a fine job—But what can they do to me ?—They can't send me to jail for carrying a letter, seeing there was no treason in it ;

and how was I obligated to know my master did not allow of their meetings?—The worst they can do is to turn me off, and I am sure the place is no such great purchase—indeed, I should be sorry to leave Mrs Rosetta, seeing as how matters are so near being brought to an end betwixt us; but she and I may keep company all as one; and I find Madge has been speaking with Gaffer Broadwheels, the waggoner, about her carriage up to London: so that I have got rid of she; and I am sure I have reason to be main glad of it, for she led me a wearisome life—But that's the way of them all.

AIR XXXVI.

*A plague on those wenches, they make such a pother,*
*When once they have let'n a man have his will;*
*They're always a whining for something or other,*
*And cry he's unkind in his carriage.*
*What tho'f he speaks them ne'er so fairly,*
*Still they keep teazing, teazing on:*
*You cannot persuade 'em;*
*Till promise you've made 'em;*
*And after they've got it,*
*They tell you——add rot it,*
*Their character's blasted, they're ruin'd, undone:*
*And then to be sure, sir,*
*There is but one cure, sir,*
*And all their discourse is of marriage.*

SCENE II.

*A Green-house.*

*Enter* YOUNG MEADOWS.

Y. *Mead.* I am glad I had the precaution to bring this suit of clothes in my bundle, though I hardly

know myself in them again, they appear so strange, and feel so unwieldy. However, my gardener's jacket goes on no more.—I wonder this girl does not come—[*Looking at his Watch.*]—Perhaps she won't come—Why, then, I'll go into the village, take a post-chaise, and depart without any farther ceremony.

AIR XXXVII.

*How much superior beauty awes,*
*The coldest bosoms find:*
*But with resistless force it draws,*
*To sense and sweetness join'd.*
*The casket, where, to outward show,*
*The workman's art is seen,*
*Is doubly valued, when we know*
*It holds a gem within.*

Hark! she comes.

*Enter* SIR WILLIAM MEADOWS *and* HAWTHORN.

Confusion! my father! What can this mean?

*Sir. Will.* Tom, are not you a sad boy, Tom, to bring me an hundred and forty miles here?—May I never do an ill turn, but you deserve to have your head broke; and I have a good mind, partly—What, sirrah! don't you think it worth your while to speak to me?

Y. *Mead.* Forgive me, sir; I own I have been in a fault.

*Sir Will.* In a fault! to run away from me, because I was going to do you good—May I never do an ill turn. Mr Hawthorn, if I did not pick out as fine a girl for him, partly, as any in England; and the rascal run away from me, and came here and turn'd gardener. And pray, what did you propose to yourself, Tom? I know you were always fond of Botany, as they call it; did you intend to keep the

trade going, and advertise fruit-trees and flowering-shrubs, to be had at Meadows's nursery?

*Hawth.* No, Sir William, I apprehend the young gentleman designed to lay by the profession; for he has quitted the habit already.

*Y. Mead.* I am so astonished to see you here, sir, that I don't know what to say; but I assure you, if you had not come, I should have returned home to you directly. Pray, sir, how did you find me out?

*Sir Will.* No matter, Tom, no matter; it was partly by accident, as a body may say; but what does that signify—tell me, boy, how stands your stomach towards matrimony? do you think you could digest a wife now?

*Y. Mead.* Pray, sir, don't mention it: I shall always behave myself as a dutiful son ought; I will never marry without your consent, and I hope you won't force me to do it against my own.

*Sir Will.* Is not this mighty provoking, Master Hawthorn? Why, sirrah, did you ever see the lady I designed for you?

*Y. Mead.* Sir, I don't doubt the lady's merit; but at present I am not disposed——

*Hawth.* Nay, but, young gentleman, fair and softly, you should pay some respect to your father in this matter.

*Sir Will.* Respect, Master Hawthorn, I tell you he shall marry her, or I'll disinherit him! there's once. Look you, Tom, not to make any more words of the matter, I have brought the lady here with me, and I'll see you contracted before we part; or you shall delve and plant cucumbers as long as you live.

*Y. Mead.* Have you brought the lady here, sir? I am sorry for it.

*Sir Will.* Why sorry? what then you won't marry her? we'll see that! Pray, Master Hawthorn, conduct the fair one in.——Ay, sir, you may fret, and dance

about, trot at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, if you please, but marry, whip me, I'm resolved.

*Hawth.* Here is the lady, Sir William.

*Enter* ROSETTA.

*Sir Will.* Come in, madam, but turn your face from him—he would not marry you, because he had not seen you: but I'll let him know my choice shall be his, and he shall consent to marry you before he sees you, or not an acre of estate—Pray, sir, walk this way.

*Y. Mead.* Sir, I cannot help thinking your conduct a little extraordinary; but since you urge me so closely, I must tell you my affections are engaged.

*Sir Will.* How, Tom, how?

*Y. Mead.* I was determined, sir, to have got the better of my inclination, and never have done a thing which I knew would be disagreeable to you.

*Sir Will.* And pray, sir, who are your affections engaged to? Let me know that.

*Y. Mead.* To a person, sir, whose rank and fortune may be no recommendations to her; but whose charms and accomplishments entitle her to a monarch. I am sorry, sir, it's impossible for me to comply with your commands, and I hope you will not be offended if I quit your presence.

*Sir Will.* Not I, not in the least; go about your business.

*Y. Mead.* Sir, I obey.

*Hawth.* Now, madam, is the time.

[ROSETTA *advances,* YOUNG MEADOWS *turns round, and sees her.*

*Sir Will.* Well, Tom, will you go away from me now?

*Hawth.* Perhaps, Sir William, your son does not like the lady; and if so, pray don't put a force upon his inclination.

*Y. Mead.* You need not have taken this method, sir, to let me see you are acquainted with my folly, whatever my inclinations are.

*Sir Will.* Well, but, Tom, suppose I give my consent to your marrying this young woman?

*Y. Mead.* Your consent, sir! What is all this? Pray don't make a jest of me.

*Sir Will.* May I never do an ill turn, Tom, if it is not truth; this is my friend's daughter.

*Y. Mead.* Sir!

*Ros.* Even so; 'tis very true indeed. In short, you have not been a more whimsical gentleman than I have a gentlewoman; but you see we are designed for one another, 'tis plain.

*Y. Mead.* I know not, madam, what I either hear or see; a thousand things are crowding on my imagination; while, like one just awakened from a dream, I doubt which is reality, which delusion.

*Sir Will.* Well, then, Tom, come into the air a bit, and recover yourself.

*Y. Mead.* Nay, dear sir, have a little patience; do you give her to me?

*Sir Will.* Give her to you! ay, that I do, and my blessing into the bargain.

*Y. Mead.* Then, sir, I am the happiest man in the world; I inquire no farther; here I fix the utmost limits of my hopes and happiness.

AIR XXXVIII.

Y. Mead. *All I wish in her obtaining,*
*Fortune can no more impart;*
Ros. *Let my eyes, my thoughts explaining,*
*Speak the feelings of my heart.*
Y. Mead. *Joy and pleasure never ceasing,*
Ros. *Love with length of years increasing.*
Together. *Thus my heart and hand surrender,*
*Here my faith and truth I plight;*
*Constant still, and kind, and tender,*
*May our flames burn ever bright.*

*Hawth.* 'Give you joy, sir; and you, fair lady—— And, under favour, I'll salute you too, if there's no fear of jealousy.

*Y. Mead.* And may I believe this?—Pr'ythee tell me, dear Rosetta.

*Ros.* Step into the house, and I'll tell you every thing—I must entreat the good offices of Sir William, and Mr Hawthorn, immediately; for I am in the utmost uneasiness about my poor friend Lucinda.

*Hawth.* Why, what's the matter?

*Ros.* I don't know, but I have reason to fear I left her just now in very disagreeable circumstances: however, I hope, if there's any mischief fallen out between her father and her lover——

*Hawth.* The music-master! I thought so.

*Sir Will.* What, is there a lover in the case? May I never do an ill turn, but I am glad, so I am; for we'll make a double wedding; and by way of celebrating it, take a trip to London, to show the brides some of the pleasures of the town. And, Master Hawthorn, you shall be of the party—Come, children, go before us.

*Hawth.* Thank you, Sir William; I'll go into the house with you, and to church to see the young folks married; but as to London, I beg to be excused.

AIR XXXIX.

*If ever I'm catch'd in those regions of smoke,*
*That seat of confusion and noise,*
*May I ne'er know the sweets of a slumber unbroke,*
*Nor the pleasure the country enjoys;*
*Nay more, let them take me, to punish my sin,*
*Where, gaping, the Cockneys they fleece,*
*Clap me up with their monsters, cry, Master, walk in,*
*And show me for two-pence a piece.*

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

JUSTICE WOODCOCK'S *Hall.*

*Enter* JUSTICE WOODCOCK, MRS DEBORAH WOODCOCK, LUCINDA, EUSTACE, *and* HODGE.

*Mrs Deb.* Why, brother, do you think I can hear, or see, or make use of my senses? I tell you, I left that fellow locked up in her closet; and, while I have been with you, they have broke open the door, and got him out again.

*J. Wood.* Well, you hear what they say.

*Mrs Deb.* I care not what they say; it's you encourage them in their impudence—Hark ye, hussy, will you face me down that I did not lock the fellow up?

*Lucin.* Really, aunt, I don't know what you mean; when you talk intelligibly I'll answer you.

*Eust.* Seriously, madam, this is carrying the jest a little too far.

*Mrs Deb.* What, then, I did not catch you together in her chamber, nor overhear your design of going off to-night, nor find the bundles packed up—

*Eust.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Lucin.* Why, aunt, you rave.

*Mrs Deb.* Brother, as I am a christian woman, she confessed the whole affair to me from first to last; and in this very place was down upon her marrow-bones for half an hour together, to beg I would conceal it from you.

*Hodge.* Oh lord! Oh lord!

*Mrs Deb.* What, sirrah! would you brazen me too? Take that. [*Boxes him.*

*Hodge.* I wish you would keep your hands to yourself: you strike me, because you have been telling his worship stories.

*J. Wood.* Why, sister, you are tipsy!

*Mrs Deb.* I tipsy, brother!—I—that never touch a drop of any thing strong from year's end to year's end, but now and then a little aniseed water, when I have got the cholic.

*Lucin.* Well, aunt, you have been complaining of the stomach ache all day; and may have taken too powerful a dose of your cordial.

*J. Wood.* Come, come, I see well enough how it is; this is a lie of her own invention, to make herself appear wise: but, you simpleton, did you not know I must find you out?

*Enter* SIR WILLIAM MEADOWS, HAWTHORN, ROSETTA, *and* YOUNG MEADOWS.

*Y. Mead.* Bless me, sir, look who is yonder.

*Sir Will.* Cocksbones, Jack, honest Jack, are you there?

*Eust.* Plague on't, this rencounter is unlucky—Sir William, your servant.

*Sir Will.* Your servant, again and again, heartily your servant;—may I never do an ill turn, but I am glad to meet you.

*J. Wood.* Pray, Sir William, are you acquainted with this person?

*Sir Will.* What, with Jack Eustace! why he's my kinsman: his mother and I were cousin Germans once removed; and Jack's a very worthy young fellow:—may I never do an ill turn, if I tell a word of a lie.

*J. Wood.* Well, but Sir William, let me tell you, you know nothing of the matter; this man is a music-master; a thrummer of wire, and a scraper of catgut, and teaches my daughter to sing.

*Sir Will.* What, Jack Eustace a music-master! no, no, I know him better.

*Eust.* 'Sdeath, why should I attempt to carry on this absurd farce any longer?—What that gentleman

tells you, is very true, sir; I am no music-master, indeed.

*J. Wood.* You are not, you own it then?

*Eust.* Nay, more, sir; I am as that lady represented me, [*Pointing to* MRS DEBORAH.] your daughter's lover; whom, with her own consent, I did intend to have carried off this night; but now that Sir William Meadows is here, to tell you who, and what I am, I throw myself upon your generosity, from which I expect greater advantages than I could reap from any imposition on your unsuspicious nature.

*Mrs Deb.* Well, brother, what have you to say for yourself now? you have made a precious day's work of it! Had my advice been taken—O, I am ashamed of you! but you are a weak man, and it can't be helped; however, you should let wiser heads direct you.

*Lucin.* Dear papa, pardon me.

*Sir Will.* Ay, do sir, forgive her;—my cousin Jack will make her a good husband, I'll answer for it.

*Ros.* Stand out of the way, and let me speak two or three words to his worship.—Come, my dear sir, though you refuse all the world, I am sure you can deny me nothing: love is a venial fault—you know what I mean.——Be reconciled to your daughter, I conjure you, by the memory of our past affections—What, not a word!

AIR XL.

*Go, naughty man, I can't abide you;*
*Are then your vows so soon forgot?*
*Ah! now I see, if I had try'd you,*
*What would have been my hopeful lot.*

*But here I charge you—Make them happy,*
*Bless the fond pair, and crown their bliss.*
*Come, be a dear good-natured pappy,*
*And I'll reward you with a kiss.*

*Mrs Deb.* Come, turn out of the house, and be thankful my brother does not hang you, for he could do it—he's a justice of peace:—turn out of the house I say——

*J. Wood.* Who gave you authority to turn him out of the house?—he shall stay where he is.

*Mrs Deb.* He sha'n't marry my niece.

*J. Wood.* Sha'n't he? but I'll show you the difference now; I say, he shall marry her, and what will you do about it?

*Mrs Deb.* And you will give him your estate too, will you?

*J. Wood.* Yes, I will.

*Mrs Deb.* Why, I'm sure he's a vagabond.

*J. Wood.* I like him the better, I would have him a vagabond.

*Mrs Deb.* Brother, brother!

*Hawth.* Come, come, madam, all's very well, and I see my neighbour is, what I always thought him, a man of sense and prudence.

*Sir Will.* May I never do an ill turn, but I say so too.

*J. Wood.* Here, young fellow, take my daughter, and bless you both together; but hark you, no money till I die; observe that.

*Eust.* Sir, in giving me your daughter, you bestow upon me more than the whole world would be without her.

*Hawth.* Adds me, sir, here are some of your neighbours come to visit you, and I suppose to make up the company of your statute ball; yonder's music too, I see; shall we enjoy ourselves? If so, give me your hand.

*J. Wood.* Why, here's my hand, and we will enjoy ourselves; Heaven bless you both, children, I say—Sister Deborah, you are a fool.

*Mrs Deb.* You are a fool, brother; and mark my

words—But I'll give myself no more trouble about you.

*Hawth.* Fiddlers, strike up.

AIR XLI.

*Hence with cares, complaints, and frowning,*
*Welcome jollity and joy;*
*Ev'ry grief in pleasure drowning,*
*Mirth this happy night employ:*
*Let's to friendship do our duty,*
*Laugh and sing some good old strain;*
*Drink a health to love and beauty—*
*May they long in triumph reign.* [Exeunt.

THE END.

EDINBURGH
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

DON LEWIS.— HELP! MURDER!

ACT III. SCENE III.

# LOVE MAKES A MAN;

OR,

# THE FOP'S FORTUNE.

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.

# REMARKS.

MANY a comedy, where the scene is placed in Spain, owes its success to the splendid fashion of Spanish dresses, to the bustling spirit of hide and seek in chamber-maids and valets, or to the paroxysms of frantic jealousy between lovers.

The present comedy has claim to public favour upon superior advantages. Here is a good fable, variety of occurrence, and, above all, some excellently drawn characters.

The English, in bringing Spaniards upon the stage, have always given them a great deal to do, and scarcely any thing to say; at least all they have said has generally amounted to nothing. But in "Love makes a Man," the dramatis personæ talk as well as act, and speak to a right purpose.

That there should be mind, as well as manners, attached to the characters of this play, will no longer appear extraordinary, when it is considered that the production owes its origin to Beaumont and Fletcher.

A third author, of no mean repute, exerted his skill in uniting and adorning the ancient foundation of this work, (the dramas of "The Elder Brother"

and "The Custom of the Country,") according to the modern taste in 1700; and introduced the whole composition to the public under the present title; with the additional name affixed of Colley Cibber.

Whilst many a judicious critic boasted of knowing what kind of drama the public ought to like, Cibber was the lucky dramatist generally to know what they *would* like, whether they ought or not. If he secured their interest, he defied their understanding; and here, in the following scenes, so far he engages the heart in every event, that the head does not once reflect upon the improbabilities, or even impossibilities, with which the senses are delighted.

To atone for incident somewhat too extravagant and surprising, the author has brought on the stage many very rational and most natural personages.

The love of learning in the illiterate Don Lewis is a just trait of disposition, though it appears a paradoxical one—and the endowing of a licentious coxcomb, as in Clodio, with frankness and valour, has been an impartial distribution of virtues and vices, which few authors have justice, or rather judgment, enough to bestow upon their copies of mankind.

The creatures of a writer's brain are much oftener monsters than men; for the wicked are seldom more deformed by every ill quality, than the virtuous are out of human shape by every good one; and thus both parties are equally irregular, in not agreeing with the common order of things.

But lest, from this observation, Carlos should be liable to objection, from his wisdom and goodness,

it is proper to allow, that in him, perfection has been so naturally accounted for by the poet, in the description of his youth and passion for study, that he appears like one whom temptations have yet never reached, rather than like that supernatural being, who can always be proof against them.

This young student, just from college, argues, reasons, and even preaches without either cant or affectation; and the long lessons which he gives to Louisa in the fourth act, are so many short sermons addressed to all females; which, combined with Louisa's character, will infallibly teach them—that, though love may sometimes make a man, too frequently—it undoes a woman.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|---|---|
| THE GOVERNOR | *Mr Creswell.* |
| DON DUART | *Mr Claremont.* |
| DON ANTONIO | *Mr Blanchard.* |
| DON CHARINO | *Mr Bennett.* |
| DON LEWIS | *Mr Munden.* |
| CARLOS | *Mr C. Kemble.* |
| CLODIO | *Mr Lewis.* |
| PRIEST | *Mr Davenport.* |
| LAWYER | *Mr Atkins.* |
| MANUEL | *Mr Chapman.* |
| OFFICERS | *Messrs King and Lee.* |
| PAGE | *Master P. Benson.* |
| COOK | *Mr Harley.* |
| ISIDOR | *Mr T. Blanchard.* |
| GIUSEPPE | *Mr Sarjant.* |
| SANCHO | *Mr Farley.* |
| MONSIEUR | *Mr Klanert.* |
| JAQUES | *Mr Beverly.* |
| PEDRO | *Mr Jefferies.* |
| GUSMAN | *Mr Abbot.* |
| BRAVOS | *Messrs Truman, L. Bologna, Goodwin, Lewiss.* |
| SAILORS | *Messrs Wilde and Powers.* |
| ANGELIN | *Miss Brunton.* |
| ELVIRA | *Mrs Humphries.* |
| LOUISA | *Mrs Litchfield.* |
| HONORIA | *Miss Waddy.* |
| ISABELLA | *Miss Cox.* |

# LOVE MAKES A MAN.

## ACT THE FIRST.

### SCENE I.

*A Hall.*

*Enter* ANTONIO *and* CHARINO.

*Ant.* Without compliment, my old friend, I shall think myself much honoured in your alliance.

*Cha.* Sir, you offer fair and nobly; but since I have but one girl in the world, you won't think me a troublesome old fool, if I endeavour to bestow her to her worth; therefore, if you please, before we shake hands, a word or two by the bye; for I have some considerable questions to ask you.

*Ant.* Ask them.

*Cha.* Well, in the first place, you say you have two sons?

*Ant.* Exactly.

*Cha.* And you are willing that one of them shall marry my daughter Angelina?

*Ant.* Willing.

*Cha.* And you are likewise content that the said Angelina shall survey them both, and (with my allowance) take to her lawful husband which of them she pleases?

*Ant.* Content.

*Cha.* And you farther promise that the person by her and me so chosen, be it elder or younger, shall be your sole heir; that is to say, shall be in a conditional possession of at least three parts of your estate. This you positively promise——

*Ant.* To perform.

*Cha.* Why then, as the last token of my full consent and approbation, I give you my hand.

*Ant.* There's mine.

*Cha.* Is't a match?

*Ant.* A match.

*Cha.* That's enough—Carlos, the elder, you say, is a great scholar, spends his whole life in the university, and loves his study?

*Ant.* Nothing more, sir.

*Cha.* But Clodio, the younger, has seen the world, and is very well known in the court of France; a sprightly fellow, ha?

*Ant.* Mettle to the back, sir.

*Cha.* Well, how far either of them may go with my daughter, I can't tell; she'll be easily pleased where I am—[*Knocking.*] Hark! what noise without?

*Ant.* Odso! 'tis they——they're come——I have expected them these two hours. Well, sirrah, who's without?

*Enter a* SERVANT.

*Serv.* 'Tis Sancho, sir, with a waggon-load of my master's books.

*Cha.* What, does he always travel with his whole study?

*Ant.* Never without them, sir; 'tis his humour.

*Enter* SANCHO, *laden with Books.*

*San.* Pedro, unload part of the library; bid the

porter open the great gates, and make room for t'other dozen of carts; I'll be with you presently.

*Ant.* Ha! Sancho! where's my Carlos? Speak, boy, where didst thou leave thy master?

*San.* Jogging on, sir, in the highway to knowledge, both hands employed, in his book, and his bridle, sir; but he has sent his duty before him in this letter, sir. [*Gives* ANTONIO *the Letter.*

*Cha.* Pray, sir, what sort of life may your master lead?

*San.* Life, sir! no prince fares like him; he breaks his fast with Aristotle, dines with Tully, drinks tea at Helicon, sups with Seneca, then walks a turn or two in the milky-way, and after six hours conference with the stars, sleeps with old Erra Pater.

*Cha.* Wonderful!

*Ant.* So, Carlos will be here presently——Here, take the knave in, and let him eat.

*San.* And drink too, sir?

*Ant.* And drink too, sir—and pray see your master's chamber ready. [*Knocking again.*] Well, sir, who's at the gate?

*Enter a* SERVANT.

*Serv.* Monsieur, sir, from my young master, Clodio.

*Enter* MONSIEUR.

*Ant.* Well, Monsieur, what says your master? when will he be here?

*Mons.* Sire, he vill be here in de less time dan von quarter of de hour; he is not quite tirty mile off.

*Ant.* And what came you before for?

*Mons.* Sire, me come to provide de pulville, and de essence for his hair, dat he may approche to your vorshipe vid de reverence, and de belle air.

*Ant.* What, is he unprovided then?

*Mons.* Sire, he vas enrage, and did break his bottel

d'orangerie, because it vas not de same dat is prepare for Monseigneur le Dauphin.

*Ant.* Well, sir, if you'll go to the butler, he'll help you to some oil for his hair.

*Mons.* Sire, me tank you. [*Exit* MONSIEUR.

*Cha.* A very notable spark, this Clodio. Ha! what noise is that without?

*Enter a* SERVANT.

*Serv.* Sir, my young masters are both come.

*Ant.* That's well! Now, sir, now! now observe their several dispositions.

*Enter* CARLOS.

*Car.* My father! sir, your blessing.

*Ant.* Thou hast it, Carlos; and now, pray know this gentleman, Charino, sir, my old friend, and one in whom you may have a particular interest.

*Car.* I'll study to deserve his love, sir.

*Cha.* Sir, as for that matter, you need not study at all. [*They salute.*

*Clo.* [*Within.*] Hey! La Valiere! bid the groom take care our hunters be well rubbed and clothed; they're hot, and have outstripped the wind.

*Cha.* Ay, marry, sir, there's mettle in this young fellow.

*Enter* CLODIO.

*Clo.* Where's my father? Ah, my dear dad!

*Ant.* Ha, my dear Clody, thou'rt welcome!

*Clo.* Sir, being my father's friend, I am your most obliged, faithful, humble servant. [*To* CHARINO.

*Cha.* Sir,—I—I—I like you. [*Eagerly.*

*Clo.* Thy hand—I'm your eternal friend.

*Cha.* Faith, thou art a pretty-humoured fellow.

*Clo.* Who's that? Pray, sir, who's that?

*Ant.* Your brother, Clody.

*Clo.* Odso! I beg his pardon with all my heart—Ha! ha! ha! did ever mortal see such a book-worm?—Brother, how is't? [*Carelessly.*

*Car.* I'm glad you are well, brother. [*Reads.*

*Clo.* What, does he draw his book upon me? Then I will draw my wit upon him——Gad, I'll puzzle him—Hark you, brother; pray, what's——Latin for a sword-knot?

*Car.* The Romans wore none, brother.

*Clo.* No ornaments upon their swords, sir?

*Car.* Oh, yes, several; conquest, peace, and honour—an old unfashionable wear.

*Clo.* Sir, no man in Europe wears a more fashionable sword than I do; he cost me fifty louis d'ors in Paris——There, sir——feel him——try him, sir.

*Car.* I have no skill, sir.

*Clo.* No skill, sir! why, this sword would make a coward fight——aha! sa, sa! rip——ha! there I had him! [*Fencing.*

*Car.* Take heed, you'll cut my clothes, brother.

*Clo.* Cut them! ha, ha!—no, no, they are cut already, brother, to the grammar rules exactly: Psha! pr'ythee, man, leave off this college air.

*Car.* No, brother, I think it wholesome, the soil and situation pleasant.

*Clo.* A put, by Jupiter! he don't know the air of a gentleman, from the air of the country—Sir, I mean the air of your clothes; I would have you change your tailor, and dress a little more *en cavalier:* lay by your book, and take out your snuff-box; cock, and look smart, ha!

*Cha.* 'Faith, a pretty fellow!

*Enter* MONSIEUR.

*Mons.* Sire, here be de several sort of de jassamine d'orangerie vidout, if you please to make your shoice.

*Clo.* Mum, sir! I must beg pardon for a moment; a most important business calls me aside, which I will dispatch with all imaginable celerity, and return to the repetition of my desire to continue, sir, your most obliged, and faithful humble servant.

[*Exit* CLODIO, *bowing.*

*Cha.* 'Faith, he's a pretty fellow!

*Ant.* Now, sir, if you please, since we have got the other alone, we'll put the matter a little closer to him.

*Cha.* 'Tis to little purpose, I'm afraid: but use your pleasure, sir.

*Car.* Plato differs from Socrates in this. [*To himself.*

*Ant.* Come, come, pr'ythee, Charles, lay them by, let them agree at leisure.——What, no hour of interruption?

*Car.* Man's life, sir, being so short, and then the way that leads us to the knowledge of ourselves, so hard and tedious, each minute should be precious.

*Ant.* Ay, but to thrive in this world, Charles, you must part a little with this bookish contemplation, and prepare yourself for action. If you will study, let it be to know what part of my land's fit for the plough; what for pasture; to buy and sell my stock to the best advantage, and cure my cattle when they are over-grown with labour. This, now, would turn to some account.

*Car.* This, sir, may be done from what I've read; for what concerns tillage, who can better deliver it than Virgil in his Georgicks? And for the cure of herds, his Bucolicks are a master-piece; but when his art describes the commonwealth of bees, their industry, their order in going forth, and coming laden home, their strict obedience to their king, his just rewards to such as labour, his punishment inflicted only on the slothful drone; I'm ravish'd with it, then reap,

indeed, my harvest, receive the grain my cattle bring me, and there find wax and honey.

*Ant.* Hey-day! Georges and Blue-sticks, and bees-wax! What, art thou mad?

*Cha.* Raving, raving!

*Car.* No, sir, the knowledge of this guards me from it.

*Ant.* But can you find amongst all your musty manuscripts, what pleasure he enjoys that lies in the arms of a young, rich, well-shaped, healthy bride? Answer me that, ha, sir?

*Car.* 'Tis frequent, sir, in story; there I read of all kinds of virtuous and of vicious women; the ancient Spartan dames, the Roman ladies, their beauties, their deformities; and when I light upon a Portia, or a Cornelia, crowned with ever-blooming truth and virtue, with such a feeling I peruse their fortunes, as if I then had lived, and tasted of their lawful, envied love. But when I meet a Messalina, tired and unsated in her foul desires; a Clytemnestra, bathed in her husband's blood; an impious Tullia, whirling her chariot over her father's breathless body, horror invades my faculties. Comparing, then, the numerous guilty with the easy count of those that die in innocence, I detest and loath them as ignorance, or atheism.

*Ant.* And you do resolve, then, not to make payment of the debt you owe me?

*Car.* What debt, good sir?

*Ant.* Why, the debt I paid my father, when I got you, sir, and made him a grandsire; which I expect from you. I won't have my name die.

*Car.* Nor would I; my laboured studies, sir, may prove in time a living issue.

*Ant.* Very well, sir; and so I shall have a general collection of all the quiddits from Adam till this time to be my grand-child.

*Car.* I'll take my best care, sir, that what I leave mayn't shame the family.

*Cha.* A sad fellow, this! this is a very sad fellow! [*Aside.*

*Ant.* So, in short, you would not marry an empress?

*Car.* Oh, sir! the closet that contains my chosen books, to me's a glorious court; can I then part with solid constant pleasures, to clasp uncertain vanities? No, sir, be it your care to swell your heap of wealth; marry my brother, and let him get you bodies of your name; I rather would inform it with a soul.—I tire you, sir—your pardon and your leave.——Lights there, for my study. [*Exit* CARLOS.

*Ant.* Was ever man thus transported from the common sense of his own happiness; a stupid wise rogue! I could beat him. Now, if it were not for my hopes in young Clody, I might fairly conclude my name were at a period.

*Cha.* Ay, ay, he's the match for my money, and my girl's too, I warrant her. What say you, sir, shall we tell them a piece of our mind?

*Ant.* This minute, sir; and here comes my young rogue, in the very nick of his fortune.

*Enter* CLODIO.

*Ant.* Clody, a word——

*Clo.* To the wise is enough. Your pleasure, sir?

*Ant.* In the mean time, sir, if you please to send your daughter notice of our intended visit.

[*To* CHARINO.

*Cha.* I'll do't——Hark you, friend——

[*Whispers a* SERVANT.

*Enter* SANCHO *behind.*

*San.* I doubt my master has found but rough welcome; he's gone supperless into his study; I'd fain know the reason——I must find it out. [*Stands aside.*

*Clo.* Sir, you could not have started any thing more agreeable to my inclination: and for the young lady's, sir, if this old gentleman will please to give me a sight of her, you shall see me whip into her's, in the cutting of a caper.

*Cha.* Well, pursue and conquer; though let me tell you, sir, my girl has wit, and will give you as good as you bring; she has a smart way, sir.

*Clo.* Sir, I will be as smart as she; I have my share of courage; I fear no woman alive, sir, having always found that love and assurance ought to be as inseparable companions, as a beau and a snuff-box, or a curate and a tobacco-stopper.

*Cha.* 'Faith, thou art a pleasant rogue; I'gad she must like thee.

*Clo.* I know how to tickle the ladies, sir——In Paris, I had constantly two challenges every morning came up with my chocolate, only for being pleasant company the night before with the first ladies of quality.

*Cha.* Ah, silly, envious rogues! Pr'ythee what do you do to the ladies?

*San.* Positively, nothing. [*Aside.*

*Clo.* Why, the truth is, I did make the jades drink a little too smartly: for which the poor dogs, the princes, could not endure me.

*Cha.* Why, hast thou really conversed with princes?

*Clo.* Conversed with them! why, you shall judge now, you shall judge——Let me see——There was I and Prince Grandmont, Duke de Bongrace, Duke de Bellegrade——(Bellegrade——yes, yes—Jack was there) Count de l'Esprit, Marshal Bombard, and that pleasant dog, the Prince de Hautenbas. We six, now, were all at supper, all in good humour; champaigne was the word, and wit flew about the room like a pack of losing cards——Now, sir, there happened to be the self-same number of ladies, after the fatigue of a ballet, diverting themselves with ratafia

and the spleen; so dull, they were not able to talk, though it were scandalously, even of their best friends. So, sir, after a profound silence, at last, one of them gaped—Oh, Gad! says she, would that pleasant dog, Clody, were here, to *badiner* a little—Hey, says a second, and stretched——Ah, *mon dieu!* says a third, and waked——Could not one find him? says a fourth—and leered——Oh, burn him! says a fifth, I saw him go out with the nasty rakes of the blood again—in a pet——Did you so, says a sixth? *Pardie!* we'll spoil that gang presently—in a passion. Whereupon, sir, in two minutes, I received a billet in four words—*Chien, nous vous demandons;* subscribed Grandmont, Bongrace, Bellegrade, L'Esprit, Bombard, Hautenbas.

*Cha.* Why, these are the very names of the princes you supped with.

*Clo.* Every soul of them the individual wife or sister of every man in the company, split me! ha! ha! ha!

*Cha. and Ant.* Ha! ha! ha!

*San.* Did ever two old gudgeons swallow so greedily! [*Aside.*

*Ant.* Well, and didst thou make a night on't, boy?

*Clo.* Yes, I'gad, and morning too, sir; for about eight o'clock the next day, slap they all soused upon their knees, kissed round, burned their commodes, drank my health, broke their glasses, and so parted.

*Ant.* Gad-a-mercy, Clody! Nay, 'twas always a wild young rogue.

*Cha.* I like him the better for't—You remember the conditions, sir; three parts of your estate to him and his heirs?

*Ant.* Sir, he deserves it all; 'tis not a trifle shall part them. You see Charles has given over the world: I'll undertake to buy his birth-right for a shelf of new books.

*Cha.* Ay, ay; get you the writings ready, with

your other son's hand to them; for unless he signs, the conveyance is of no validity.

*Ant.* I know it, sir—they shall be ready with his hand in two hours.

*Cha.* Why then, come along, my lad; and now I'll show thee to my daughter.

*Clo.* I dare be shown, sir——*Allons!* Hey, *suivons l'amour.* [*Sings.*] [*Exeunt all but* SANCHO.

*San.* How! my poor master to be disinherited, for Monsieur Sa-sa there; and I a looker-on too! If we have studied our majors and our minors, our antecedents and consequences, to be concluded coxcombs at last, we have made a fair hand on't! I'm glad I know of this roguery, however; I'll take care my master's uncle, old Don Lewis, shall hear of it; for though he can hardly read a proclamation, yet he dotes upon his learning; and if he be that old, rough, testy blade he used to be, we may chance to have a rubbers with them first———Here he comes *profecto.*

*Enter* DON LEWIS.

*Don L.* Sancho, where's my boy Charles? What, is he at it? Is he at it?—Deep—deep, I warrant him——Sancho—a little peep now—one peep at him, through the key-hole—I must have a peep.

*San.* Have a care, sir, he's upon a magical point.

*Don L.* What, has he lost any thing?

*San.* Yes, sir, he has lost with a vengeance!

*Don L.* But what, what, what, what, sirrah? what is't?

*San.* Why, his birth-right, sir! he is di—di—dis—disinherited. [*Sobbing.*

*Don L.* Ha! how! when! what! where! who! what dost thou mean?

*San.* His brother, sir, is to marry Angelina, the great heiress, to enjoy three parts of his father's

estate; and my master is to have a whole acre of new books, for setting his hand to the conveyance.

*Don L.* This must be a lie, sirrah; I will have it a lie.

*San.* With all my heart, sir; but here comes my old master, and the pickpocket the lawyer: they'll tell you more.

*Enter* ANTONIO, *and a* LAWYER.

*Ant.* Here, sir, this paper has your full instructions: pray be speedy, sir; I don't know but we may couple them to-morrow; be sure you make it firm.

*Law.* Do you secure his hand, sir, I defy the law to give him his title again. [*Exit.*

*San.* What think you now, sir?

*Don L.* Why, now methinks I'm pleased——this is right——I'm pleased——must cut that lawyer's throat, though——must bone him——ay, I'll have him boned—and potted.

*Ant.* Brother, how is't?

*Don L.* Oh, mighty well—mighty well—let's feel your pulse——Feverish——

[*Looks earnestly in* ANTONIO'S *face, and after some pause, whistles a piece of a Tune.*

*Ant.* You are merry, brother.

*Don. L.* It's a lie.

*Ant.* How, brother?

*Don L.* A damn'd lie—I am not merry. [*Smiling.*

*Ant.* What are you, then?

*Don L.* Very angry.

*Ant.* Hi! hi! hi! at what, brother?

[*Mimicking him.*

*Don L.* Why, at a very wise settlement I have made lately.

*Ant.* What settlement, good brother? I find he has heard of it. [*Aside.*

*Don L.* What do you think I have done?——I have—this deep head of mine has—disinherited my eldest son, because his understanding's an honour to my family, and given it all to my younger, because he's a puppy—a puppy.

*Ant.* Come, I guess at your meaning, brother.

*Don L.* Do you so, sir? Why, then, I must tell you, flat and plain, my boy Charles must and shall inherit it.

*Ant.* I say no, unless Charles had a soul to value his fortune.——Hark you, brother, do you know what learning is?

*Don L.* What if I don't, sir, I believe it's a fine thing, and that's enough—Though I can speak no Greek, I love and honour the sound of it, and Charles speaks it loftily; I'gad, he thunders it out, sir: and let me tell you, sir, if you had ever the grace to have heard but six lines of Hesiod, or Homer, or Iliad, or any of the Greek poets, ods-heart! it would have made your hair stand an end; sir, he has read such things in my hearing——

*Ant.* But did you understand them, brother?

*Don L.* I tell you, no. What does that signify? The very sound's sufficient comfort to an honest man.

*Ant.* Fie, fie! I wonder you talk so, you that are old, and should understand.

*Don L.* Should, sir! Yes, and do, sir. Sir, I'd have you to know, I have studied, I have run over history, poetry, philosophy.

*Ant.* Yes, like a cat over a harpsichord, rare music—You have read catalogues, I believe. Come, come, brother, my younger boy is a fine gentleman.

*Don L.* A sad dog—I'll buy a prettier fellow in a penny-worth of gingerbread.

*Ant.* What I propose, I'll do, sir, say you your pleasure——Here comes one I must talk with—— Well, brother, what news?

*Enter* CHARINO.

*Cha.* Oh, to our wishes, sir; Clody's a right bait for a girl, sir. Noble Don Lewis, I am your humble servant. Come, what say you? Shall I prevail with you to settle some part of your estate upon young Clody?

*Don L.* Clody!

*Cha.* Ay, your nephew, Clody.

*Don L.* Settle upon him!

*Cha.* Ay.

*Don L.* Why, look you, I ha'nt much land to spare; but I have an admirable horse-pond——I'll settle that upon him, if you will.

*Ant.* Come, let him have his way, sir, he's old and hasty; my estate's sufficient. How does your daughter, sir?

*Cha.* Ripe and ready, sir; get you the writings ready, my girl shall be here in the morning.

*Don L.* Hark you, sir, do you suppose my Charles shall——

*Cha.* Sir, I suppose nothing; what I'll do, I'll justify; what your brother does, let him answer.

*Ant.* That I have already, sir, and so good-morrow to your patience, brother. [*Exeunt* ANT. *and* CHA.

*Don L.* Sancho!

*San.* Sir!

*Don L.* Fetch me some gunpowder—quick—quick.

*San.* Sir!

*Don L.* Some gunpowder, I say——a barrel——quickly—and d'ye hear, three penny-worth of rats-bane—Hey! ay, I'll blow up one, and poison the other.

*San.* Come, sir, I see what you would be at, and if you dare take my advice, (I don't want wit at a pinch, sir) e'en let me try, if I can fire my master enough with the praises of the young lady, to make him rival his brother; that would blow them up indeed, sir.

*Don L.* Psha! impossible, he never spoke six words to any woman in his life, but his bed-maker.

*San.* So much the better, sir; therefore, if he speaks at all, it's the more likely to be out of the road.—Hark, he rings—I must wait upon him. [*Exit.*

*Don L.* I can't look my poor boy in the face: but come, Charles, let them go on, thou shalt not want money to buy thee books yet——That old fool thy father, and his young puppy, shall not share a groat of mine between them; nay, to plague them, I could find in my heart to fall sick in a pet, give thee my estate in a passion, and leave the world in a fury.

[*Exit.*

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## ACT THE SECOND.

### SCENE I.

*A Hall.*

*Enter* ANTONIO *and* SANCHO.

*Ant.* Sir, he shall have what's fit for him.

*San.* No inheritance, sir?

*Ant.* Enough to give him books, and a moderate maintenance: that's as much as he cares for; you talk like a fool, a coxcomb! trouble him with land ——

*San.* Must master Clodio have all, sir?

*Ant.* All, all; he knows how to use it; he's a man bred in this world: t'other in the skies, his business is altogether above stairs: [*Bell rings.*] go, see what he wants.

*San.* A father, I'm sure! [*Exit* SANCHO.

*Ant.* What, will none of my rogues come near me now? Oh, here they are.

*Enter Three* SERVANTS *and the* COOK.

Well, sir, in the first place, can you procure me a plentiful dinner for about fifty, within two hours? Your young master is to be married this morning; will that spur you, sir?

*Cook.* Young master, sir! I wish your honour had given me a little more warning.

*Ant.* Sir, you have as much as I had: I was not sure of it half an hour ago.

*Cook.* Sir, I will try what I can do—Hey, Pedro! Gusman! Come, stir, ho! [*Exit* COOK.

*Ant.* Butler, open the cellar to all good fellows; if any man offers to sneak away sober, knock him down. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Library.*

CARLOS *alone.—A Noise of Chopping within.*

*Car.* What a perpetual noise these people make! I have forgot to eat and sleep, with reading; all my faculties turn into study. What a misfortune 'tis in human nature, that the body will not live on that which feeds the mind!——How unprofitable a pleasure is eating!——Sancho!

*Enter* SANCHO.

*San.* Did you call, sir? [*Chopping again.*

*Car.* Pr'ythee, what noise is this?

*San.* The cooks are hard at work, sir, chopping herbs, and mincing meat, and breaking marrow-bones.

*Car.* And is it thus at every dinner?

*San.* No, sir; but we have high doings to-day.

*Car.* Well, set this folio in its place again; then make me a little fire, and get a manchet; I'll dine alone—Does my younger brother speak any Greek yet, Sancho?

*San.* No, sir, but he spits French like a magpye, and that's more in fashion.

*Car.* He steps before me there; I think I read it well enough to understand it, but when I am to give it utterance, it quarrels with my tongue.—Again that noise! Pr'ythee tell me, Sancho, are there any princes to dine here?

*San.* Some there are as happy as princes, sir—your brother's married to-day—all the country round is invited, not a dog that knows the house, but comes too: all open, sir.

*Car.* Pr'ythee, who is it my brother marries?

*San.* Old Charino's daughter, sir, the great heiress: a delicate creature; young, soft, smooth, fair, plump, and ripe as a cherry!

*Car.* Is she so fine a creature?

*San.* Such eyes; such looks; such a pair of pretty plump pouting lips; such softness in her voice; such music too; and when she smiles, such roguish dimples in her cheeks; such a clear skin; white neck, and a little lower, such a pair of round, hard, heaving, what d'ye call-ums——ah!

*Car.* Why, thou art in love, Sancho.

*San.* Ay, so would you be, if you saw her, sir.

*Car.* I don't think so.

*San.* Ods me! sir, sir, here comes the very lady, the bride, your sister that must be, and her father.

*Enter* CHARINO *and* ANGELINA.

Stand close, you'll both see and hear, sir.

*Car.* I ne'er saw any yet so fair; such sweetness in her look; such modesty! If we may think the eye

the window to the heart, she has a thousand treasured virtues there.

*San.* So! the book's gone. [*Aside.*

*Cha.* Come, pr'ythee put on a brisker look; odsheart, dost thou think in conscience, that's fit for thy wedding-day?

*Ang.* Sir, I wish it were not quite so sudden; a little time for farther thought perhaps had made it easier to me: to change for ever, sir, is no trifle, sir.

*Car.* A wonder!

*Cha.* Look you, his fortune I have taken care of, and his person you have no exceptions to. What, in the name of Venus, would the girl have?

*Ang.* I never said of all the world I made him, sir, my choice: nay, though he be yours, I cannot say I am highly pleased with him, nor yet am averse; but I had rather welcome your commands and him, than disobedience.

*Cha.* Oh, if that be all, madam, to make you easy, my commands are at your service.

*Ang.* I have done with my objections, sir.

*Car.* Such understanding in so soft a form!——Happy——happy brother!—I have gazed too much ——Reach me an Ovid.

[*Exeunt* CARLOS *and* SANCHO.

*Cha.* I say put on your best looks, hussy—for here he comes, 'faith.

*Enter* CLODIO.

Ah, my dear Clody!

*Clo.* My dear, [*Embracing.*] dear dad. Ha! *Ma princesse! estes vous la donc?* Ah, ha! *Non, non. Je ne m'y connois gueres*, &c. [*Sings.*] Look, look—look, o'slyboots; what, she knows nothing of the matter! But you will, child.

*Enter* ANTONIO *and* LAWYER.

*Ant.* Well said, Clody; my noble brother, welcome; my fair daughter, I give you joy.

*Clo.* And so will I too, sir. *Allons! Vivons! Chantons, dansons! Hey! L'autre jour, &c.*

[*Sings and dances, &c.*

*Ant.* Well said again, boy. Sir, you and your writings are welcome.

*Enter* DON LEWIS.

What, my angry brother! nay, you must have your welcome too, or we shall make but a flat feast on't.

*Don L.* Sir, I am not welcome, nor I won't be welcome, nor nobody's welcome, and you are all a parcel of——

*Cha.* What, sir?

*Don L.* ——Miserable wretches——sad dogs.

*Ant.* Come, pray, sir, bear with him, he's old and hasty: but he'll dine and be good company for all this.

*Don L.* A strange lie, that.

*Clo.* Ha! ha! ha! poor Testy, ha! ha!

*Don L.* Don't laugh, my dear rogue, pr'ythee don't laugh now; 'faith, I shall break thy head, if thou dost.

*Clo.* Gad so! why, then I find you are angry at me, dear uncle?

*Don L.* Angry at thee, hey, puppy!—Why, what;—what dost thou see in that lovely hatchet face of thine, that's worth my being out of humour at? Blood and fire, ye dog, get out of my sight, or——

*Ant.* Nay, brother, this is too far——

*Don L.* Angry at him! a son of a——son's son of a whore!

*Cha.* Ha! ha! poor peevish——

*Don L.* I'd fain have somebody poison him. [*To himself.*] Ah, that sweet creature! Must this fair flower be cropped to stick up in a piece of rascally earthenware? I must speak to her——Puppy, stand out of my way.

*Clo.* Ha! ha! ay, now for't.

*Don L.* [*To* ANGELINA.] Ah!——ah!——ah! Madam——I pity you; you're a lovely young crea-

ture, and ought to have a handsome man yoked to you; one of understanding too;——I am sorry to say it, but this fellow's skull's extremely thick—— and if he should have a thing shaped like a child, you can make nothing of it but a tailor.

*Clo.* Odds me! why, you are testy, my dear uncle.

*Don L.* Will nobody take that troublesome dog out of my sight——I can't stay where he is——I'll go see my poor boy Charles——I've disturbed you, madam; your humble servant.

*Ant.* You'll come again, and drink the bride's health, brother?

*Don L.* That lady's health I may; and, if she'll give me leave, perhaps sit by her at table too.

*Clo.* Ha! ha! bye, nuncle.

*Don L.* Puppy, good bye—— [*Exit* DON LEWIS.

*Ang.* An odd-humoured gentleman.

*Ant.* Very odd indeed, child; I suppose in pure spite, he'll make my son Charles his heir.

*Ang.* Methinks I would not have a light head, nor one laden with too much learning, as my father says this Carlos is; sure there's something hid in that gentleman's concern for him, that speaks him not so mere a log.

*Ant.* Come, shall we go and seal, brother? The priest stays for us. When Carlos has signed the conveyance, as he shall presently, we'll then to the wedding, and so to dinner.

*Cha.* With all my heart, sir.

Clo. *Allons, ma chere princesse.* [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*A Study.*

CARLOS *in his Study, with* DON LEWIS, *and* SANCHO.

*Don L.* Nay, you are undone.

*Car.* Then—I must study, sir, to bear my fortune.

*Don L.* Have you no greater feeling?

*San.* You were sensible of the great book, sir, when it fell upon your head; and won't the ruin of your fortune stir you?

*Car.* Will he have my books too?

*Don L.* No, no, he has a book, a fine one too, called The Gentleman's Recreation; or the Secret Art of getting Sons and Daughters: such a creature! a beauty in folio! 'Would thou hadst her in thy study, Carlos, though it were but to new-clasp her.

*San.* He has seen her, sir.

*Don L.* Well——and——

*San.* He flung away his book, sir.

*Don L.* Did he 'faith? would he had flung away his humour too, and spoke to her.

*Car.* Must my brother then have all?

*Don L.* All, all.

*San.* All that your father has, sir.

*Car* And that fair creature too?

*San.* Ay, sir.

*Don L.* Hey!

*Car.* He has enough, then. [*Sighing.*

*Don L.* He have her, Charles! why, would, would, that is——hey!

*Car.* May not I see her sometimes, and call her sister? I'll do her no wrong.

*Don L.* I can't bear this! 'Sheart, I could cry for madness! Flesh and fire! do but speak to her, man.

*Car.* I cannot, sir, her look requires something of that distant awe, words of that soft respect, and yet such force and meaning too, that I should stand confounded to approach her, and yet I long to wish her joy.——Oh, were I born to give it too!

*Don L.* Why, thou shalt wish her joy, boy: 'faith she is a good-humoured creature, she'll take it kindly.

*Car.* Do you think so, uncle?

*Don L.* I'll to her, and tell you.

*Car.* Do, sir——Stay, uncle;——will she not think me rude? I would not for the world offend her.

*Don L.* 'Fend a fiddle-stick——let me alone——I'll——I'll——

*Car.* Nay, but, sir! dear uncle!

*Don L.* A hum! a hum! [*Exit* DON LEWIS.

*Enter* ANTONIO *and the* LAWYER, *with a Writing.*

*Ant.* Where's my son?

*San.* There, sir, casting a figure what chopping children his brother shall have, and where he shall find a new father for himself.

*Ant.* I shall find a stick for you, rogue, I shall. Charles, how dost thou do? Come hither, boy.

*Car.* Your pleasure, sir?

*Ant.* Nay, no great matter, child, only to put your name here a little, to this bit of parchment: I think you write a reasonable good hand, Charles.

*Car.* Pray, sir, to what use may it be?

*Ant.* Only to pass your title in the land I have to your brother Clodio.

*Car.* Is it no more, sir?

*Law.* That's all, sir.

*Ant.* No, no, 'tis nothing else; look you, you shall be provided for, you shall have what books you please, and your means shall come in without your care, and you shall always have a servant to wait on you.

*Car.* Sir, I thank you; but if you please, I had rather sign it before the good company below; it being, sir, so frank a gift, 'twill be some small compliment to have done it before the lady too: there I shall sign it cheerfully, and wish my brother fortune.

*Ant.* With all my heart, child; it's the same thing to me.

*Car.* You'll excuse me, sir, if I make no great stay with you.

*Ant.* Do as thou wilt, thou shalt do any thing thou hast a mind to. [*Exeunt.*

*San.* Now has he undone himself for ever; odsheart, I'll down into the cellar, and be stark drunk for anger. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.

*A Dining-Room.*

*A large Table spread.*

*Enter* CHARINO, *with* ANGELINA, CLODIO, DON LEWIS, LADIES, *and* PRIEST.

*Cha.* Come, let him bring his son's hand, and all's done. Are you ready, sir?

*Priest.* Sir, I shall dispatch them presently, immediately; for in truth I am an hungry.

*Clo.* I'gad, I warrant you, the priest and I could both fall to without saying grace——Ha, you little rogue! what, you think it long too?

*Ang.* I find no fault, sir; better things were well done than done too hastily——Sir, you look melancholy. [*To* DON LEWIS.

*Don L.* Sweet-smelling blossom! Ah, that I had the gathering of thee; I would stick thee in the bosom of a pretty young fellow——Ah, thou hast missed a man (but that he is so bewitched to his study, and knows no other mistress than his mind) so far above this feather-headed puppy——

*Ang.* Can he talk, sir?

*Don L.* Like an angel——to himself——the devil a word to a woman.

*Ang.* But a little conversation, methinks——

*Don L.* Why, so I think too; but the boy's be-

witched, and the devil can't bring him to't: shall I try if I can get him to wish you joy?

*Ang.* I shall receive it as becomes his sister, sir.

*Clo.* Look, look, old Testy will fall in love by and by; he's hard at it, split me!

*Cha.* Let him alone, she'll fetch him about, I warrant you.

*Clo.* So, here my father comes! Hey, my brother too! that's a wonder; broke like a spirit from his cell.

*Enter* ANTONIO, CARLOS, *and the* LAWYER.

*Don L.* Odso! here he is; that's he: a little inclining to the lean, or so, but his understanding's the fatter for't.

*Ant.* Come, Charles, 'twas your desire to see my fair daughter and the good company, and to seal before them all, and give your brother joy.

*Cha.* He does well; I shall think the better of him as long as I live.

*Car.* Is this the lady, sir?

*Ant.* Ay, that's your sister, Charles.

*Car.* Forbid it, love! [*Aside.*] Do you not think she'll grace our family?

*Ant.* No doubt on't, sir.

*Car.* Should I not thank her for so unmerited a grace?

*Ant.* Ay, and welcome, Charles.

*Don L.* Now, my boy; give her a gentle twist by the finger; lay your lips softly, softly, close and plump to her. [*Apart to* CARLOS.

*Car.* Pardon a stranger's freedom, lady—[*Salutes* ANGELINA.] Dissolving softness! Oh, the drowning joy!—Happy, happy he that sips eternally such nectar down——But you, fair creature, share by far the higher joy; if, as I've read, (nay, now am sure) the sole delight of love lies only in the power to give.

*Ang.* How near his thoughts agree with mine! this

the mere scholar I was told of! [*Aside.*]——I find, sir, you have experienced love, you seem acquainted with the passion?

*Car.* I've had, indeed, a dead pale glimpse in theory, but never saw the enlivening light before.

*Ang.* Ha, before! [*Aside.*

*Ant.* Well, these are very fine compliments, Charles; but you say nothing to your brother yet.

*Car.* Oh, yes, and wish him, sir, with any other beauty, (if possible) more lasting joy than I could taste with her.

*Ang.* He speaks unhappily.

*Clo.* Ha!———what do you say, brother?

*Ant.* Nay, for my part, I don't understand him.

*Cha.* Nor I.

*Don L.* Stand clear, I do———and that sweet creature too, I hope.

*Ang.* Too well, I fear.

*Ant.* Come, come, to the writing, Charles; pr'ythee leave thy studying, man.

*Car.* I'll leave my life first; I study now to be a man; before, what man was, was but my argument; ———I am now on the proof: I find, I feel myself a man—

*Don L.* He has it! he has it! my boy's in for't.

*Clo.* Come, come, will you——

*Don L.* Stand out of the way, puppy.

[*Interposing with his Back to* CLODIO.

*Car.* Whence is it, fair, that while I offer speech to you, my thoughts want words, my words their free and honest utterance? Why is it thus I tremble at your touch, and fear your frown? Yet should my dearest friend or brother dare to check my vain deluded wishes, Oh, I should turn and tear him like an offended lion.

*Clo.* Come, come, will you sign, brother?

*Don L.* Time enough, puppy.

*Clo.* I say, will you sign, brother?

*Car.* Away, I have no time for trifles! Room for an elder brother.

*Don L.* Why, did not I bid thee stand out of the way now?

*Ant.* Ay, but this is trifling, Charles! Come, come, your hand, man.

*Car.* Your pardon, sir, I cannot seal yet; had you only showed me land, I had resigned it free, and proud to have bestowed it to your pleasure; but you have opened to me such a treasure, such unimagined mines of solid joy, that I perceive my temper stubborn now, even to a churlish avarice of love.

*Ant.* And so you won't part with your title, sir?

*Car.* Sooner with my soul of reason, be a plant, a beast, a fish, a fly, than yield one foot of land——if she be tied to't.

*Don L.* Ah, Charles! What say you to the scholar now, chicken?

*Ang.* A wonder!——Is this gentleman your brother, sir? [*To* CLODIO.

*Clo.* Hey! no, my——Madam, not quite—that is, he is a little akin by the——Plague on him, would he were bury'd——I can't tell what to say to him, split me!

*Ant.* Positively, you will not seal then, ha?

*Car.* Neither——I should not blindly say I will not seal—Let me entreat a moment's pause——for, even yet, perhaps I may. [*Sighing.*

*Ang.* Forbid it, Fortune!

*Ant.* O, may you so, sir?

*Clo.* Ay, sir, hey! What, you are come to yourself I find, 'sheart!

*Cha.* Ay, ay, give him a little time, he'll think better on't, I warrant you.

*Car.* Perhaps, fair creature, I have done you wrong, whose plighted love and hope went hand in hand together; but I conjure you, think my life were hateful, after so base, so barbarous an act as parting them:

I have no land, no fortune, life, or being, while your necessity of peace requires them.

*Cha.* Why, ay! there's some civility in this.

*Clo.* The fellow really talks very prettily.

*Car.* But, if in bare compliance to a father's will, you now but suffer marriage, or what's worse, give it as an extorted bond, imposed on the simplicity of your youth, and dare confess you wish some honest friend would save, or free you from its hard conditions, I then again have land, have life, and resolution, waiting still upon your happier fortune.

*Clo.* Ha, ha! pert enough, that—I'gad, I long to see what this will come to!

*Priest.* In truth, unless somebody is married presently, the dinner will be spoiled, and then——nobody will be able to eat it.

*Car.* Consider, fair one, now's the very crisis of our fate: you cannot have it sure to ask, if honour be the parent of my love: If you can love for love, and think your heart rewarded there——

*Ang.* Need I then speak? to say I am far from hating you——I would say more, but there is nothing fit for me to say.

*Cha.* I'll bear it no longer——

*Ang.* On this you may depend, I cannot like that marriage was proposed me.

*Car.* How shall my soul requite this goodness?

*Cha.* Beyond patience! this is downright insolence! roguery! villainy! treachery! part them!

*Ang.* Part them!

*Clo.* Ay, ay, part them! part them!

*Don L.* Doll! dum! dum!

[*Sings, and draws in their Defence.*

*Cha.* Call an officer! I'll have them forced asunder.

*Ang.* Nay, then I'm reduced to take protection here. [*Goes to* CARLOS.

*Car.* O ecstacy of heart! transporting joy!

*Don L.* Lorro! Dorrol! Loll! [*Sings and dances.*

*Cha.* A plot! a plot! against my honour! Murder! Treason! Gunpowder! I'll be revenged. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* Carlos, I say, forego the lady.

*Car.* Never, while I have sense of being, life, or motion.

*Clo.* You won't? Gadso! What, then I find I must lug out upon this business! *Allons!* the lady, sir!

*Don L.* Lorro! Dorro! Loll!

[*Presenting his Point to* CLODIO.

*Car.* Hold, uncle! come, brother! sheathe your anger——I'll do my best to satisfy you all——but first I would entreat a blessing here.

*Ant.* Out of my doors, thou art no son of mine.

[*Exit* ANTONIO.

*Car.* I am sorry I have lost a father, sir——For you, brother, since once you had a seeming hope, in lieu of what you've lost, half of my birthright—

*Clo.* No halves! no halves, sir! the whole lady!

*Car.* Why, then, the whole, if you can like the terms.

*Clo.* What terms? What terms? Come, quick, quick.

*Car.* The first is this——[*Snatches* DON LEWIS'S *Sword.*] Win her, and wear her; for, on my soul, unless my body fail, my mind shall never yield thee up a thought in love.

*Don L.* Gramercy, Charles! to him, boy; I'gad, this love has made a man of him.

*Car.* This is the first good sword I ever poised in anger yet; 'tis sharp, I'm sure; if it but hold my putting home, I shall so hunt your insolence!——I feel the fire of ten strong spirits in me: wert thou a native fencer, in so fair a cause, I thus should hold thee at the worst defiance.

*Clo.* Look you, brother, take care of yourself, I shall certainly be in you the first thrust; but if you

had rather, d'ye see, we'll talk a little calmly about this business.

*Car.* Away, trifler! I would be loth to prove thee a coward too.

*Clo.* Coward! why then really, sir, if you please, midriff's the word, brother; you are a son of a whore —*Allons!*— [*They fight, and* CLODIO *is disarmed.*

*Car.* There, sir, take your life—and mend it.

*Ang.* Are you wounded, sir?

*Car.* Only in my fears for you;—how shall we bestow us, uncle?

*Don L.* Positively, we are not safe here, this lady being an heiress. Follow me.

*Car.* Good angels guard us!

[*Exeunt with* ANGELINA.

*Clo.* Gadso! I never fenced so ill in all my life—never in my life, split me!

*Enter* MONSIEUR.

*Mons.* Sire, here be de trompete, de haute-boy, de musique, de maiter danser, dat deseer to know if you sal be please to have de masque begin.

*Clo.* Ha! what does this puppy say now?

*Mons.* Sire, de musique.

*Clo.* Why ay——that's true——but——tell them —plague on them, tell them they are not ready tuned.

*Mons.* Sire, dare is all tune, all prepare.

*Clo.* Ay! Why then, tell them that my brother's wise again, and has spoiled all, and I am bubbled, and so I sha'n't be married till next time: but I have fought with him, and he has disarmed me; and so he won't release the land, nor give me my mistress again; and I——I am done, that's all. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* CHARINO, ANTONIO, OFFICERS, *and* SERVANTS.

*Cha.* Officer, do your duty: I say, seize them all.

*Ant.* Carry them this minute before a——How now! What all fled?

*Cha.* Ha! my girl! my child, my heiress! I am abused! I am cheated! I am robbed! I am ravished! murdered! and flung in a ditch.

*Ant.* Who let them out? Which way went they, villains?

*Serv.* Sir, we had no order to stop them; but they went out at the door not six minutes ago.

*Cha.* I'll pursue them with bills, warrants, actions, writs, and malice: I am a lawyer, sir; they shall find I understand ruin.

*Ant.* Nay, they shall be found, sir: run you to the port, sirrah, see if any ships are going off, and bring us notice immediately.

[*Exeunt* OFFICERS *and* SERVANTS.

*Enter* SANCHO, *drunk.*

*San.* Ban, ban, Cac-caliban. [*Sings.*

*Ant.* Here comes a rogue, I'll warrant, knows the bottom of all! Where's my son, villain?

*San.* Son, sir!

*Cha.* Where's my daughter, sirrah?

*San.* Daughter, sir?

*Cha.* Ay, my daughter, rascal!

*San.* Why, sir, they told me just now, sir—that she's—she's run away.

*Ant.* Dog, where's your master?

*San.* My master? why, they say he is——

*Ant.* Where, sirrah?

*San.* Why, he is—he is—gone along with her.

*Ant.* Death! you dog, discover him, or——

*San.* Sir, I will—I will.

*Ant.* Where is he, villain?

*San.* Where, sir? Why, to be sure he is—he is—Upon my soul, I don't know, sir.

*Ant.* No more trifling, rascal!

*San.* If I do, sir, I wish this may be my poison. [*Drinks.*

*Ant.* Death! you dog, get out of my house, or I'll ——So, sir, have you found him?

*Re-enter the* SERVANT *hastily*, CLODIO, *and* MONSIEUR.

*Clo.* Ay, sir, have you found them?

*Serv.* Yes, sir, I had a sight of them; but they were just got on board a small vessel before I could overtake them.

*Cha.* Death and furies!

*Ant.* Whither were they bound, sirrah?

*Serv.* Sir, I could not discover that: but they were full before the wind, with a very smart gale.

*Ant.* What shall we do, brother?

*Clo.* Be as smart as they, sir; follow them, follow them.

*Cha.* Send to the port this moment, and secure a ship; I'll pursue them through all the elements.

*Clo.* I'll follow you by the northern star.

*Ant.* Run to the port again, rogue; hire a ship, and tell them they must hoist sail immediately.

[*Exit* SERVANT.

*Clo.* And you, rogue, run to my chamber, fill up my snuff-box——Cram it hard, you dog, and be here again before you get thither. [*Exit* MONSIEUR.

*Ant.* What, will you take nothing else, boy?

*Clo.* Nothing, sir, but snuff and opportunity——we're in haste. *Allons!* hey! *Je vole.* [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT THE THIRD.

### SCENE I.

*Lisbon.*

*Enter* ELVIRA, DON DUART, *and* GOVERNOR.

*Elv.* Dear brother, let me entreat you, stay; why will you provoke your danger?

*Don D.* Madam, my honour must be satisfied.

*Elv.* That's done already, by the degrading blow you gave him.

*Gov.* Pray, niece, what is it has incensed him?

*Elv.* Nothing but a needless quarrel.

*Gov.* I am sorry for him——To whom is all this fury, nephew?

*Don D.* To you, sir, or any man that dares oppose me.

*Gov.* Come, you are too boisterous, sir; and this vain opinion of your courage, taken on your late success in duelling, makes you daily shunned by men of civil conversation. For shame, leave off these senseless brawls; if you are valiant, as you would be thought, turn out your courage to the wars; let your king and country be the better for't.

*Don D.* Yes, so I might be general——Sir, no man living shall command me.

*Gov.* Sir, you shall find that here in Lisbon I will: I'm every hour followed with complaints of your behaviour from men of almost all conditions; and my authority, which you presume will bear you out, because you are my nephew, no longer shall protect you now: expect your next disorder to be punished with as much severity as his that is a stranger to my blood.

*Don D.* Punish me! You, nor your office, dare not do't.—Fire and furies! I'm tutor'd here like a mere school-boy! Women shall judge of injuries in honour!——For you, sir——I was born free, and will not curb my spirit, nor is it for your authority to tempt it: give me the usage of a man of honour, or 'tis not your government shall protect you. [*Exit.*

*Gov.* I am sorry to see this, niece, for your sake.

*Elv.* 'Would he were not my brother! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*A Street.*

*Enter* DON MANUEL, ANGELINA, *and* SAILORS.

*Don M.* Divide the spoil amongst you: this fair captive I only challenge for myself.

*Sail.* Sir, she's yours; you fought, and well deserve her. [*Exeunt* SAILORS.

*Enter* GOVERNOR.

*Gov.* Noble Don Manuel! welcome to Lisbon! I see you are fortunate: for I presume that's some uncommon prize.

*Don M.* She is, indeed, lord governor: These ten years I have known the seas, and many rough engagements there; but never saw so small a bark so long defended with such incredible valour, and by two men scarce armed too.

*Gov.* Is't possible?

*Don M.* Nay, and scarce had we secured our hard-won-prize, before an Algerine grappled us; when the same two, dreading to see this lovely creature made a prize to infidels, gallantly boarded her; but instantly——

*Ang.* Alas!

*Gov.* What then, sir?

*Don M.* She quitted us, and, crowding all the sail she could, escaped our slower vessel.

*Gov.* And carried those brave gentlemen away—

*Don M.* No, my lord; for as they stood upon the deck disarmed and ready to be fettered, on a sudden (the younger taking first from this fair maid a farewell only with his eyes) both leaped into the sea.

*Gov.* 'Tis wonderful, indeed!

*Don M.* Had not our own safety hindered, (at that time another ship pursuing us) I would have ta'en them up, and with their lives they should have had their liberty.

*Ang.* Too late, alas! they're lost!——I am now friendless, miserable, and a slave.

*Don M.* Take comfort, fair one, perhaps you yet again may see them: they were not quite a league from shore, and with such strength and courage broke through the rolling waves, they could not fail of life and safety.

*Ang.* In that last hope I brook a wretched being: but, if they're dead, my woes will find so many doors to let out life, I shall not long survive them, but—

*Gov.* Alas, poor lady! Misery but weeps the more when she is gazed on—I leave you—your servant, sir. [*Exit* GOVERNOR.

*Don M.* Now, my fair captive, though I confess you beautiful, yet give me leave to own my heart has long been in another's keeping: therefore the favour I am about to ask, you may at least hear with safety.

*Ang.* This has engaged me, sir, to hear.

*Don M.* These three years have I honourably loved a noble lady; her name Louisa, the beauteous niece of great Ferrara's Duke: sole mistress of herself and me, who long have languished in a hopeless constancy. Now, I would a while entreat your leave to recommend you, as her companion, to this lady's favour: and, (as I'm sure you'll soon be near her closest thoughts) if you can think upon the honest courtesies I hitherto have shown your modesty, and, in your happy talk, but name, with any mark of favour, me, or my unwearied love, 'twould be a generous act would fix me ever grateful to its memory.

*Ang.* Such poor assistance, sir, as one distressed like me can give, shall willingly be paid.

*Don M.* I'll study to deserve this goodness: for

the present, think my poor house your own; at night I'll wait upon you to the lady, till when, I am your guard.

*Ang.* You have bound me to your service.

[*Exeunt* DON MANUEL *and* ANGELINA.

## SCENE III.

*A Church.*

*The Vespers supposed to be just ended, several walking out,* CARLOS *and* DON LEWIS *rising near* LOUISA *and* HONORIA. LOUISA *observing* CARLOS.

*Hon.* Come, madam, shall we walk out? The crowd's pretty well over now.

*Lou.* But then that melancholy softness in his look! [*To herself.*

*Hon.* Cousin! Donna Louisa!

*Lou.* Even in his devotions too, such graceful adorations——so sweet a——

*Hon.* Cousin, will you go?

*Lou.* Pshaw! time enough——Pr'ythee let's walk a little this way.

[*They walk from* DON LEWIS *and* CARLOS.

*Car.* To what are we reserved?

*Don L.* For no good, I'm afraid——My ill luck don't use to give over when her hand's in—One misfortune generally comes galloping in upon the back of another——Drowning we have escaped miraculously; 'would the fear of hanging were over too; our being so strangely saved from one, smells damnably rank of the other. Though I am obliged to thee, Charles, for what life I have, and I'll thank thee for't, if ever I set foot upon my estate again: 'faith, I was just gone; if thou hadst not taken me upon thy back

the last hundred yards, by this time I had been food for herrings and mackerel—But 'tis pretty well as it is; for there is not much difference between starving and drowning.

*Car.* These are light wants to me—O! I could wish the fate that saved us from the ocean's fury, in kinder pity of our love's distress, had buried us in one wave embracing.

*Lou.* How tenderly he talks! This were indeed a lover!—I'll have him dogged. Jaques!

[*Whispers* JAQUES.

*Don L.* A most unhappy loss, indeed! But come, don't despair, boy; the ship that took us was a Portuguese, of Lisbon too, I believe; who knows but, some way or other, we may hear of her yet?

*Car.* Have I not cause? Were not my force of faith superior to my hopeless reason, I could not bear the insults of my fortune.

*Don L.* Why now, would not this make any one weep, to hear a young man talk so finely, when he is almost famished?

*Lou.* Did you observe those strangers that have walked by us?

*Hon.* Not much; but what of them?

*Lou.* Did you hear nothing of their talk?

*Hon.* I think I did; one of them, the younger, seemed concerned for a lost mistress.

*Lou.* Ay, but so near, so tenderly concerned, his looks, as well as words, speaking an inward grief that could not flow from every common passion. I must know more of him.

*Hon.* What do you mean?

*Lou.* Must speak to him.

*Hon.* By no means.

*Lou.* Why, you see they are strangers, I believe in some necessity.

*Hon.* Consider.

*Lou.* I hate it.—Sir! sir!

*Don L.* Would you speak with me, madam?

*Lou.* If you please, with your friend——not to interrupt you, sir.

*Car.* Your pleasure, lady?

*Lou.* You seem a stranger, sir?

*Car.* A most unfortunate one.

*Lou.* If I am not deceived, in want: pardon my freedom——If I have erred, as freely tell me so; if not, as earnest of your better fortune, this trifle sues for your acceptance. [*Gives him Money.*

*Don L.* Take it, boy.

*Car.* A bounty so unmerited, and from a hand unknown, fills me with surprise and wonder. But give me leave, in honesty, to warn you, lady, of a too heedless purchase; for if you mean it as a bribe to any evil you would have me practise, be not offended, if I dare not take it.

*Lou.* You are too scrupulous; I have no hard designs upon your honesty——only thus——be wise and cautious, if you should follow me; I am observed; farewell. Jaques!——Will you walk, cousin?

[*Exeunt* LOUISA *and* HONORIA.

*Don L.* Let's see; Odsheart! follow her, man—why, 'tis all gold!

*Car.* Dispose it as you please.

*Don L.* I'll first have a better title to't——No, 'tis all thine, boy——I hold an hundred pistoles she's some great fortune in love with you——I say, follow her——since you have lost one wife before you had her, I'd have you make sure of another before you lose her.

*Car.* Fortune, indeed, has dispossessed her of my person; but her firm title to my heart not all the subtle arts or laws of love can shake or violate.

*Don L.* Pr'ythee follow her now; methinks I'd fain see thee in bed with somebody before I die.

*Car.* Be not so poor in thought; let me entreat

you rather to employ them, sir, with mine, in search of Angelina's fortune.

*Don L.* Well, dear Charles, don't chide me now, I do love thee, and will follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*The Street.*

*Enter* ANTONIO *and* CHARINO.

*Ant.* You heard what the sailor said, brother; such a ship has put in here, and such persons were taken in it. Therefore, my advice is, immediately to get a warrant from the government, to search and take them up, wherever we can find them.

*Cha.* Sir, you must not tell me—I won't be choused out of my daughter; I shall expect her, sir; if not, I'll take my course; I know the law. [*Walks about.*

*Ant.* You really have a great deal of dark wit, brother; but if you know any course better than a warrant to search for her, in the name of wisdom, take it; if not, here's my oath, and yours, and——how now, where's Clody?——Oh, here he comes——

*Enter* CLODIO, *searching his Pockets.*

How now? what's the matter, boy?

*Clo.* Ay, it's gone, split me!

*Ant.* What's the matter? [*Louder.*

*Clo.* The best joint in Christendom.

*Ant.* Clody?

*Clo.* Sir, I have lost my snuff-box.

*Ant.* Pshaw! a trifle; get thee another, man.

*Clo.* Sir, 'tis not to be had—besides, I dare not

show my face at Paris without it. What do you think her grace will say to me?

*Cha.* Well, upon second thoughts, I am content to search.

*Clo.* I have searched all my pockets fifty times over, to no purpose.

*Cha.* Pockets!

*Clo.* It's impossible to fellow it but in Paris—— I'll go to Paris, split me! [*Aside.*

*Cha.* Paris! Why, you don't suppose my daughter's there, sir?

*Clo.* I don't know but she may, sir: but I am sure they make the best joints in Europe there.

*Cha.* Joints!——my son-in-law, that should have been, seems strangely altered for the worse. But come, let's to the governor.

*Ant.* Come along, Clody.

[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* CHARINO.

*Clo.* Sir, I must look a little; I'll follow you presently. My poor pretty box! Ah, plague o' my sea voyage!

*Enter a* PAGE *hastily, with a Flambeau.*

*Serv.* By your leave, sir, my master's coming; pray, sir, clear the way.

*Clo.* Ha! why, thou art pert, my love; pr'ythee, who is thy master, child?

*Serv.* The valiant Don Duart, sir, nephew to the governor of Lisbon.

*Clo.* Well, child, and what, does he eat every man he meets?

*Serv.* No, sir; but he challenges every man that takes the wall of him, and always sends me before to clear the way.

*Clo.* Ha! a pretty harmless humour that! Is this he, child?—You may look as terrible as you please; I must banter you, split me! [*Aside.*

*Enter* DON DUART, *stalking up to* CLODIO.

*Don D.* Do you know me, sir?

*Clo.* Hey, ho! [*Looks carelessly on him, and gapes.*

*Don D.* Do you know me, sir?

*Clo.* You did not see my snuff-box, sir, did you?

*Don D.* Sir, in Lisbon no man asks me a question covered. [*Strikes off* CLODY'S *hat.*] Now, you know me.

*Clo.* Perfectly well, sir—Hi, hi! I like you mightily—you are not a bully, sir?

*Don D.* You are saucy, friend.

*Clo.* Ay, it's a way I have, after I'm affronted—Thou art really the most extraordinary—umph—that ever I met with. Now, sir, do you know me? split me!

*Don D.* Know thee! take that, peasant!

[*Strikes him, and both draw.*

*Clo.* I can't, upon my soul, sir; *allons!* now we shall come to a right understanding. [*They fight.*

Clo. *Allons!* to our better acquaintance, sir—Ah, ha! [DON DUART *falls.*] he has it! never pushed better in my life, never in my life, split me!

*Page.* Oh, my master's killed! help, ho! murder! help!

*Clo.* Hey! why, faith, child, that's very true, as thou sayest; and so, the devil take the hindmost.

[*Exit* CLODIO.

*Enter* OFFICERS.

1 *Off.* How now! Who's that cries murder?

*Page.* Oh! my master's murdered! some of you follow me; this way he took; let's after him—help! murder! help! [*Exit.*

2 *Off.* 'Tis Don Duart.

1 *Off.* So, pride has got a fall; he has paid for't now; you have met with your match, 'faith, sir. Come, let's carry the body to that surgeon's: you pursue the murderer; I'll warrant him some civil

gentleman; ye need not make too much haste; for if he does escape, 'tis no great matter—Come along.

[*Exeunt with the Body.*

*Enter* CARLOS *and* DON LEWIS.

*Don L.* Come along, Charles; I'm sure 'tis she, by their description; and if that brawny dog, the captain, has played her no foul play, she sha'n't want ransom, if all my estate can purchase it.

*Car.* Now, fortune guide us! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* JAQUES *and* BRAVOES.

*Jaques.* That's he, the tallest—be sure you spare his person—only force him into this chair, and carry him as directed.

1 *Brav.* What must be done with the old fellow?

*Jaques.* We must have him too, lest he should dog the other, and be troublesome. If he won't come quietly, bring him any how——Follow softly; we shall snap them as they turn the corner.

[*Exeunt after them.*

*A noise of* Follow, *&c. Enter* CLODIO *hastily from the other Side.*

*Clo.* Ah, pox of their noses! the dogs have smelled me out! What shall I do? If they take me, I shall be hanged, split me——Ha! a door open! 'faith I'll in at a venture. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* BRAVOES, *with* CARLOS *in a Chair: some hauling in* DON LEWIS.

*Don L.* Oh, my poor boy, Charles!—Charles!—help! murder!—

1 *Brav.* Hold your peace, fool, if you'd be well used.

*Don L.* Sir, I will not hold my peace; dogs! rogues! villains! help! murder!

1 *Brav.* Nay, then, by your leave, old gentleman —So, bring him along.

*Don L.* Aw, aw, aw!

[*They gag him, and carry him head and heels. Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*A Chamber.*

ELVIRA *and* ISABELLA.

*Elv.* Is not my brother come home yet?

*Isa.* I have not seen him, madam.

*Elv.* Go, send and seek him; go all of ye every where—I'll not rest till your return; take away your lights too; for my devotions are written in my heart, and I shall read them without a taper.

[*Exit* ISABELLA.

*Enter* CLODIO, *stealing in.*

*Clo.* Ah, poor Clody! what will become of thee? Thy condition, I'm afraid, is but very indifferent—Followed behind, stopped before, and beset on both sides! Ah, pox o'my wit! I must be bantering, must I? But let me see—where am I?—An odd sort of a house, this—all the doors open, and nobody in't; no noise, no whisper, no dog stirring!

*Elv.* Who's that?

*Clo.* Ha! a woman's voice!

*Elv.* Who are you? Who waits there? Stephano! Julia!

*Clo.* Gadso! 'tis the lady of the house: she can't see my unfortunate face, however. Faith, I'll e'en make a grave speech, tell her my case, and beg her protection.

*Elv.* Speak! what are you?

*Clo.* Madam, a most unfortunate young gentleman.

*Elv.* I am sure you are a man of most ill manners, to press thus boldly to my private chamber. Whither would you? What want you?

*Clo.* Gracious madam, hear me; I am a stranger most unfortunate, and my distress has made me rudely press for your protection; if you refuse it, madam, I am undone for ever, by—I say, madam, I am utterly undone—'Twas coming, faith! [*Aside.*

*Elv.* Alas! his fear confounds him. What is't pursues you, sir?

*Clo.* An outcry of officers; the law's at my heels, madam, though justice I'm not afraid of.

*Elv.* How could you offend the one and not the other?

*Clo.* Being provoked, madam, by the insolence of my enemy, in my own defence I just now left him dead in the street. I am a very young man, madam, and I would not willingly be hanged in a strange country, methinks; which I certainly shall be, unless your tender charity protects me——Gad, I have a rare tongue! I have a rare tongue, faith! [*Aside.*

*Elv.* Poor wretch, I pity him!

*Clo.* Madam, your house is now my only sanctuary, my altar; therefore I beg you, upon my knees, madam, take pity of a poor bleeding victim.

*Elv.* Are you a Castilian?

*Clo.* No, madam, I was born in—in—in—what d'ye call 'um—in——

*Elv.* Nay, I ask not with purpose to betray you; were you ten thousand times a Spaniard, the nation we Portuguese most hate, in such distress, I yet would give you my protection.

*Clo.* May I depend upon you, madam? Am I safe?

*Elv.* Safe as my power, my word, or vow can make you. Enter that door, which leads you to a closet; should the officers come, as you expect, they owe

such reverence to my lodgings, they'll search no further than my leave invites them.

*Clo.* D'ye think, madam, you can persuade them?

*Elv.* Fear not; I'll warrant you; away!

*Clo.* The breath of gods, and eloquence of angels, go along with you. [*Exit.*

*Elv.* Alas! who knows but that the charity I afford this stranger, perhaps my brother, elsewhere, may stand in need of? How he trembles! I hear his breath come short, hither.—Be of comfort, sir, once more I give you my solemn promise for your safety.

*Enter Two* OFFICERS, ISABELLA, PAGE, *and* PEDRO.

*Page.* Oh, madam, madam! my master's killed.

*Elv.* What sayest thou?

*Pedro.* Your brother, madam, my master, young Don Duart's dead; he just now quarrelled with a gentleman, who unfortunately killed him in the street.

*Elv.* Ah, me!

1 *Off.* We are informed, madam, that the murderer was seen to enter this house, which made us press into it, to apprehend him.

*Clo.* Hey!—Why, what the devil! Am I safer than I would be now?—Exactly—I have nicked the house to a hair—Just so I did at Paris, too, when I took a lodging at a bailiff's, that had three writs against me—This damned closet, too, has ne'er a chimney to creep out at—Ah, poor Clody! [*Retires.*

*Elv.* Oh, my unhappy brother! such an end as this, thy haughty mind did long since prophesy; and, to increase my misery, thy wretched sister wilfully must make a breach of what she has vowed, or thou fall unrevenged.

*Enter* GOVERNOR *and* SERVANTS.

*Gov.* Where's my unhappy niece?—Alas! your

brother lies at a surgeon's yonder, past all recovery. Reproof comes now too late—he's dead! he's dead!

*Elv.* It shall be so; I'll take the lighter evil of the two, and keep the solemn vow to which just Heaven was witness: the wounds of perjury never can be cured; but justice may again o'ertake the murderer, when no rash vows protect him.

*Gov.* Take comfort, niece.

*Elv.* O forbear! Search for the murderer, and take order for my brother's funeral, while I shut out the offensive day, and here in solitude indulge my sorrow; therefore I beg my nearest friends, and you, my lord, for some few days, to spare your charitable visits.

*Gov.* I grieve for your misfortune, niece; but since you'll have it so, we take our leaves. Farewell——

[*Exeunt* GOVERNOR, SERVANTS, *&c.*

*Clo.* Hey! what are they gone away without me; and by her contrivance too?——Gadso!

*Elv.* Whoe'er thou art, to whom I've given means of life, to let thee see with what religion I have kept my vow, come fearless forth, while night's thy friend, and pass unknown.

*Clo.* If this is not love, the devil's in't! [*Aside.*

*Elv.* Fly with the utmost speed, where I may never see thee more.

*Clo.* Ay, that's her modesty. [*Aside.*

*Elv.* And let that charitable faith thou hast found in me, persuade thee to atone thy crime by penitence.

*Clo.* Poor soul! I may find a better way to thank thee for't.

*Elv.* You are at the door now; farewell for ever.

[*Exit* ELVIRA.

*Clo.* Which is as much as to say, what would I give to see you again——All in good time, child.

[*Exit.*

## ACT THE FOURTH.

### SCENE I.

LOUISA'S *House.*

*Enter* LOUISA *and* JAQUES.

*Lou.* Were they both seized?

*Jaq.* Both, madam, and will be here immediately. I ran before, to give your ladyship notice.

*Lou.* You know my orders; when they are entered, bar all the doors, and, on your lives, let every one be mute, as I directed—I must retire a while. [*Exit.*

*Enter* BRAVOES, *who let* CARLOS *out of the Chair, while others throw down* DON LEWIS *gagged and bound.*

*Car.* So, gentlemen, you find I've not resisted you—but now, pray, let me know my crime? Why have you brought me hither? Where am I? if in prison, look in my face, perhaps you have mistaken me for another——[JAQUES *holds up his Lanthorn, nods, and exit with the rest.*] You seem not to know me, sir—All dumb, and vanished! my fortune's humorous; she sports with me.

*Don L.* Aw, aw!

*Car.* What's here? a fellow prisoner! Who are you?

*Don L.* Aw, aw!

*Car.* Do you speak no other language?

*Don L.* Aw, aw, aw! [*Louder.*

*Car.* Nay, that's the same.

*Don L.* Oh! [*Sighing.*

*Car.* Poor wretch! I am afraid he would speak if he could.

*Enter* JAQUES, *who releases* DON LEWIS.

Sure they think I walk in my sleep, and won't speak, for fear of waking me.

*Don L.* Sir, your most humble servant; and now my tongue's at liberty, pray, will you do me the favour to show me the way home again? What a plague, are you all dumb?———[*Exit* JAQUES.] Well, sir, and pray what are———Charles! ah! my dear boy!

*Car.* My uncle! Nay then my fortune has not quite forsaken me! How came you hither, sir?

*Don L.* Faith, like a corpse into a church, boy, with my heels foremost; but, pr'ythee, how didst thou come?

*Car.* You saw the men that seized us: they forced me into a chair, and brought me.

*Don L.* Well, but what is all this for? What would they have?

*Car.* That we must wait their pleasure to be informed of.

*Don L.* The sons of whores won't speak neither. Hey-day! what's to be done now?

*Enter* JAQUES, *and Two* SERVANTS, *with a Banquet, Wine, and Lights.*

*Car.* More riddles yet; I dream, sure.

[JAQUES *compliments* DON LEWIS *to take his Chair.*

*Don L.* For me? Sir, your most humble servant: [*Sits.*] Charles, sit down, boy. Ha! ha! ha! a parcel of silly dumb dogs! Is this all the business? Puppies! did they think I would not come to supper, without being brought neck and heels to't?

*Car.* Amazement all! What can it end in?

*Don L.* Never trouble thy head, pr'ythee: fall to, man——Delicate food, truly——Here——Dumb! pr'ythee give's a glass of wine, to wet the way a little. Come, Charles, here's, here's—honest Dumb's health.

—To thee: [*Drinks.*] Dumb's a very honest fellow, 'faith. [*Claps* JAQUES *on the Head.*

*Car.* What harmony's this? [*A Flourish.*

*Don L.* Rare music indeed; let's eat and hear it. [*Music here.*] Mighty fine, truly——I have not made a heartier meal a great while. [*Here* JAQUES *offers a Nightcap and Gown to* DON LEWIS.] Well, and what's to do now, lad? For me, boy? Odso, we lie here, do we?—mighty well that again, 'faith; (for I was just thinking to go home, but that I had ne'er a lodging:) nay, I always said honest Dumb knew how to make his friends welcome——Well, but it's time enough yet, sha'n't we crack a bottle first? Charles is melancholy. [JAQUES *shakes his Head.*] What, that's as much as to say, if I won't go, I shall be carried—Sir, your humble servant. [*Puts on the Gown.*] Well, Charles, good night, since they won't let me have a mind to stay any longer. I'd give a pistole though, to know what this will come to! Dumb, come along.

[*Exeunt* DON LEWIS *and* JAQUES.

*Car.* I'm bury'd in amazement—[*Music is heard.*] Ha, more music?

[*Music again.* DON LEWIS *appears above.*

*Don L.* So, at last, I have groped out a window that will let me into the secret; now if any foul play should happen, I am pretty near the street too, and can bawl out, Murder! to the watch——But, mum, the door opens.

*Enter* LOUISA.

Hey! ah! what dull rogues were we not to suspect this before?——Dumb's a sly dog: 'tis she, 'faith—tum, dum, dum——Here will be fine work presently! toll, dum, di, dum——Now I shall see what mettle my boy's made of; tum, dum, dum.

*Lou.* You seem amazed, sir.

*Car.* Your pardon, lady, if I confess it raises much my wonder, why a stranger, friendless, and unknown,

should meet, unmerited, such floods of courtesy: for, if I mistake not, once this day before, I've tasted of your bounty.

*Lou.* I have forgot that; but I confess I saw you, sir.

*Car.* Why then was I forced hither? If you relieved me only from a soft compassion of my fortune, you could not think but such humanity might, on the slightest hint, have drawn me to be grateful.

*Lou.* I own I could not trust you to my fortune; I knew not but some other might have seen you —beside, methought you spoke less kind to me before.

*Car.* If my poor thanks were offered in too plain a dress, (as, I confess, I'm little practised in the rules of graced behaviour,) rather think me ignorant than rude, and pity what you cannot pardon.

*Lou.* How could you charge yourself with such a thought? I scarce can think 'tis in your nature to be rude——at least to our sex.

*Car.* 'Twere more unpardonable there.

*Lou.* Nay, now you are too strict on the other side; for there may happen times, when what the world calls rudeness, a woman might be brought to pardon, seasons, when even modesty were ignorance——Pray be seated, sir,——nay, I'll have it so——Suppose yourself the man so loved, where could you find, at such a time, excuses for your modesty?

*Car.* If I could love again, my eyes would tell her; if not, I would not seem to understand her.

*Lou.* Alas, you have too poor a sense of woman's love. Think you we have no invention? You would not understand her! how would you avoid it? When even her slightest look would speak too plain for that excuse; if not, she'd press you still with plainer, stronger proofs; her life, her fortune, should be yours: for where a woman loves, such gifts as these are trifles. [*Gives him Jewels,*

*Car.* Is't possible! can there be such a woman?

*Lou.* Fie, I could chide you now; you would not sure be thought so slow of apprehension?

*Car.* I would not willingly be thought so vain, or so uncharitable, to suppose there could be such a one.

*Lou.* Nay, now you force me to forsake my sex, and tell you plain——I cannot speak it——yet you must know—I am this creature so reduced for you.

*Car.* Monstrous! [*Aside and rising.*

*Lou.* What is't you start at?

*Car.* Not for your beauty; though I confess you fair to a perfection, but when that beauty fades, (as time leaves none unvisited,) what charm shall then secure my love? Your riches? No—an honest mind's above the bribes of fortune: for though distressed, a stranger, and in want, I thus return them thankless. Be modest, and be virtuous, I'll admire you; all good men will adore you, and when your beauty and your fortune are no more, will still deliver down your name revered to ages.

*Lou.* Oh, say you will be mine, and make your own conditions. If you suspect my temper, bind me by the most sacred tie, and let my love, my person, and my fortune, lawfully be yours.

*Car.* Madam, I'll be at once sincere, and tell you, 'tis impossible that we should ever meet in love.

*Lou.* Impossible! oh, why?

*Car.* Because my love, my vows, and faith, are given to another: therefore, since you find I dare be honest, be early wise, and now release me to my fortune.

*Lou.* I cannot part with you.

*Car.* You must! I cannot with my reason——

*Lou.* Ungrateful! Will you go? Take heed! for you have proved I am not mistress of my temper.

*Car.* I see it, and am sorry, but needed not this threat to drive me; for still I dare be just, and force myself away. [*Exit* CARLOS.

*Lou.* Oh, torture! left! refused! despised! Have I thrown off my pride for this? Oh, insupportable! ——if I am not revenged, may all the——well.

[*Walks disordered.*

*Don L.* What a plague, are all these fine things come to nothing then!——Poor soul! she's in great heat truly———Ah, silly rogue!———now could I find in my heart to put her into good humour again—I have a great mind, 'faith——Odd, she's a hummer———A strange mind, I ha'n't had such a mind a great while—Hey!——ay; I'll do't, faith——if she does but stay now; ah, it she does but stay! [*As he is getting from the Balcony,* LOUISA *is speaking to* JAQUES.

*Lou.* Who waits there?

*Enter* JAQUES.

Where's the stranger?

*Jaq.* Madam, I met him just now walking hastily about the gallery.

*Lou.* Are all the doors fast?

*Jaq.* All barred, madam.

*Lou.* Put out all your lights too, and on your lives let no one ask or answer him any question: but be you still near to observe him. [*Exit* JAQUES. Ah! [DON LEWIS *drops down.*

*Don L.* Odso, my back!

*Lou.* Bless me, who's this? what are you?

*Don L.* Not above fifty, madam.

*Lou.* Whence come you? what's your business?

*Don L.* Finishing.

*Lou.* Who showed, who brought you hither?

*Don L.* Dumb, honest Dumb.

*Lou.* Will you be gone, sir? I have no time to fool away.

*Don L.* Yes, but you have! what, don't I know?

*Lou.* Pray, sir, who? What is't you take me for?

*Don L.* A delicate piece of work, truly, but not finished; you understand me?

*Lou.* You are mad, sir.

*Don L.* I say, don't you be so modest; for there are times, do you see, when even modesty is ignorance, (pray be seated, madam——nay, I'll have it so,) ah!

[*Sits down, and mimicks her behaviour to* CARLOS.

*Lou.* Confusion! have I exposed myself to this wretch, too!——had witness to my folly——nay, I deserve it. [*Stands mute.*

*Don L.* So, so, I shall bring her to terms presently ———you have a world of pretty jewels here, madam———but where a woman loves, such gifts as these are trifles. [*Mimicks again.*

*Lou.* Insupportable! within there!

*Enter* BRAVOES *and* JAQUES.

*Don L.* Hey! [*Rising.*

*Jaq.* Did your ladyship call, madam?

*Don L.* I don't like her looks, 'faith. [*Aside.*

*Lou.* Here, take this fool, let him be gagged, tied neck and heels, and locked into a garret; away with him.

*Don L.* Dumb! Dumb! help, Dumb! Dumb! stand by me, Dumb! A pox of my finishing, aw! aw! [*They gag him, and carry him off.*

*Lou.* The insolence of this fool was more provoking than the other's scorn; but I shall yet find ways to measure my revenge. [*Exit* LOUISA.

*Enter* CARLOS *in the Dark.*

*Car.* What can this woman mean? The doors all barred; the lights put out; the servants mute. I would the worst would show itself. Ha, yonder's a light, I'll follow it, and provoke my fortune. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*Another Room.*

*Enter* ANGELINA, *with a Light.*

*Ang.* I cannot like this house; for now, as going to my rest, my ears were alarmed with the cries of one that called for help; I've seen strange faces too, that carry guilt and terror in their looks; and yet the officer that placed me here, appeared of honest thought —What can this mean? No matter what, since nothing but the loss of him I love, can worse befal me! ——Hark, what noise? is the door fast? Ah!

[*Going to shut it.*

*Enter* CARLOS, *and* JAQUES *listening.*

*Car.* Ha, another lady! and alone!

*Ang.* Ha, that voice! [*Amazed.*] My Carlos—— Oh!

*Car.* 'Tis she! my long-lost love, my living Angelina! [*Embracing her.*

*Jaq.* Say you so, sir? this shall to my lady.

[*Exit* JAQUES.

*Ang.* Oh, let me hold you ever thus, lest fate again should part us!

*Car.* 'Twas death indeed to part, but from so hard a separation, thus again to meet, is life restored.

*Ang.* Oh, I were happy, blessed above my sex, could but my plain simplicity of love deserve your kind endearments.

*Enter* JAQUES *and* LOUISA *at a Distance.*

*Jaq.* They are there.

*Lou.* Leave me. [*Exit* JAQUES, *and* LOUISA *listens.*

*Ang.* I cannot bear to see you thus: for my sake

don't despond: for while you seem in hope, I shall easily be cheerful.

*Car.* Oh, thou engaging softness! thy courage has revived me; no, we'll not despair; the guardian power that hitherto has saved us, may now protect and fix us happy.

*Lou.* Ha! so near acquainted——— [*Behind.*

*Car.* And yet our safety bids us part this moment. How came you hither?

*Ang.* The officer, that made me captive, proved a worthy man, and placed me here, as a companion to the lady of this dwelling.

*Car.* Ha! to what end?

*Ang.* He said, to be the advocate of his successless love; for he confessed he woo'd her honourably.

*Car.* Is't possible? Oh, I could tell thee such a tale!

*Ang.* You amaze me; pray what is it?

*Car.* This is no time—Let it suffice the doors are barred against me; this moment I am a prisoner to her fury; if thou canst help me to any means of safety, or escape, ask me no questions, but be quick and tell me.

*Ang.* Now you frighten me; but here, through my apartment, leads a passage to the garden, at the lower end you'll find a mount; if you dare drop from thence, I'll shew you; but can't you say when I may hope again to see you?

*Car.* About an hour hence walking in the garden, ready for your escape; for, if I live, I'll come provided with the means to make it sure.

*Ang.* You will not fail?

*Car.* If I survive, depend on me; till when, may Heav'n support thy innocence!

*Ang.* Follow me—— [*Exeunt hastily.*

*Lou.* Are you so nimble, sir? Who waits there?

*Enter* JAQUES.

Run, take help, and stop the stranger; he is now making his escape through the garden;—fly. [*Exit* JAQUES.] Revenge, like a viper, gnaws upon my quiet, and I must change its food, or leave my being: No, if I forego a second time that dear support, my pride, may I become as miserable as that wretch, that destined fool he dotes on. Ha, she is returned; yonder she passes; with what assured contentment in her looks!

*Enter* JAQUES.

Now, have you brought him?

*Jaq.* Madam, we made what haste we could, but the gentleman reached the mount before us, and escaped over the garden wall.

*Lou.* Escaped, villain! Durst thou tell me so?

*Jaq.* If your ladyship had called me a little sooner, we had taken him.—Who the devil is this stranger? [*Aside.*

*Lou.* Fool that I am, I betray myself to my own servants!——Well, 'tis no matter, go. [*Exit* JAQUES.] He has not left me hopeless yet; an hour hence he promised to be here again; and if he keeps his word, he yet, at least in my revenge, shall prove me woman. [*Exit* LOUISA.

## SCENE III.

*The Street.*

*Enter* DON DUART, *disguised, with a Servant.*

*Don D.* Where did you find him?

*Serv.* Hard by, sir, at an house of entertainment; he's now coming forth; that's he.

*Enter* CLODIO.

*Don D.* I scarce remember him, I would not willingly mistake———I'll observe him.

*Clo.* So! now if I can but pick up an honest fellow, to crack one bottle, I think I shall finish the day as smartly as the Grand Signior———Hold, let me see, what has my hasty refreshment cost me here; ——umb——umb——umb, [*Counts his Money.*] seven pistoles, by Jupiter.

*Don D.* 'Tis the same;—leave me——[*Exit Servant.*] Your servant, sir.

*Clo.* Sir, your humble servant.

*Don D.* Pardon a stranger's freedom, sir; but when you know my business——

*Clo.* Sir, if you'll take a bottle, I shall be proud of your acquaintance; and if I don't do your business before we part, I'll knock under the table.

*Don D.* Sir, I shall be glad to drink with you, but at present am incapable of sitting to it.

*Clo.* Why then, sir, you shall only drink as long as you can stand! we'll have a bottle here, sir—— Hey, Madona! [*Calls at the Door.*

*Don D.* A very frank-humoured gentleman; I'll know him farther——I presume, sir, you are not of Portugal?

*Clo.* No, sir——I am a kind of a———what d'ye call'um——a sort of a here-and-thereian; I am a stranger no where.

*Don D.* Have you travelled far, sir?

*Clo.* My tour of Europe, or so, sir;—I came this summer from Rome.

*Enter a* SERVANT *with Wine.*

So, so! here's the wine! Come, sir, to our better acquaintance——'Faith, I like you mightily———— *Allons!*

*Don D.* I find, sir, you have taken a taste of all

the countries you have travelled through; but I presume your chief amusement has lain among the ladies. You fared well in France, I hope?

*Clo.* Yes, 'faith, as far as my pocket would go: but no money, no mademoiselle; no ducat, no duchess; no pistole, no princess———By the way, let me tell you, sir, your Lisbonites are held up at a pretty smart rate too.

*Don D.* But pray, sir, among all your adventures, has no particular lady's merit encouraged you to advance your own fortune by marriage?

*Clo.* Sir, I have been so near marriage, that my wedding-day has been come, but it was never over yet, split me!

*Don D.* How so, sir?

*Clo.* Why, the priest, the bride, and the dinner, were all ready dressed, 'faith; but before I could fall to, my elder brother, sir, comes me in, with a damned long stride, and a sharp stomach——says a short grace, and——whipped her up like an oyster.

*Don D.* You had ill fortune, sir.

*Clo.* Sir, fortune is not much in my debt, for you must know, sir, though I lost my wife, I have escaped hanging here in Lisbon.

*Don D.* That I know you have; be not amazed, sir.

*Clo.* Hey! what the devil! have I been all this while treating an officer, that has a warrant against me?——Pray, sir, if it be no offence——may I beg the favour to know who you are?

*Don D.* Let it suffice, I own myself your friend—I am your debtor, sir; you fought a gentleman they call Don Duart——I knew him well; he was a proud insulting fellow, and my mortal foe: but you killed him, and I thank you; nay, I saw you do it fairly too; and for the action, I desire you will command my sword or fortune.

*Clo.* Pray, sir——is there no joke in all this?

*Don D.* Sir, you may trust to my sincerity; I ask for no return, but to be informed how I may do you service. [*Offers him a Purse.*

*Clo.* Sir, your health;—I take your word, though I decline your money.———I'll give you information presently. [*Drinks.*] Pray, sir, do you know the gentleman's sister that I fought with? That is, do you know what reputation, what fortune she has?

*Don D.* I know her fortune to be worth above twelve thousand pistoles; her reputation yet unsullied; but pray, sir, why may you ask this?

*Clo.* Now, I'll tell you, sir———twelve thousand pistoles, you say?

*Don D.* I speak the least, sir.

*Clo.* Why, this very lady, after I had killed her brother, gave me the protection of her house; hid me in her closet while the officers came to search for me; and, as soon as their backs were turned, poor soul! hurried me out at a private door, with tears in her eyes, 'faith! Now, sir, what think you? Is not this hint broad enough for a man to make love upon?

*Don D.* Confusion! [*Aside.*

*Clo.* Look you, sir, now, if you dare, give me a proof of your friendship; will you do me the favour to carry a letter to her?

*Don D.* Let me consider, sir——Death and fire! is all her height of sorrow but dissembled then?—but this requires my farther search [*Aside.*]——May I depend on this for truth, sir?

*Clo.* Why, sir, you don't suppose I banter a lady of her quality?

*Don D.* Damnation! [*Aside.*] Well, sir, I'll take your letter; but first let me be well acquainted with my errand.

*Clo.* Sir, I'll write this moment; if you please,

we'll step into this house here, and finish the business over another bottle.

*Don D.* With all my heart.

Clo. *Allons! Entrez.* [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT THE FIFTH.

### SCENE I.

LOUISA's *House.*

LOUISA *and* JAQUES.

*Lou.* Is the lady seized?

*Jaq.* Yes, madam, and half dead with the fright.

*Lou.* Let them be ready to produce her, as I directed. When the stranger's taken, bring me immediate notice: 'tis near his time, away! [*Exit* JAQUES.] Had he not loved another, methinks I could have borne this usage—Hark, what noise! they have him sure! How now!

*Enter* JAQUES.

*Jaq.* Madam, the gentleman is taken.

*Lou.* Bring him in———Revenge, I thank thee now.

*Enter* CARLOS.

So, sir, you are returned, it seems; you can love then! You have an heart, I find, though not for me! Perhaps you came to seek a worthier mistress here; 'twould

be uncharitable to disappoint your love——I'll help your search: if she be here, be sure she's safe—Open that door there.

[*Door opens, and discovers two* BRAVOES *with* ANGELINA, *an Handkerchief on her Neck, which they hold ready to strangle her.*

Now, sir, is this the lady?

*Car.* My Angelina!

*Lou.* If you approach, she dies.

*Ang.* Oh, miserable meeting!

*Lou.* Now let me see you smile, and rudely throw me from your arms; now scorn my love, my passion, and my fortune.

*Car.* Oh, cruelty of fate! that could betray such innocence.

*Lou* What, not a word to soften yet thy obstinate aversion! thou wretched fool, thus to provoke thy ruin——End her. [*To the* BRAVOES.

*Car.* Oh, hold! for pity hold and hear me.

*Lou.* I've learned from you to use my pity——On one condition yet she lives an hour, but if refused——

*Car.* Name not a refusal, be it danger, death, or tortures, any thing that life can do to save her.

*Lou.* Presuming fool! were I inclined to save her life, (which, by my hopes of peace, I do not mean,) canst thou believe this insolent concern for her to my face would not provoke my vengeance?

*Car.* Yet hold! if revenge alone can sate your fury, at least misplace it not; mine was the offence, be mine the punishment.

*Lou.* How he disarms my anger! But must my rival triumph then?

*Ang.* Charge me not with such abhorred ingratitude: be witness, Heaven, I'll for ever serve you, court you, and confess you my preserver.

*Car.* For pity, yet resolve, and force your temper to a moment's pause. See at your feet my humble scorn imploring, crushed, and prostrate, like a vile

slave, that falls below your last contempt, and trembling begs for mercy.

*Lou.* He buries my revenge in blushes. Release the lady——go. [*Exeunt* BRAVOES.] And now farewell my follies, and my mistaken love: Love long and happily; forgive my follies past, and you have overpaid me. [*Joins their Hands.*

*Car.* My Angelina, do I then live to hold thee thus? —But first let's kneel and pay our thanks to Heaven, and this our kind preserver.

*Lou.* Nay, now you give me a confusion. [*Raises them.*] But if you dare trust me with the story of your love's distress, as far as my fortune can, command it freely, to supply your present wants, or any future means proposed to give you lasting happiness.

*Car.* Eternal rounds of never-ending peace reward your wondrous bounty!—But I have been too busy in my joy, I almost had forgot my friendly uncle, the ancient gentleman that first came hither with me; how have you disposed of him?

*Lou.* I think he's here, and safe——who waits there?

*Enter* JAQUES.

Release the gentleman above, and tell him that his friends desire him. [*Exit* JAQUES.] You'll pardon, sir, the treatment I have shown him; he made a little too merry with my folly, which, I confess, at that time, something too far incensed me.

*Car.* He's old and cheerful, apt to be free; but he'll be sorry when his humour gives offence.

*Enter* DON LEWIS, JAQUES *bowing to him.*

*Don L.* Pr'ythee, honest Dumb, don't be so ceremonious! I tell thee it's very well as it is, (only my jaws ache a little:) but as long as we're all friends, it's no great matter——My dear Charles, I must buss thee,

'faith!——Madam, your humble servant———I beg your pardon, d'ye see——you understand me.

[*Exit* JAQUES.

*Lou.* I hope we are all friends, sir.

*Don L.* I hope we are, madam——I am an honest old fellow, 'faith; though now and then I am a little odd, too.

*Car.* Here's a stranger, uncle.

*Don L.* What, my little blossom! my gilliflower! my rose! my pink! my tulip! 'faith, I must smell thee. [*Salutes* ANGELINA.] Odd, she's a delicate nosegay!—Well, 'faith, I am heartily joyed to see thee, child.

*Ang.* I thank you, sir; and wish I may deserve your love: our fortune, once again, is kind; but how it comes about——

*Don L.* Does not signify three-pence; when Fortune pays me a visit, I seldom trouble myself to know which way she came——I tell you, I am glad to see you.

*Enter* JAQUES.

*Jaq.* Madam, here's the Lord Governor come to wait upon your ladyship.

*Lou.* At this late hour! What can his business be? Desire his lordship to walk in.

*Enter* GOVERNOR.

*Gov.* Pardon, madam, this unseasonable visit.

*Lou.* Your lordship does me honour.

*Gov.* At least, I hope, my business will excuse it. Some strangers, here below, upon their offered oaths, demanded my authority to search your house for a lost young lady, to whom the one of them affirms himself the father: but the respect I owe your ladyship made me refuse their search, till I had spoken with you.

*Ang.* It must be they——Now, madam, your protection, or we yet are lost.

*Lou.* Be not concerned! would you avoid them?

*Car.* No, we must be found; let them have entrance: we have an honest cause, and would provoke its trial.

*Lou.* Conduct the gentlemen without. [*Exit* JAQUES.] My lord, I'll answer for their honesty; and, as they are strangers, where the law's severe, must beg you'd favour and assist them.

*Gov.* You may command me, madam; though there's no great fear; for, having heard the most that they could urge against them, I found in their complaints more spleen and humour, than any just appearance of a real injury.

*Enter* CHARINO, ANTONIO, *and* CLODIO.

*Cha.* I'll have justice.

*Ant.* Don't be too hot, brother.

*Cha.* I demand justice.

*Gov.* That's the lady, sir, I told you of.

*Clo.* Ay, that's she, my lord, I am witness.

*Car.* My father! Sir, your pardon, and your blessing.

*Ant.* Why, truly, Charles, I begin to be a little reconciled to the matter; I wish you well, though I can't join you together; for my friend and brother here is very obstinate, and will admit of no satisfaction; but, however, Heaven will bless you in spite of his teeth.

*Cha.* This is all contrivance, roguery! I am abused! I say, deliver my daughter——she is an heiress, sir; and to detain her is a rape in law, sir, and I'll have you all hanged; therefore no more delays sir; for I tell you beforehand, I am a wise man, and 'tis impossible to trick me.

*Ant.* I say, you are too positive, brother; and when you learn more wisdom, you'll have some.

*Cha.* I say, brother, this is mere malice, when you know, in your own conscience, I have ten times your understanding; for you see I am quite of another opinion; and so, once more, my lord, I demand justice against that ravisher.

*Gov.* Does your daughter, sir, complain of any violence?

*Cha.* Your lordship knows young girls never complain, when the violence is over; he has taught her better, I suppose.

*Ang.* [*To* CHARINO, *kneeling.*] Sir, you are my father, bred me, cherished me, gave me my affections, taught me to keep them hitherto within the bounds of honour and of virtue; let me conjure you, by the chaste love my mother bore you, when she preferred, to her mistaken parents' choice, her being yours without a dower, not to bestow my person where those affections ne'er can follow—I cannot love that gentleman more than a sister ought.

*Clo.* No! that's very odd.

*Ang.* But here my heart's subdued, even to the last compliance with my fortune: he, sir, has nobly wooed and won me; and I am only his, or miserable.

*Cha.* Get up again.

*Gov.* Come, sir, be persuaded; your daughter has made an honourable and happy choice; this severity will but expose yourself and her.

*Cha.* My lord, I don't want advice: I'll consider with myself, and resolve upon my own opinion.

*Enter* JAQUES.

*Jaq.* My lord, here's a stranger without inquires for your lordship, and for a gentleman that calls himself Clodio.

*Clo.* Hey! *Ah, mon cher ami!*

*Enter* DON DUART, *disguised.*

Well, what news, my dear? Has she answered my letter?

*Don D.* There, sir——This to your lordship.

[*Gives him a Letter, and whispers.*

*Gov.* Married to-night! and to this gentleman, say'st thou? I'm amazed.

*Don D.* Here is her choice, my lord.

*Clo.* [*Reading the Letter.*]—um—um—*charms—irresistible—excuse—so soon—passion—blushes—consent—provision—children—settlement—marriage*—If this is not plain, the devil's in't——Hold, here's more, 'faith— [*Reads to himself.*

*Gov.* 'Tis very sudden——but give my service, I'll wait upon her.

*Clo.* Ha! ha! ha! poor soul! I'll be with her presently; and 'faith, since I have made my own fortune, I'll e'en patch up my brother's too. Hark you, my dear dad, that should ha' been—This business is all at an end—for, look you, I find your daughter's engaged; and, to tell you the truth, so am I, 'faith. If my brother has a mind to marry her, let him; for I shall not, split me!——And now, gentlemen and ladies, if you will do me the honour to grace mine and the Lady Elvira's wedding, such homely entertainment as my poor house affords, you shall be all heartily welcome to.

*Don L.* Thy house! ha! ha! Well said, puppy.

*Clo.* Ha! old Testy!

*Cha.* What dost thou mean, man? [*To* CLODIO.

*Gov.* 'Tis even so, I can assure you, sir; I have myself an invitation from the lady's own hand, that confirms it: I know her fortune well, and am surprised at it.

*Ang.* Blessed news! This seems a forward step to reconcile us all.

*Cha.* If this be true, my lord, I have been thinking to no purpose; my design is all broke to pieces.

*Ant.* Come, brother, we'll mend it as well as we can; and since that young rogue has rudely turned tail upon your daughter, I'll fill up the blank with Charles's name, and let the rest of the settlement stand as it was.

*Cha.* Hold, I'll first see this wedding, and then give you my final resolution.

*Clo.* Come, ladies, if you please, I will show you the way.

*Lou.* Sir, we wait upon you.

*Cha.* This wedding's an odd thing.

*Don L.* Ha! ha! if it should be a lie, now!

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE II.

ELVIRA'S *Apartment.*

*Enter* ELVIRA *and* SERVANT.

*Elv.* Are the officers ready?

*Serv.* Yes, madam, and know your ladyship's orders.

*Elv.* Now, justice shall uncloud my fame, and see my brother's death revenged.

*Enter* CLODIO, GOVERNOR, ANTONIO, ANGELINA, CARLOS, CHARINO, *and* DON LEWIS.

*Clo.* Well, madam, you see I'm punctual——you've nicked your man, 'faith; I'm always critical——to a minute. You'll never stay for me. Ladies and gentlemen, I desire you'll do me the honour of being better acquainted here——my lord——

*Gov.* 'Give you joy, madam.

*Clo.* Nay, madam, I have brought you some near relations of my own too——This Don Antonio, who will shortly have the honour to call you daughter.

*Ant.* The young rogue has made a pretty choice, 'faith.

*Clo.* This Don Charino, who was very near having the honour of calling me son. This my wife that should have been. This my elder brother——and this my noble uncle, Don Choleric Snapshorto de Testy.

*Don L.* Puppy!

*Clo.* Peevish!

*Don L.* Madam, I wish you joy, with all my heart; but truly, I can't much advise you to marry this gentleman; because, in a day or two, you'll really find him extremely shocking: those that know him, generally give him the title of Don Dismallo Thickscullo de Halfwitto.

*Clo.* Well said, nuncle, ha! ha!

*Enter* SERVANT, *and* DON DUART *as a Priest.*

*Serv.* Madam, the priest is come.

*Elv.* Let him wait, we have no occasion yet.

*Gov.* You have surprised us, madam, by this sudden marriage.

*Elv.* I may yet surprise you more, my lord.

*Gov.* Sir, don't you think your bride looks melancholy?

*Clo.* Ay, poor fool, she's modest——but I have a cure for that——Well, my princess, why that demure look now?

*Elv.* I was thinking, sir—

*Clo.* I know what you think of—You don't think at all——You don't know what to think.——You neither see, hear, feel, smell, nor taste——You ha'n't the right use of one of your senses—In short, you have it. Now, my princess, have not I nicked it?

*Elv.* I am sorry, sir, you know so little of yourself, or me. Within, there——seize him!

[*Several* OFFICERS *rush in, who seize* CLODIO, *and bind him.*

*Don D.* Ha!

*Gov.* What can this mean?

*Clo.* Gad's me! what, is my deary in her frolics already?

*Elv.* And now, my lord, your justice on that murderer.

*Gov.* How, madam!

*Clo.* That bitch, my fortune!

*Don L.* Madam, upon my knees, I beg you don't carry the jest too far; but if there be any real hopes of his having a halter, let's know it in three words, that I may be sure at once for ever, that no earthly thing but a reprieve can save him. [*Aside to* ELVIRA.

*Ant.* Pray, madam, who accuses him?

*Elv.* His own confession, sir.

*Cha.* Of murder say you, madam?

*Elv.* The murder of my brother.

*Don D.* She is innocent, and well has disappointed my revenge. [*Aside.*

*Don L.* So, now I am a little easy—the puppy will be hanged.

*Gov.* Give me leave, madam, to ask you yet some farther questions.

*Clo.* Ay,——I shall be hanged, I believe.

*Cha.* Nay, then, 'tis time to take care of my daughter; for I am convinced that my friend Clody is disposed of—and so, without compliment, do you see, children, Heaven bless you together.

[*Joins* CARLOS' *and* ANGELINA'S *Hands.*

*Car.* This, sir, is a time unfit to thank you as we ought.

*Ant.* Well, brother, I thank you, however: Charles is an honest lad, and well deserves her; but poor Clody's ill fortune I could never have suspected.

*Don L.* Why, you would be positive, though you know, brother, I always told you, Dismal would be hanged; I must plague him a little, because the dog has been pert with me——Clody, how dost thou do? Ha! why, you are tied!

*Clo.* I hate this old fellow, split me!

*Don L.* Thou hast really made a damned blunder here, child, to invite so many people to a marriage-knot, and instead of that it's like to be one under the left ear.

*Clo.* I'd fain have him die.

*Don L.* Well, my dear, I'll provide thee for thy going off, however; let me see, you'll only have occasion for a nosegay, a pair of white gloves, and a coffin: look you, take you no care about the surgeons, you shall not be anatomized—I'll get the body off with a wet finger—Though, methinks, I'd fain see the inside of the puppy, too.

*Clo.* Oh, rot him! I can't bear this.

*Don L.* Well, I won't trouble you any more now, child; if I am not engaged, I don't know but I may come to the tree, and sing a stave or two with thee —Nay, I'll rise on purpose—though you will hardly suffer before twelve o'clock, neither—ay, just about twelve you'll be turned off.

*Clo.* Oh, curse consume him!

*Gov.* I am convinced, madam; the fact appears too plain.

*Don L.* Yes, yes, he'll suffer.

*Gov.* What says the gentleman? Do you confess the fact, sir?

*Clo.* Will it do me any good, my lord?

*Gov.* Perhaps it may, if you can prove it was not done in malice.

*Clo.* Why, then, to confess the truth, my lord, I did pink him, and am sorry for't; but it was none of my fault, split me!

*Elv.* Now, my lord, your justice.

*Don D.* Hold, madam, that remains in me to give; for know, your brother lives, and happy in the proof of such a sister's virtue. [*Discovers himself.*

*Elv.* My brother! Oh, let my wonder speak my joy!

*Clo.* Hey! [CLODIO *and his Friends seem surprised.*

*Gov.* Don Duart! living and well! How came this strange recovery?

*Don D.* My body's health the surgeon has restored; but here's the true physician of the mind; the hot distempered blood, which lately rendered me offensive to mankind, his just resenting sword let forth, which gave me leisure to reflect upon my follies past; and, by reflection, to reform.

*Elv.* This is indeed a happy change.

*Gov.* Release the gentleman.

*Clo.* Here, Testy, pr'ythee do as much as untie this a little.

*Don L.* Why, so I will, sirrah: I find thou hast done a mettled thing: and I don't know whether it's worth my while to be shocked at thee any longer.

*Elv.* I ask your pardon for the wrong I have done you, sir; and blush to think how much I owe you for a brother thus restored.

*Clo.* Madam, your very humble servant; it's mighty well as it is.

*Don D.* We are, indeed, his debtors, both; and, sister, there's but one way now of being grateful. For my sake, give him such returns of love, as he may yet think fit to ask, or you with modesty can answer.

*Clo.* Sir, I thank you; and when you don't think it impudence in me to wish myself well with your sister, I shall beg leave to make use of your friendship.

*Don D.* This modesty commends you, sir.

*Ant.* Sir, you have proposed like a man of honour; and if the lady can but like of it, she shall find those among us, that will make up a fortune to deserve her,

*Car.* I wish my brother well; and as I once offered him to divide my birth-right, I'm ready still to put my words into performance.

*Don L.* Nay, then, since I find the rogue's no longer like to be an enemy to Carlos, as far as a few acres go, I'll be his friend too.

*Don D.* Sister!

*Elv.* This is no trifle, brother; allow me a convenient time to think, and if the gentleman continues to deserve your friendship, he shall not much complain I am his enemy.

*Don L.* So, now it will be a wedding again, 'faith!

*Car.* Come, my Angelina,
Our bark, at length, has found a quiet harbour,
And the distressful voyage of our loves,
Ends not alone in safety, but reward.
Now we unlade our freight of happiness,
Of which, from thee alone, my share's derived;
For all my former search in deep philosophy,
Not knowing thee, was a mere dream of life:
But love, in one soft moment, taught me more
Than all the volumes of the learn'd could reach;
Gave me the proof, when Nature's birth began,
To what great end th' ETERNAL form'd a man.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

# CARELESS HUSBAND

LADY EASY THIS MAY PREVENT IT
ACT V

THE

# CARELESS HUSBAND;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
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# REMARKS.

This play will ever be a memorial of the injustice of Pope.

It was Colley Cibber, the author of this excellent, this moral, comedy, whom Pope made the hero of his "Dunciad."

Pope, it is said, was an unsuccessful dramatist, and ever after hated both plays and players. This hatred was the genuine product of a disappointed artist, for he hated only the skilful ones. A man of less talent than Cibber, and less favoured by the town, had been too mean for the great poet's vengeance—the man, who was already ridiculous, it had been loss of time to ridicule—Pope chose the very person, on whom his shafts could make the deepest wound: one, who like Cibber, wrote so much, that he sometimes failed of writing well; and yet who, at times, wrote so excellently, that reputation was dear to him. As a proof that it was, he did not even affect to disguise the impression which this wanton attack made upon him; and in a letter to the author of "The Dunciad," complaining on the subject, he asserts, that his enemy can give no proof, but that the object of his satire had ever been his

ardent admirer. Then, alluding to the miserable excuse given by Pope for this outrage—"The dulness of him he assailed"—Cibber thus reasonably and feelingly proceeds.

"Dulness can be no vice or crime; or is, at worst, but a misfortune, and you ought no more to censure or revile a man for it, than for his being blind or lame. But, if you please, I will wave this part of my argument, and, for once, take no advantage of it, but will suppose dulness to be actually criminal, and then will leave it to your own conscience to declare, whether you really think I am so guilty of it as to deserve the name of the dull fellow you make me? Now, if I am called upon to speak from my own conscience on the question, I do, from my heart, solemnly declare, that I don't believe you do think so of me. This, I grant, may be vanity in me to say; but, if what I believe is true, what a slovenly conscience do you show your face with!"

It is for the reader of "The Careless Husband" to decide at once, whether its author was, or was not, a dunce. In a production, where less weight of argument would be given on the side of the author, it might be deemed impertinent to anticipate the reader's pleasure of judging for himself; but the high character of this play, joined to that which it will instantly say in its own defence, banishes all doubt upon the subject. The author must be acquitted by the reader of his accuser's charge—and the accuser must be condemned.

"The Careless Husband" is, as originally written,

very long—it contains more pages than most plays—but, containing more matter too, it seems short in the perusal.

The dialogue is so brilliant, at the same time, so very natural, that its force will admit of no augmentation, even from the delivery of the best actors: nor is this admirable work, according to the present demand for perpetual incident, so well calculated to please on the stage, as in the closet.

The occurrences, which take place in this drama, are of that delicate, as well as probable kind, that their effect is not sufficiently powerful in the representation —whereas, in reading, they come to the heart with infinitely more force, for want of that extravagance, which public exhibition requires. The smaller avenues to the mind and bosom are often the surest passages to convey sensations of pain or delight; and the connoisseur in all the little touches of refined nature may here indulge his taste, whilst, as an auditor, he might possibly be deprived of his enjoyment, by the vain endeavour of performers, to display, by imitation, that, which only real life can show, or imagination pourtray.

Here are no violent passions, such as are usually depicted on a stage; but merely such as commonly govern mankind.

Sir Charles's tenderness for his wife is so unforced, and his contempt for his mistresses so undesignedly cool, that an actor must possess the most consummate talents, in the minutiæ of his art, before he can affect an audience by the one, or edify them by the other—

yet, the first is extremely moving, and the last highly instructive.

Nor is there an actress who could utter the common-place reproaches of Lady Graveairs, most pleasantly unconnected with sense, half so well as the reader's fancy can hear them.

Characteristic traits, such as these, too diminutive indeed for the tongue to reveal, or the ear to catch, in a theatre, abound throughout this whole comedy; and seem to have been produced by a judgment somewhat too nice, considering they were meant for dramatic action.

It is not the fault of Cibber, if the virtues of Lady Easy appear old to the reader—the plagiarism of subsequent authors can alone take from the just appearance of their originalty.

Although every character of this drama (now a hundred years old) is a person of fashion—and fashion changes perpetually,—still every one, here described, is, at this very time, perfectly fashionable. They talk, they think, they act, they love, and hate, like people of rank to this very day. Change but their dinner hour, from four to seven, and blot out the line, where a lady says, "she is going to church," and every article, in the whole composition, will be perfectly modern.

Cibber's grand foe, even Pope, was compelled to own the merit of this play; but, then he alleged, it must be written by mere accident. Pope's party went further, and said, that Cibber claimed that which was not his, but was assuredly written by another.

Cibber's person was insignificant, and his mind addicted to vanity— misfortunes which mostly combine. He was, nevertheless, goodnatured and forgiving—but he was honoured with the patronage and friendship of the great; and this, in his occupation of a player, was an unpardonable failing in the eye of his enemy.

That admirable poet should have considered, that, of all artists, the actor is most an object of curiosity and incitement to personal acquaintance. The purchaser of a picture, or a book, makes the genius of the painter, or the author, who have produced these works, as it were, of his household, and he requires no farther intimacy—But the actor must come himself to his admirer, as the only means of yielding, to his domestic pleasures, even the shadow of his art.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|---|---|
| LORD FOPPINGTON | *Mr. Lewis.* |
| LORD MORELOVE | *Mr. Pope.* |
| SIR CHARLES EASY | *Mr. Farren.* |
| SERVANT | *Mr. Evatt.* |
| | |
| LADY EASY | *Mrs. Pope.* |
| LADY GRAVEAIRS | *Mrs. Fawcett.* |
| LADY BETTY MODISH | *Mrs. Esten.* |
| EDGING | *Mrs. Mattocks.* |

*SCENE,—Windsor.*

THE

# CARELESS HUSBAND.

## ACT THE FIRST.

### SCENE I.

SIR CHARLES EASY'S *Lodgings.*

*Enter* LADY EASY.

*Lady E.* Was ever woman's spirit, by an injurious husband, broke like mine? A vile licentious man! must he bring home his follies too? Wrong me with my very servant! O how tedious a relief is patience! and yet, in my condition, 'tis the only remedy; for, to reproach him with my wrongs, is taking on myself the means of a redress, bidding defiance to his falsehood, and naturally but provokes him to undo me. The uneasy thought of my continual jealousy may tease him to a fixed aversion; and hitherto, though he neglects, I cannot think he hates me.—It must be so: since I want power to please him, he never shall upbraid me with an attempt of making him uneasy—My eyes and tongue shall yet be blind and silent to my wrongs; nor would I have him think my virtue could suspect him, till by some gross, apparent, proof of his misdoing, he forces me to see—and to forgive it.

*Enter* EDGING.

*Edg.* O madam!

*Lady E.* What's the matter?

*Edg.* I have the strangest thing to show your ladyship——such a discovery——

*Lady E.* You are resolved to make it without much ceremony, I find. What's the business, pray?

*Edg.* The business, madam! I have not patience to tell you; I am out of breath at the very thoughts on't; I shall not be able to speak this half hour.

*Lady E.* Not to the purpose, I believe! but methinks you talk impertinently with a great deal of ease.

*Edg.* Nay, madam, perhaps not so impertinently as your ladyship thinks; there is that will speak to the purpose, I am sure—A base man—

[*Gives a Letter.*

*Lady E.* What is this! An open letter! Whence comes it?

*Edg.* Nay, read it, madam, you will soon guess—If these are the tricks of husbands, keep me a maid still, say I.

*Lady E.* [Looking on the Superscription.] *To Sir Charles Easy!* Ha! Too well I know this hateful hand.—O my heart! but I must veil my jealousy, which 'tis not fit this creature should suppose I am acquainted with. [*Aside.*] This direction is to your master, how came you by it?

*Edg.* Why, madam, as my master was lying down, after he came in from hunting, he sent me into his dressing-room to fetch his snuff-box out of his waistcoat-pocket, and so as I was searching for the box, madam there I found this wicked letter from a mistress; which I had no sooner read, but, I declare it, my very blood rose at him again; methought I could have torn him and her to pieces.

*Lady E.* Intolerable! This odious thing's jealous of him herself, and wants me to join with her in a revenge upon him—Sure I am fallen, indeed! But 'twere to make me lower yet, to let her think I understand her. [*Aside.*

*Edg.* Nay, pray, madam, read it, you will be out of patience at it.

*Lady E.* You are bold, mistress; has my indulgence, or your master's good humour, flattered you into the assurance of reading his letters? a liberty I never gave myself—Here—lay it where you had it immediately—should he know of your sauciness, 'twould not be my favour could protect you.

[*Exit* LADY EASY.

*Edg.* Your favour! marry come up! sure I don't depend upon your favour!——It's not come to that, I hope.—Poor creature—don't you think I am my master's mistress for nothing—You shall find, madam, I won't be snapped up as I have been—Not but it vexes me to think she should not be as uneasy as I. I am sure he is a base man to me, and I could cry my eyes out, that she should not think him as bad to her every jot. If I am wronged, sure she may very well expect it, that is but his wife—A conceited thing—she need not be so easy, neither—I am as handsome as she, I hope—Here's my master—I'll try whether I am to be huff'd by her or no. [*Walks behind.*

*Enter* SIR CHARLES EASY.

*Sir Char.* So! The day is come again!—Life but rises to another stage, and the same dull journey is before us.—How like children do we judge of happiness! When I was stinted in my fortune, almost every thing was a pleasure to me, because most things then being out of my reach, I had always the pleasure of hoping for them; now fortune's in my hand, she is as insipid as an old acquaintance—It is mighty

silly, faith.—Just the same thing by my wife, too; I am told she is extremely handsome—nay, and have heard a great many people say, she is certainly the best woman in the world—Why, I don't know but she may, yet I could never find that her person or good qualities gave me any concern—In my eye, the woman has no more charms than my mother.

*Edg.* Hum!—he takes no notice of me yet—— I'll let him see I can take as little notice of him. [*She walks by him gravely; he turns her about, and holds her; she struggles.*] Pray, sir!

*Sir Char.* A pretty pert air, that—I'll humour it—What's the matter, child? Are not you well? Kiss me, hussy.

*Edg.* No, the deuce fetch me if I do.

*Sir Char.* Has any thing put thee out of humour, love?

*Edg.* No, sir, 'tis not worth my being out of humour at—though if ever you have any thing to say to me again, I'll be burned.

*Sir Char.* Somebody has belied me to thee—

*Edg* No, sir, 'tis you have belied yourself to me. ——Did not I ask you, when you first made a fool of me, if you would be always constant to me, and did not you say, I might be sure you would? And here, instead of that, you are going on in your old intrigue with my Lady Graveairs.

*Sir Char.* So——

*Edg.* Beside, don't you suffer my lady to huff me every day as if I were her dog, or had no more concern with you?—I declare I won't bear it, and she shan't think to huff me—for aught I know I am as agreeable as she: and though she dares not take any notice of your baseness to her, you shan't think to use me so—and so pray take your nasty letter [*Gives it.*] —I know the hand well enough—for my part I won't stay in the family, to be abused at this rate: I that have refused lords and dukes for your sake! I'd have

you to know, sir, I have had as many blue and green ribbons after me, for aught I know, as would have made me a falbala apron.

*Sir Char.* My Lady Graveairs! my nasty letter! and I won't stay in the family! Death!—I'm in a pretty condition!—What an unlimited privilege has this jade got from being a—

*Edg.* I suppose, sir, you think to use every body as you do your wife!

*Sir Char.* My wife, hah! Come hither, Mrs. Edging; hark, you drab. [*Seizing her by the Shoulder.*

*Edg.* Oh!

*Sir Char.* When you speak of my wife, you are to say your lady, and you are never to speak of your lady to me in any regard of her being my wife—for look you, child, you are not her strumpet, but mine; therefore I only give you leave to be saucy with me. —In the next place, you are never to suppose there is any such a person as my Lady Graveairs; and lastly, my pretty one, how came you by this letter?

*Edg.* It's no matter, perhaps.

*Sir Char.* Ay, but if you should not tell me quickly, how are you sure I won't take a great piece of flesh out of your shoulder, my dear? [*Shakes her.*

*Edg.* O lud! O lud! I will tell you, sir.

*Sir Char.* Quickly then——

*Edg.* Oh! I took it out of your pocket, sir.

*Sir Char.* When?

*Edg.* Oh! this morning, when you sent me for your snuff-box.

*Sir Char.* And your ladyship's pretty curiosity has looked it over, I presume—ha— [*Shakes her again.*

*Edg.* O lud! dear sir, don't be angry——indeed I'll never touch one again.

*Sir Char.* I don't believe you will, and I'll tell you how you shall be sure you never will.

*Edg.* Yes, sir.

*Sir Char.* By stedfastly believing, that the next

time you offer it, you will have your pretty white neck twisted behind you.

*Edg.* Yes, sir. [*Courtesying.*

*Sir Char.* And you will be sure to remember every thing I have said to you?

*Edg.* Yes, sir.

*Sir Char.* And now, child, I was not angry with your person, but your follies; which, since I find you are a little sensible of—don't be wholly discouraged—for I believe I—I shall have occasion for you again——

*Edg.* Yes, sir.

*Sir Char.* In the mean time, let me hear no more of your lady, child.

*Edg.* No, sir.

*Sir Char.* Here she comes:—begone.

*Edg.* Yes, sir—Oh! I was never so frightened in my life. [*Exit.*

*Sir Char.* So! good discipline makes good soldiers.—It often puzzles me to think, from my own carelessness, and my wife's continual good humour, whether she really knows any thing of the strength of my forces—I'll sift her a little.

*Enter* LADY EASY.

My dear, how do you do? You are dressed very early to-day: are you going out?

*Lady E.* Only to church, my dear.

*Sir Char.* Is it so late then?

*Lady E.* The bell has just rung.

*Sir Char.* Well, child, how does Windsor air agree with you? Do you find yourself any better yet? or have you a mind to go to London again?

*Lady E.* No, indeed, my dear; the air is so very pleasant, that if it were a place of less company, I could be content to end my days here.

*Sir Char.* Pr'ythee, my dear, what sort of company would most please you?

*Lady E.* When business would permit it, yours; and in your absence a sincere friend, that were truly happy in an honest husband, to sit a cheerful hour, and talk in mutual praise of our condition.

*Sir Char.* Are you then really very happy, my dear?

*Lady E.* Why should you question it?

[*Smiling on him.*

*Sir Char.* Because I fancy I am not so good to you as I should be.

*Lady E.* Pshaw.

*Sir Char.* Nay, the deuce take me if I don't really confess myself so bad, that I have often wondered how any woman of your sense, rank, and person, could think it worth her while to have so many useless good qualities.

*Lady E.* Fie, my dear.

*Sir Char.* By my soul I am serious.

*Lady E.* I cannot boast of my good qualities; nor, if I could, do I believe you think them useless.

*Sir Char.* Nay, I submit to you—Don't you find them so? Do you perceive, that I am one tittle the better husband, for your being so good a wife?

*Lady E.* Pshaw! you jest with me.

*Sir Char.* Upon my life I don't—Tell me truly, was you never jealous of me?

*Lady E.* Did I ever give you any sign of it?

*Sir Char.* Um—that's true; but do you really think I never gave you occasion?

*Lady E.* That's an odd question—but suppose you had?

*Sir Char.* Why then, what good has your virtue done you; since all the good qualities of it could not keep me to yourself?

*Lady E.* What occasion have you given me to suppose I have not kept you to myself?

*Sir Char.* I given you occasion—Fie! my dear—you may be sure—I—look you, that is not the thing, but

still a—(Death! what a blunder have I made!)—a—still, I say, madam, you shan't make me believe you have never been jealous of me; not that you ever had any real cause, but I know women of your principles have more pride than those that have no principles at all: and where there is pride, there must be some jealousy—so that if you are jealous, my dear, you know you wrong me, and—

*Lady E.* Why then, upon my word, my dear, I don't know that ever I wronged you that way in my life.

*Sir Char.* But suppose I had given a real cause to be jealous, how would you do then?

*Lady E.* It must be a very substantial one that makes me jealous.

*Sir Char.* Say it were a substantial one; suppose now I were well with a woman of your own acquaintance, that, under pretence of frequent visits to you, should only come to carry on an affair with me—suppose now my Lady Graveairs and I were great?

*Lady E.* Would I could not suppose it! [*Aside.*

*Sir Char.* If I come off here, I believe I am pretty safe. [*Aside.*]—Suppose, I say, my lady and I were so very familiar, that not only yourself, but half the town should see it?

*Lady E.* Then I should cry myself sick in some dark closet, and forget my tears, when you spoke kindly to me.

*Sir Char.* The most convenient piece of virtue sure that ever wife was mistress of! [*Aside.*

*Lady E.* But pray, my dear, did you ever think that I had any ill thoughts of my Lady Graveairs?

*Sir Char.* O fie, child! only you know she and I used to be a little free sometimes; so I had a mind to see if you thought there was any harm in it; but since I find you very easy, I think myself obliged to tell you, that upon my soul, my dear, I have so little regard to her person, that the deuce take me,

if I would not as soon have an affair with thy woman.

*Lady E.* Indeed, my dear, I should as soon suspect you with one as t'other,

*Sir Char.* Poor dear—should'st thou ?—give me a kiss.

*Lady E.* Pshaw ! you don't care to kiss me.

*Sir Char.* By my soul I do——I wish I may die, if I don't think you a very fine woman.

*Lady E.* I only wish you would think me a good wife. [*Kisses her.*] But pray, my dear, what has made you so strangely inquisitive?

*Sir Char.* Inquisitive—Why—a—I don't know; one is always saying one foolish thing or another—Tol le roll. [*Sings and ta'ks.*] My dear, What! are we never to have any ball here? Toll le roll. I fancy I could recover my dancing again, if I would but practise. Toll loll loll!

*Lady E.* This excess of carelessness to me excuses half his vices. If I can make him once think seriously—Time yet may be my friend.

*Enter* SERVANT.

*Serv.* Sir, Lord Morelove gives his service——

*Sir Char.* Lord Morelove ? where is he ?

*Serv.* At the chocolate house; he called me to him, as I went by, and bid me tell your honour he'll wait upon you presently.

*Lady E.* I thought you had not expected him here again this season, my dear.

*Sir Char.* I thought so too, but you see there's no depending upon the resolution of a man that's in love.

*Lady E.* Is there a chair ?

*Serv.* Yes, madam. [*Exit* SERVANT.

*Lady E.* I suppose lady Betty Modish has drawn him hither.

*Sir Char.* Ay, poor soul, for all his bravery, I am afraid so.

*Lady E.* Well, my dear, I ha'n't time to ask my lord how he does now; you'll excuse me to him, but I hope you'll make him dine with us.

*Sir Char.* I'll ask him. If you see Lady Betty at prayers, make her dine too: but don't take any notice of my lord's being in town.

*Lady E.* Very well! If I should not meet her there, I'll call at her lodgings.

*Sir Char.* Do so.

*Lady E.* My dear, your servant.

[*Exit* LADY EASY.

*Sir Char.* My dear, I'm yours.——Well! one way or other, this woman will certainly bring about her business with me at last; for though she cannot make me happy in her own person, she lets me be so intolerably easy with the women that can, that she has at least brought me into a fair way of being as weary of them too.

*Enter* SERVANT *and* LORD MORELOVE.

*Serv.* Sir, my lord's come. [*Exit* SERVANT.

*Lord M.* Dear Charles!

*Sir Char.* My dear lord! this is an happiness undreamt of; I little thought to have seen you at Windsor again this season! I concluded, of course, that books and solitude had secured you till winter.

*Lord M.* Nay, I did not think of coming myself, but I found myself not very well in London, so I thought—a—little hunting and this air——

*Sir Char.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Lord M.* What do you laugh at?

*Sir Char.* Only because you should not go on with your story: if you did but see how silly a man fumbles for an excuse, when he is a little ashamed of

being in love, you would not wonder what I laugh at; ha! ha! ha!

*Lord M.* Thou art a very happy fellow——nothing touches thee—always easy—Then you conclude I follow Lady Betty again?

*Sir Char.* Yes, faith do I; and, to make you easy, my lord, I cannot see why a man that can ride fifty miles after a poor stag should be ashamed of running twenty in chase of a fine woman, that, in all probability, will show him so much the better sport too.

*Lord M.* Dear Charles, don't flatter my distemper; I own I still follow her: do you think her charms have power to excuse me to the world?

*Sir Char.* Ay, ay, a fine woman's an excuse for any thing, and the scandal of our being in jest, is a jest itself; we are all forced to be their fools, before we can be their favourites.

*Lord M.* You are willing to give me hope; but I can't believe she has the least degree of inclination for me.

*Sir Char.* I don't know that—I am sure her pride likes you, and that's generally your fine ladies' darling passion.

*Lord M.* Do you suppose, if I could grow indifferent, it would touch her?

*Sir Char.* Sting her to the heart——Will you take my advice?

*Lord M.* I have no relief but that. Had I not thee now and then to talk an hour, my life were insupportable.

*Sir Char.* I am sorry for that, my lord;—but mind what I say to you—but, hold, first let me know the particulars of your late quarrel with her.

*Lord M.* Why,—about three weeks ago, when I was last here at Windsor, she had for some days treated me with a little more reserve, and another with more freedom than I found myself easy at.

*Sir Char.* Who was that other?

*Lord M.* One of my Lord Foppington's gang—he that sings himself among the women—What do you call him—He won't speak to a commoner, when a lord is in company——Startup, that's his name.

*Sir Char.* O! I have met him in a visit——but pray go on.

*Lord M.* So, disputing with her about the conduct of women, I took the liberty to tell her how far I thought she erred in hers; she told me I was rude, and that she would never believe any man could love a woman, that thought her in the wrong in any thing she had a mind to, at least if he dared to tell her so—This provoked me into her whole character, with so much spirit and civil malice, as I have seen her bestow upon a woman of true beauty, when the men first toasted her; so in the middle of my wisdom, she told me, she desired to be alone; that I would take my odious proud heart along with me, and trouble her no more——I——bowed very low, and, as I left the room, vowed I never would, and that my proud heart should never be humbled by the outside of a fine woman—About an hour after, I whipped into my chaise for London, and have never seen her since.

*Sir Char.* Very well, and how did you find your proud heart by that time you got to Hounslow?

*Lord M.* I am almost ashamed to tell you—I found her so much in the right, that I cursed my pride for contradicting her at all, and began to think, according to her maxim, that no woman could be in the wrong to a man that she had in her power.

*Sir Char.* Ha! ha! Well, I'll tell you what you shall do. You can see her without trembling, I hope.

*Lord M.* Not if she receives me well.

*Sir Char.* If she receives you well, you will have no occasion for what I am going to say to you—first you shall dine with her.

*Lord M.* How! where! when!

*Sir Char.* Here! here! at five o'clock.

*Lord M.* Dear Charles!

*Sir Char.* My wife is gone to invite her; when you see her first, be neither too humble nor too stubborn; let her see, by the ease in your behaviour, you are still pleased in being near her, while she is upon reasonable terms with you. This will either open the door of an eclaircissement, or quite shut it against you—and if she is still resolved to keep you out—

*Lord M.* Nay, if she insults me, then, perhaps, I may recover pride enough to rally her by an overacted submission.

*Sir Char.* Why, you improve, my lord: this is the very thing I was going to propose to you.

*Lord M.* Was it, faith! hark you, dare you stand by me?

*Sir Char.* Dare I! ay, to my last drop of assurance against all the insolent airs of the proudest beauty in christendom.

*Lord M.* Nay, then defiance to her—We two—Thou hast inspired me—I find myself as valiant as a flattered coward.

*Sir Char.* Courage, my lord—I'll warrant we beat her.

*Lord M.* My blood stirs at the very thought on't: I long to be engaged.

*Sir Char.* She will certainly give ground, when she once sees you are thoroughly provoked.

*Lord M.* Dear Charles, thou art a friend indeed.

*Enter a* SERVANT.

*Serv.* Sir, my Lord Foppington gives his service; and if your honour's at leisure, he'll wait on you as soon as he is dressed.

*Lord M.* Lord Foppington! Is he in town?

*Sir Char.* Yes,—I heard last night he was come. Give my service to his lordship, and tell him, I should be glad he will do me the honour of his company here at dinner. [*Exit* SERVANT.] We may have occasion for him in our design upon Lady Betty.

*Lord M.* What use can we make of him?

*Sir Char.* We'll see, when he comes; at least there is no danger in him; but I suppose you know he is your rival.

*Lord M.* Pshaw! a coxcomb.

*Sir Char.* Nay, don't despise him, neither—he is able to give you advice; for though he is in love with the same woman, yet to him she has not charms enough to give a minute's pain.

*Lord M.* Pr'ythee, what sense has he of love?

*Sir Char.* Faith, very near as much as a man of sense ought to have; I grant you he knows not how to value a woman truly deserving, but he has a pretty just esteem for most ladies about town.

*Lord M.* That he follows, I grant you—for he seldom visits any of extraordinary reputation.

*Sir Char.* Have a care, I have seen him at Lady Betty Modish's.

*Lord M.* To be laughed at.

*Sir Char.* Don't be too confident of that; the women now begin to laugh with him, not at him: for he really sometimes rallies his own humour with so much ease and pleasantry, that a great many women begin to think he has no follies at all, and those he has have been as much owing to his youth, and a great estate, as want of natural wit: 'tis true, he often is a bubble to his pleasures, but he has always been wisely vain enough to keep himself from being too much the ladies' humble servant in love.

*Lord M.* There, indeed, I almost envy him.

*Sir Char.* The easiness of his opinion upon the sex will go near to pique you—We must have him.

*Lord M.* As you please—but what shall we do with ourselves till dinner?

*Sir Char.* What think you of a party at piquet?

*Lord M.* O! you are too hard for me.

*Sir Char.* Fie! fie! when you play with his Grace?

*Lord M.* Upon my honour, he gives me three points.

*Sir Char.* Does he? why then you shall give me but two—Here, fellow, get cards. Allons. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT THE SECOND.

### SCENE I.

LADY BETTY MODISH'S *Lodgings.*

*Enter* LADY BETTY *and* LADY EASY, *meeting.*

*Lady B.* Oh, my dear! I am overjoyed to see you! I am strangely happy to-day; I have just received my new dress from London, and you are most critically come to give me your opinion of it.

*Lady E.* Oh, your servant, madam, I am a very indifferent judge, you know. What is it like?

*Lady B.* Oh, 'tis impossible to tell you what it is! ——'Tis all extravagance, both in mode and fancy, my dear. I believe there's six thousand yards of edging in it——Then such an enchanting slope from the elbow—something so new, so lively, so noble, so coquette and charming—but you shall see it, my dear—

*Lady E.* Indeed, I won't, my dear; I am resolved

to mortify you, for being so wrongfully fond of a trifle.

*Lady B.* Nay, now, my dear, you are ill-natured.

*Lady E.* Why, truly, I'm half angry to see a woman of your sense, so warmly concerned in the care of her outside; for, when we have taken our best pains about it, 'tis the beauty of the mind alone that gives us lasting virtue.

*Lady B.* Ah, my dear! my dear! you have been a married woman to a fine purpose indeed, that know so little of the taste of mankind. Take my word, a new fashion upon a fine woman, is often a greater proof of her value, than you are aware of.

*Lady E.* That I can't comprehend; for you see among the men, nothing's more ridiculous than a new fashion. Those of the first sense are always the last that come into them.

*Lady B.* That is, because the only merit of a man is his sense; but doubtless the greatest value of a woman is her beauty; an homely woman at the head of a fashion would not be allowed in it by the men, and consequently not followed by the women: so that to be successful in one's fancy, is an evident sign of one's being admired, and I always take admiration for the best proof of beauty, and beauty certainly is the source of power, as power in all creatures is the height of happiness.

*Lady E.* At this rate you would rather be thought beautiful than good.

*Lady B.* As I had rather command than obey; the wisest homely woman can't make a man of sense of a fool, but the veriest fool of a beauty shall make an ass of a statesman; so that, in short, I can't see a woman of spirit has any business in this world but to dress—and make the men like her.

*Lady E.* Do you suppose this is a principle the men of sense will admire you for!

*Lady B.* I do suppose, that when I suffer any man to like my person, he sha'n't dare to find fault with my principle.

*Lady E.* But men of sense are not so easily humbled.

*Lady B.* The easiest of any; one has ten thousand times the trouble with a coxcomb.

*Lady E.* Nay, that may be; for I have seen you throw away more good humour, in hopes of *tendresse* from my Lord Foppington, who loves all women alike, than would have made my Lord Morelove perfectly happy, who loves only you.

*Lady B.* The men of sense, my dear, make the best fools in the world: their sincerity and good breeding throws them so entirely into one's power, and gives one such an agreeable thirst of using them ill, to show that power—'tis impossible not to quench it.

*Lady E.* But, methinks, my Lord Morelóve's manner to you might move any woman to a kinder sense of his merit.

*Lady B.* Ay, but would it not be hard, my dear, for a poor weak woman to have a man of his quality and reputation in her power, and not to let the world see him there? would any creature sit new dressed all day in her closet? Could you bear to have a sweet fancied suit, and never show it at the play, or the drawing-room?

*Lady E.* But one would not ride in't methinks, or harass it out, when there's no occasion.

*Lady B.* Pooh! my Lord Morelove's a mere Indian damask, one can't wear him out! o'my conscience I must give him to my woman at last.

*Lady E.* Now 'tis to me amazing, how a man of his spirit can bear to be used like a dog for four or five years together—but nothing's a wonder in love. Yet pray when you found you could not like him at first, why did you ever encourage him?

*Lady B.* Why, what would you have one do? for my part, I could no more chuse a man by my eye, than a shoe: one must draw them on a little, to see if they are right to one's foot.

*Lady E.* But I'd no more fool on with a man I could not like, than I'd wear a shoe that pinched me.

*Lady B.* Ay, but then a poor wretch tells one, he'll widen 'em, or do any thing, and is so civil and silly, that one does not know how to turn such a trifle as a pair of shoes, or an heart, upon a fellow's hands again.

*Lady E.* Well; I confess you are very happily distinguished among most women of fortune, to have a man of my Lord Morelove's sense and quality so long and honourably in love with you; for now-a-days one hardly ever hears of such a thing as a man of quality in love with the woman he would marry. To be in love now, is only to have a design upon a woman, a modish way of declaring war against her virtue, which they generally attack first, by toasting up her vanity.

*Lady B.* Ay, but the world knows, that is not the case between my lord and me.

*Lady E.* Therefore I think you happy.

*Lady B.* Now I don't see it; I'll swear I'm better pleased to know there are a great many foolish fellows of quality that take occasion to toast me frequently.

*Lady E.* I vow I should not thank any gentlemen for toasting me, and have often wondered how a woman of your spirit could bear a great many other freedoms I have seen some men take with you.

*Lady B.* As how, my dear! Come, pr'ythee, be free with me, for, you must know, I love dearly to hear my faults—Who is't you have observed to be too free with me?

*Lady E.* Why, there's my Lord Foppington; could any woman but you bear to see him with a respectful

fleer stare full in her face, draw up his breath, and cry—Gad, you're handsome?

*Lady B.* My dear, fine fruit will have flies about it; but, poor things, they do it no harm: for, if you observe, people are generally most apt to chuse that, the flies have been busy with, ha! ha! ha!

*Lady E.* But I should not think my reputation safe; my Lord Foppington's a man that talks often of his amours, but seldom speaks of favours that are refused him.

*Lady B.* Pshaw! will any thing a man says make a woman less agreeable? will his talking spoil one's complexion, or put one's hair out of order? A fine woman is never in the wrong, or, if we were, 'tis not the strength of a poor creature's reason that can unfetter him.—Oh, how I love to hear a wretch curse himself for loving on, or now and then coming out with a——

> Yet for the plague of human race,
> This devil has an angel's face!

*Lady E.* At this rate, I don't see you allow reputation to be at all essential to a fine woman.

*Lady B.* Just as much as honour to a great man. Indeed, my dear, that jewel, reputation, is a very fanciful business! one shall not see an homely creature in town, but wears it in her mouth as monstrously as the Indians do bobs at their lips, and it really becomes them just alike.

*Lady E.* Have a care, my dear, of trusting too far to power alone; for nothing is more ridiculous than the fall of pride; and woman's pride at best may be suspected to be more a distrust, than a real contempt of mankind: for when we have said all we can, a deserving husband is certainly our best happiness; and I don't question but my Lord Morelove's merit, in a little time, will make you think so too; for what-

ever airs you give yourself to the world, I'm sure your heart don't want good nature.

*Lady B.* You are mistaken; I am very illnatured, though your good humour won't let you see it.

*Lady E.* Then, to give me a proof on't, let me see you refuse to go immediately and dine with me, after I have promised Sir Charles to bring you.

*Lady B.* Pray don't ask me.

*Lady E.* Why?

*Lady B.* Because, to let you see I hate good nature, I'll go without asking, that you mayn't have the malice to say, I did you a favour.

*Lady E.* Thou art a mad creature. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

### SIR CHARLES'S *Lodgings.*

LORD MORELOVE *and* SIR CHARLES *at Piquet.*

*Sir Char.* Come, my lord, one single game for the *tout*, and so have done.

*Lord M.* No, hang 'em, I have enough of 'em! ill cards are the dullest company in the world—How much is it?

*Sir Char.* Three parties.

*Lord M.* Fifteen pounds—very well.

[*While* LORD MORELOVE *counts out his Money, a* SERVANT *gives* SIR CHARLES *a Letter, which he reads to himself.*

*Sir Char.* [*To the* SERVANT.] Give my service; say, I have company dines with me; if I have time, I'll call there in the afternoon—ha! ha! ha!

[*Exit* SERVANT.

*Lord M.* What's the matter?—there—

[*Paying the Money.*

*Sir Char.* The old affair—my Lady Graveairs.

*Lord M.* Oh! Pr'ythee how does that go on?

*Sir Char.* As agreeably as a Chancery suit: for now it's come to the intolerable plague of my not being able to get rid on't; as you may see——

[*Giving the Letter.*

*Lord M.* [Reads.] *Your behaviour since I came to Windsor has convinced me of your villainy, without my being surprised or angry at it. I desire you would let me see you at my lodgings immediately, where I shall have a better opportunity to convince you, that I never can, or positively will, be as I have been. Yours, &c.*

A very whimsical letter!—Faith, I think she has hard luck with you: if a man were obliged to have a mistress, her person and condition seem to be cut out for the ease of a lover: for she's a young, handsome, wild, well-jointured widow—But what's your quarrel?

*Sir Char.* Nothing: she sees the coolness happens to be first on my side, and her business with me now, I suppose, is to convince me how heartily she's vexed that she was not beforehand with me.

*Lord M.* Her pride and your indifference must occasion a pleasant scene, sure; what do you intend to do?

*Sir Char.* Treat her with a cold familiar air, till I pique her to forbid me her sight, and then take her at her word.

*Lord M.* Very gallant and provoking.

*Enter a* SERVANT.

*Serv.* Sir, my Lord Foppington—— [*Exit.*

*Sir Char.* Oh—now, my lord, if you have a mind to be let into the mistery of making love without pain,

—here's one that's a master of the art, and shall declaim to you——

*Enter* LORD FOPPINGTON.

My dear Lord Foppington!

*Lord F.* My dear agreeable! *Que je t'embrasse! Parde! Il y a cent ans que je ne t'ai vu*—my lord, I am your lordship's most obedient humble servant.

*Lord M.* My lord, I kiss your hands—I hope we shall have you here some time; you seem to have laid in a stock of health to be at the diversions of the place—You look extremely well.

*Lord F.* To see one's friends look so, my lord, may easily give a *vermeille* to one's complexion.

*Sir Char.* Lovers in hope, my lord, always have a visible brilliant in their eyes and air.

*Lord F.* What dost thou mean, Charles?

*Sir Char.* Come, come, confess what really brought you to Windsor, now you have no business there?

*Lord F.* Why two hours, and six of the best nags in Christendom, or the devil drive me.

*Lord M.* You make haste, my lord.

*Lord F.* My lord, I always fly when I pursue—But they are well kept, indeed—I love to have creatures go as I bid them; you have seen them, Charles; but so has all the world; Foppington's long tails are known on every road in England.

*Sir Char.* Well, my lord, but how came they to bring you this road? You don't use to take these irregular jaunts without some design in your head of having more than nothing to do.

*Lord F.* Pshaw! Pox! pr'ythee, Charles, thou knowest I am a fellow *sans consequence*, be where I will.

*Sir Char.* Nay, nay, this is too much, among friends, my lord; Come, come,—we must have it: your real business here?

*Lord F.* Why then, *entre nous*, there is a certain *fille de joie* about the court, here, that loves winning

at cards better than all the fine things I have been able to say to her—so I have brought an odd thousand bill in my pocket, that I design, *tête-à-tête*, to play off with her at piquet, or so; and now the business is out.

*Sir Char.* Ah, and a very good business too, my lord.

*Lord F.* If it be well done, Charles——

*Sir Char.* That's as you manage your cards, my lord.

*Lord M.* This must be a woman of consequence, by the value you set upon her favours.

*Sir Char.* Oh, nothing's above the price of a fine woman.

*Lord F.* Nay, look you, gentlemen, the price may not happen to be altogether so high, neither—For I fancy I know enough of the game to make it an even bet I get her for nothing.

*Lord M.* How so, my lord?

*Lord F.* Because, if she happen to lose a good sum to me, I shall buy her with her own money.

*Lord M.* That's new, I confess.

*Lord F.* You know, Charles, 'tis not impossible but I may be five hundred pounds deep with her—then bills may fall short, and the devil's in't if I want assurance to ask her to pay some way or other.

*Sir Char.* And a man must be a churl indeed, that won't take a lady's personal security; hah! hah! hah!

*Lord F.* Heh! heh! heh! thou art a devil, Charles.

*Lord M.* Death! how happy is this coxcomb! [*Aside.*

*Lord F.* But, to tell you the truth, gentlemen, I had another pressing temptation that brought me hither, which was—my wife.

*Lord M.* That's kind, indeed; my lady has been here this month; she'll be glad to see you.

*Lord F.* That I don't know; for I design this afternoon to send her to London.

*Lord M.* What! the same day you come, my lord! that would be cruel.

*Lord F.* Ay, but it will be mighty convenient; for she is positively of no manner of use in my amours.

*Lord M.* That's your fault; the town thinks her a very deserving woman.

*Lord F.* If she were a woman of the town, perhaps I should think so too; but she happens to be my wife, and when a wife is once given to deserve more than her husband's inclinations can pay, in my mind she has no merit at all.

*Lord M.* She's extremely well bred, and of a very prudent conduct.

*Lord F.* Um—ay—the woman's proud enough.

*Lord M.* Add to this, all the world allows her handsome.

*Lord F.* The world's extremely civil, my lord; and I should take it as a favour done me, if they could find an expedient to unmarry the poor woman from the only man in the world that can't think her handsome.

*Lord M.* I believe there are a great many in the world that are sorry 'tis not in their power to unmarry her.

*Lord F.* I am a great many in the world's very humble servant, and whenever they find 'tis in their power, their high and mighty wisdoms may command me at a quarter of an hour's warning.

*Lord M.* Pray, my lord, what did you marry for?

*Lord F.* To pay my debts at play, and disinherit my younger brother.

*Lord M.* But there are some things due to a wife.

*Lord F.* And there are some debts I don't care to pay—to both which I plead husband, and my lord.

*Lord M.* If I should do so, I should expect to have

my own coach stopped in the street, and to meet my wife with the windows up in a hackney.

*Lord F.* Then would I put in bail, and order a separate maintenance.

*Lord M.* So pay the double the sum of the debt, and be married for nothing.

*Lord F.* Now, I think, deferring a dun, and getting rid of one's wife, are two the most agreeable sweets in the liberties of an English subject.

*Lord M.* If I were married, I would as soon part from my estate as my wife.

*Lord F.* Now, I would not—sun-burn me if I would.

*Lord M.* Death! but since you are thus indifferent, my lord, why would you needs marry a woman of so much merit? Could not you have laid out your spleen upon some ill-natured shrew, that wanted the plague of an ill husband, and have let her alone to some plain, honest man of quality, that would have deserved her?

*Lord F.* Why, faith, my lord, that might have been considered; but I really grew so passionately fond of her fortune, that, curse catch me, I was quite blind to the rest of her good qualities: for, to tell you the truth, if it had been possible the old put of a peer could have tossed me in t'other five thousand for them, by my consent, she should have relinquished her merits and virtues to any of her younger sisters.

*Sir Char.* Ay, ay, my lord, virtues in a wife are good for nothing but to make her proud, and put the world in mind of her husband's faults.

*Lord F.* Right, Charles: and, strike me blind, but the women of virtue are now grown such idiots in love, that they expect of a man, just as they do of a coach-horse, that one's appetite, like t'other's flesh, should increase by feeding

*Sir Char.* Right, my lord, and don't consider, that

*toujours chapons bouillis* will never do with an English stomach.

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! ha! To tell you the truth, Charles, I have known so much of that sort of eating, that I now think, for an hearty meal, no wild fowl in Europe is comparable to a joint of Banstead mutton.

*Lord M.* How do you mean?

*Lord F.* Why, that, for my part, I had rather have a plain slice of my wife's woman, than my guts full of e'er an ortolan duchess in Christendom.

*Lord M.* But I thought, my lord, your chief business now at Windsor had been your design upon a woman of quality.

*Lord F.* That's true, my lord; though I don't think your fine lady the best dish myself, yet a man of quality can't be without such things at his table.

*Lord M.* Oh, then you only desire the reputation of an affair with her.

*Lord F.* I think the reputation is the most inviting part of an amour with most women of quality.

*Lord M.* But, my lord, does not the reputation of your being so general an undertaker frighten the women from engaging with you? For they say, no man can love but one at a time.

*Lord F.* That's just one more than ever I came up to: for, stop my breath, if ever I loved one in my life.

*Lord M.* How do you get them, then?

*Lord F.* Why, sometimes as they get other people: I dress, and let them get me; or, if that won't do, as I got my title, I buy them.

*Lord M.* But how can you, that profess indifference, think it worth your while to come so often up to the price of a woman of quality?

*Lord F.* Because you must know, my lord, that 'tis not, of late, so very expensive; now and then a *partie quarré*, a jaunt or two in a hack to an Indian

house, a little China, an odd thing for a gown, or so, and in three days after, you meet her at the conveniency of trying it *chez Mademoiselle d'Epingle.*

*Sir Char.* Ay, ay, my lord, and when you are there, you know, what between a little chat, a dish of tea, Mademoiselle's good humour, and a *petit chanson*, or two, the devil's in it if a man can't fool away the time, till he sees how it looks upon her by candle-light.

*Lord F.* He! he! well said, Charles, I'gad I fancy thou and I have unlaced many a reputation there—— Your great lady is as soon undressed as her woman.

*Lord M.* I could never find it so——the shame or scandal of a repulse always made me afraid of attempting women of condition.

*Sir Cha.* Ha! ha! I'gad, my lord, you deserve to be ill used; your modesty's enough to spoil any woman in the world: but my lord and I understand the sex a little better; we see plainly, that women are only cold, as some men are brave, from the modesty or fear of those that attack them.

*Lord F.* Right, Charles,—a man should no more give up his heart to a woman, than his sword to a bully; they are both as insolent as the devil after it.

*Sir Char.* How do you like that, my lord?

[*Aside to* LORD MORELOVE.

*Lord M.* Faith, I envy him—But, my lord, suppose your inclination should stumble upon a woman truly virtuous, would not a severe repulse from such an one put you strangely out of countenance?

*Lord F.* Not at all, my lord—for if a man don't mind a box o'the ear in a fair struggle with a fresh country girl, why the deuce should he be concerned at an impertinent frown for an attack upon a woman of quality?

*Lord M.* Then you have no notion of a lady's cruelty?

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! let me blood, if I think there's

a greater jest in nature. I am ready to crack my sides with laughing, to see a senseless flirt, because the creature happens to have a little pride that she calls virtue about her, give herself all the insolent airs of resentment and disdain to an honest fellow,—that all the while does not care three pinches of snuff if she and her virtue were to run with their last favours through the first regiment of guards—Ha! ha! it puts me in mind of an affair of mine, so impertinent——

*Lord M.* Oh, that's impossible, my lord——Pray let's hear it.

*Lord F.* Why, I happened once to be very well in a certain man of quality's family, and his wife liked me.

*Lord M.* How do you know she liked you?

*Lord F.* Why, from the very moment I told her I liked her, she never durst trust herself at the end of a room with me.

*Lord M.* That might be her not liking you.

*Lord F.* My lord—Women of quality don't use to speak the thing plain—but, to satisfy you I did not want encouragement, I never came there in my life, but she did immediately smile, and borrow my snuff-box.

*Lord M.* She liked your snuff at least—Well, but how did she use you?

*Lord F.* By all that's infamous, she jilted me.

*Lord M.* How! Jilt you?

*Lord F.* Ay, death's curse, she jilted me.

*Lord M.* Pray, let's hear.

*Lord F.* For when I was pretty well convinced she had a mind to me, I one day made her a hint of an appointment: upon which, with an insolent frown in her face, that made her look as ugly as the devil, she told me, that if ever I came thither again, her lord should know that she had forbidden me the house before.—Did you ever hear of such a slut?

*Sir Char.* Intolerable!

*Lord M.* But how did her answer agree with you?

*Lord F.* Oh, passionately well! for I stared full in her face, and burst out a laughing; at which she turned upon her heel, and gave a crack with her fan, like a coach-whip, and bridled out of the room with the air and complexion of an incensed turkey-cock.

[*A* SERVANT *whispers* SIR CHARLES.

*Lord M.* What did you then?

*Lord F.* I——looked after her, gaped, threw up the sash, and fell a singing out of the window——so that you see, my lord, while a man is not in love, there's no great affliction in missing one's way to a woman.

*Sir Char.* Ay, ay, you talk this very well, my lord; but now let's see how you dare behave yourself upon action—dinner's served, and the ladies stay for us—There's one within has been too hard for as brisk a man as yourself.

*Lord M.* I guess who you mean—Have a care, my lord, she'll prove your courage for you.

*Lord F.* Will she? then she's an undone creature. For, let me tell you, gentlemen, courage is the whole mystery of making love, and of more use than conduct is in war; for the bravest fellow in Europe may beat his brains out against the stubborn walls of a town—But

——Women, born to be controll'd,
Stoop to the forward, and the bold. [*Exeunt.*

# ACT THE THIRD.

## SCENE I.

SIR CHARLES EASY'S *Lodgings.*

*Enter* LORD MORELOVE *and* SIR CHARLES.

*Lord M.* So! Did not I bear up bravely?

*Sir Char.* Admirably! with the best bred insolence in nature, you insulted like a woman of quality when her country bred husband's jealous of her in the wrong place.

*Lord M.* Ha! ha! Did you observe, when I first came into the room, how carelessly she brushed her eyes over me, and when the company saluted me, stood all the while with her face to the window? ha! ha! Well, what's to be done next?

*Sir Char.* Only observe her motions: for, by her behaviour at dinner, I am sure she designs to gall you with my Lord Foppington: if so, you must even stand her fire, and then play my Lady Graveairs upon her, whom I'll immediately pique, and prepare for your purpose.

*Lord M.* I understand you——the properest woman in the world too; for she'll certainly encourage the least offer from me, in hopes of revenging her slights upon you.

*Sir Char.* Right; and the very encouragement she gives you, at the same time will give me a pretence to widen the breach of my quarrel with her.

*Lord M.* Besides, Charles, I own I am fond of any attempt that will forward a misunderstanding there, for your lady's sake. A woman so truly good in her nature ought to have something more from a man, than bare occasions to prove her goodness.

*Sir Char.* Why, then, upon honour, my lord, to give you proof that I am positively the best husband in the world, my wife——never yet found me out.

*Lord M.* That may be by her being the best wife in the world; she, may be, won't find you out.

*Sir Char.* Nay, if she won't tell a man of his faults, when she sees them, how the deuce should he mend them? But, however, you see I am going to leave them off as fast as I can.

*Lord M.* Being tired of a woman, is, indeed, a pretty tolerable assurance of a man's not designing to fool on with her——Here she comes, and, if I don't mistake, brimful of reproaches——You can't take her in a better time——I'll leave you.

*Enter* LADY GRAVEAIRS.

Your ladyship's most humble servant. Is the company broke up, pray?

*Lady G.* No, my lord, they are just talking of basset; my Lord Foppington has a mind to tally, if your lordship would encourage the table.

*Lord M.* Oh, madam, with all my heart! But Sir Charles, I know, is hard to be got to it; I'll leave your ladyship to prevail with him.

[*Exit* LORD MORELOVE.—SIR CHARLES *and* LADY GRAVEAIRS *salute coldly, and trifle some Time before they speak.*

*Lady G.* Sir Charles, I sent you a note this morning——

*Sir Char.* Yes, madam; but there were some passages I did not expect from your ladyship; you seem to tax me with things that——

*Lady G.* Look you, sir, 'tis not at all material whe-

ther I taxed you with any thing or no; all I have to say to you is, that you need not give yourself the trouble to call at my lodgings this afternoon, if you should have time, as you were pleased to send me word—and so, your servant, sir, that's all— [*Going.*

*Sir Char.* Hold, madam.

*Lady G.* Look you, Sir Charles, 'tis not your calling me back that will signify any thing, I can assure you.

*Sir Char.* Why this extraordinary haste, madam?

*Lady G.* In short, Sir Charles, I have taken a great many things from you of late, that you know I have often told you I would positively bear no longer. But I see things are in vain, and the more people strive to oblige people, the less they are thanked for it; and since there must be an end of one's ridiculousness one time or other, I don't see any time so proper as the present; and therefore, sir, I desire you would think of things accordingly. Your servant.

[*Going, he holds her.*

*Sir Char.* Nay, madam, let us start fair, however; you ought, at least, to stay till I am as ready as your ladyship; and then, if we must part,

Adieu, ye silent grots, and shady groves;
Ye soft amusements of our growing loves;
Adieu, ye whisper'd sighs, that fann'd the fire,
And all the thrilling joys of young desire.

[*Affectedly.*

*Lady G.* Oh, mighty well, sir; I am very glad we are at last come to a right understanding, the only way I have long wished for; not but I'd have you to know, I see your design through all your painted ease of resignation: I know you'd give your soul to make me uneasy now.

*Sir Char.* Oh, fie, madam! upon my word I would not make you uneasy, if it were in my power.

*Lady G.* Oh, dear sir, you need not take such care,

upon my word; you'll find I can part with you without the least disorder; I'll try, at least; and so, once more, and, for ever, sir, your servant: not but you must give me leave to tell you, as my last thought of you too, that I do think——you are a villain.

[*Exit hastily.*

*Sir Char.* Oh, your very humble servant, madam!— [*Bowing low.*] What a charming quality is a woman's pride, that is strong enough to refuse a man her favours, when he's weary of them!——Ah!

*Enter* LADY GRAVEAIRS.

*Lady G.* Look you, Sir Charles; don't presume upon the easiness of my temper: for, to convince you that I am positively in earnest in this matter, I desire you would let me have what letters you have had of mine since you came to Windsor: and I expect you'll return the rest, as I will yours, as soon as we come to London.

*Sir Char.* Upon my faith, madam, I never keep any; I always put snuff in them, and so they wear out.

*Lady G.* Sir Charles, I must have them; for, positively, I won't stir without them.

*Sir Char.* Ha! then I must be civil, I see. [*Aside.*] Perhaps, madam, I have no mind to part with them —or you.

*Lady G.* Look you, sir, all those sort of things are in vain, now there's an end of every thing between us —If you say you won't give them, I must e'en get them as well as I can.

*Sir Char.* Ha! that won't do then, I find. [*Aside.*

*Lady G.* Who's there? Mrs. Edging—Your keeping a letter, sir, won't keep me, I'll assure you.

*Enter* EDGING.

*Edg.* Did your ladyship call me, madam?

*Lady G.* Ay, child: pray do me the favour to fetch my cloak out of the dining-room.

*Edg.* Yes, madam. Ha! she looks as if my master had quarrelled with her; I hope she's going away in a huff——she shan't stay for her cloak. I warrant her ——This is pure. [*Aside.—Exit smiling.*

*Lady G.* Pray, Sir Charles, before I go, give me leave, now, after all, to ask you—why you have used me thus?

*Sir Char.* What is it you call usage, madam?

*Lady G.* Why, then, since you will have it, how comes it you have been so grossly careless and neglectful of me of late? Only tell me seriously, wherein I have deserved this.

*Sir Char.* Why, then, seriously, madam——

*Enter* EDGING, *with a Cloak.*

We are interrupted——

*Edg.* Here is your ladyship's cloak, madam.

*Lady G.* Thank you, Mrs. Edging—Oh, law! pray will you let somebody get me a chair to the door?

*Edg.* Humph—She might have told me that before, if she had been in such haste to go. [*Aside.—Exit.*

*Lady G.* Now, sir.

*Sir Char.* Then, seriously, I say, I am of late grown so very lazy in my pleasures, that I am from henceforth resolved to follow no pleasure that arises above the degree of amusement—And that woman, that expects I should make her my business, why—like my business, is then in a fair way of being forgot. When once she comes to reproach me with vows and usage, and stuff—I had as lief hear her talk of bills, bonds, and ejectments: her passion becomes as troublesome as a lawsuit, and I would as soon converse with my solicitor. In short, I shall never care sixpence for any woman that won't be obedient.

*Lady G.* I'll swear, sir, you have a very free way of treating people; I am glad I am so well acquainted with your principles, however——And you would have me obedient?

*Sir Char.* Why not? My wife's so? and I think she has as much pretence to be proud as your ladyship.

*Lady G.* Lard! is there no chair to be had, I wonder?

*Enter* EDGING.

*Edg.* Here's a chair, madam.

*Lady G.* 'Tis very well, Mrs. Edging: pray, will you let somebody get me a glass of fair water?

*Edg.* Humph—her huff is almost over, I suppose —I see he's a villain still. [*Aside. Exit.*

*Lady G.* Well, that was the prettiest fancy about obedience, sure, that ever was. Certainly, a woman of condition must be infinitely happy under the dominion of so generous a lover. But how came you to forget kicking and whipping all this while? Methinks, you should not have left so fashionable an article out of your scheme of government.

*Sir Char.* Um—— No, there is too much trouble in that; though I have known them of admirable use in reformation of some humoursome gentlewomen.

*Lady G.* But one thing more, and I have done— Pray, what degree of spirit must the lady have, that is to make herself happy under so much freedom, order, and tranquillity?

*Sir Char.* Oh, she must at least have as much spirit as your ladyship, or she'd give me no pleasure in breaking it.

*Lady G.* No, that would be troublesome. You had better take one that's broken to your hand: there are such souls to be hired, I believe; I fancy, at last, that will be the best method for the lazy passion of a married man, that has outlived his any other sense of gratification.

*Sir Char.* Look you, madam; I have loved you very well a great while; now you would have me love you better and longer, which is not in my power to do,

and I don't think there is any plague upon earth, like a dun, that comes for more money than one is ever likely to be able to pay.

*Lady G.* A dun! do you take me for a dun, sir? Do I come a dunning to you? [*Walks in a Heat.*

*Sir Char.* Hist! don't expose yourself——here's company——

*Lady G.* I care not——A dun! You shall see, sir, I can revenge an affront, though I despise the wretch that offers it——A dun! Oh, I could die with laughing at the fancy! [*Exit.*

*Sir Char.* So—she's in admirable order——Here comes my lord; and, I am afraid, in the very nick of his occasion for her.

*Enter* LORD MORELOVE.

*Lord M.* Oh, Charles, undone again! all is lost and ruined.

*Sir Char.* What's the matter now?

*Lord M.* I have been playing the fool yonder, even to contempt; my senseless jealousy has confessed a weakness I never shall forgive myself. She has insulted on it to that degree too——I can't bear the thought——Oh, Charles, this devil still is mistress of my heart! and I could dash my brains out to think how grossly too I have let her know it.

*Sir Char.* Ah, how it would tickle her, if she saw you in this condition! ha! ha! ha!

*Lord M.* Pr'ythee don't torture me: think of some present ease, or I shall burst.

*Sir Char.* Well, well, let's hear, pray—What has she done to you? Ha! ha!

*Lord M.* Why, ever since I left you, she has treated me with so much coolness and illnature, and that thing of a lord, with so much laughing ease, and such a spiteful familiarity, that, at the last, she saw, and triumphed in my uneasiness.

*Sir Char.* Well, and so you left the room in a pet, Ha!

*Lord M.* Oh, worse, worse still! for, at last, with half shame and anger in my looks, I thrust myself between my lord and her, pressed her by the hand, and, in a whisper, trembling, begged her, in pity of herself and me, to show her good humour only where she knew it was truly valued: at which she broke from me with a cold smile, sat her down by the peer, whispered him, and burst into a loud laughter in my face.

*Sir Char.* Ha, ha! then would I have given fifty pounds to have seen your face. Why, what in the name of common sense had you to do with humility? Will you never have enough on't? Death! 'twas setting a lighted match to gunpowder, to blow yourself up.

*Lord M.* I see my folly now, Charles. But what shall I do with the remains of life, that she has left me?

*Sir Char.* Oh, throw it at her feet, by all means! put on your tragedy face, catch fast hold of her petticoat, whip out your handkerchief, and in point blank verse, desire her, one way or other, to make an end of the business. [*In a whining Tone.*

*Lord M.* What a fool dost thou make me!

*Sir Char.* I only show you as you came out of her hands, my lord.

*Lord M.* How contemptibly have I behaved myself!

*Sir Char.* That's according as you bear her behaviour.

*Lord M.* Bear it! no—I thank thee, Charles; thou hast waked me now; and if I bear it——What have you done with my Lady Graveairs?

*Sir Char.* Your business, I believe——She's ready for you; she's just gone down stairs, and if you don't

make haste after her, I expect her back again, with a knife or a pistol presently.

*Lord M.* I'll go this minute.

*Sir Char.* No, stay a little: here comes my lord; we'll see what we can get out of him, first.

*Enter* LORD FOPPINGTON.

*Lord F.* Nay, pr'ythee, Sir Charles, let's have a little of thee——we have been so *chagrin* without thee, that, stop my breath, the ladies are gone half asleep to church, for want of thy company.

*Sir Char.* That's hard, indeed, while your lordship was among them. Is Lady Betty gone too?

*Lord F.* She was just upon the wing; but I caught her by the snuff-box, and she pretends to stay to see if I'll give it her again, or no.

*Lord M.* Death! 'tis that I gave her, and the only present she would ever receive from me——Ask him how he came by it. [*Aside to* SIR CHARLES.

*Sir Char.* Pr'ythee don't be uneasy——Did she give it you, my lord?

*Lord F.* Faith, Charles, I can't say she did, or she did not; but we were playing the fool, and I took it ——*à la*—Pshaw! I can't tell thee in French neither; but Horace touches it to a nicety—'twas *pignus direptum malè pertinaci.*

*Lord M.* So—but I must bear it——if your lordship has a mind to the box, I'll stand by you in keeping of it.

*Lord F.* My lord, I am passionately obliged to you; but I am afraid I cannot answer your hazarding so much of the lady's favour.

*Lord M.* Not at all, my lord: 'tis possible I may not have the same regard to her frown that your lordship has.

*Lord F.* That's a bite, I am sure—he'd give a joint of his little finger, to be as well with her as I am.

[*Aside.*] But here she comes——Charles, stand by me——Must not a man be a vain coxcomb, now, to think this creature followed one?

*Sir Char.* Nothing so plain, my lord.

*Lord F.* Flattering devil!

*Enter* LADY BETTY.

*Lady B.* Pshaw, my Lord Foppington! pr'ythee don't play the fool now, but give me my snuff-box—Sir Charles, help me to take it from him.

*Sir Char.* You know, I hate trouble, madam.

*Lady B.* Pooh! you'll make me stay till prayers are half over now.

*Lord F.* If you'll promise me not to go to church, I'll give it you.

*Lady B.* I'll promise nothing at all; for, positively, I will have it. [*Struggling with him.*

*Lord F.* Then, comparatively, I won't part with it. Ha! ha! [*Struggles with her.*

*Lady B.* Oh, you devil, you have killed my arm! Oh!——Well, if you'll let me have it, I'll give you a better.

*Lord M.* Oh, Charles! that has a view of distant kindness in it. [*Aside to* SIR CHARLES.

*Lord F.* Nay, now I keep it, superlatively——I find there's a secret value in it.

*Lady B.* Oh, dismal! upon my word, I am only ashamed to give it to you. Do you think I would offer such an odious fancied thing to any body I had the least value for?

*Sir Char.* Now it comes a little nearer, methinks it does not seem to be any kindness at all.

[*Aside to* LORD MORELOVE.

*Lord F.* Why, really, madam, upon second view, it has not extremely the mode of a lady's utensil. Are you sure it never held any thing but snuff?

*Lady B.* Oh, you monster!

*Lord F.* Nay, I only ask, because it seems to me to

have very much the air and fancy of Monsieur Smoakandsot's tobacco-box.

*Lord M.* I can bear no more.

*Sir Char.* Why, don't then; I'll step in to the company, and return to your relief immediately. [*Exit.*

*Lord M.* [*To* LADY BETTY.] Come, madam, will your ladyship give me leave to end the difference? Since the slightness of the thing may let you bestow it without any mark of favour, shall I beg it of your ladyship?

*Lady B.* Oh, my lord, nobody sooner—I beg you'll give it, my lord.

[*Looking earnestly on* LORD FOPPINGTON, *who, smiling, gives it to* LORD MORELOVE, *and then bows gravely to her.*

*Lord M.* Only to have the honour of restoring it to your lordship; and if there be any other trifle of mine your lordship has a fancy to, though it were a mistress, I don't know any person in the world that has so good a claim to my resignation.

*Lord F.* Oh, my lord, this generosity will distract me!

*Lord M.* My lord, I do you but common justice. But from your conversation, I had never known the true value of the sex. You positively understand them the best of any man breathing; therefore I think every one of common prudence ought to resign to you.

*Lord F.* Then, positively, your lordship is the most obliging person in the world; for I'm sure your judgment can never like any woman, that is not the finest creature in the universe.

[*Bowing to* LADY BETTY.

*Lord M.* Oh, your lordship does me too much honour; I have the worst judgment in the world; no man has been more deceived in it.

*Lord F.* Then your lordship, I presume, has been apt to chuse in a mask, or by candlelight.

*Lord M.* In a mask, indeed, my lord, and of all masks the most dangerous.

*Lord F.* Pray, what's that, my lord?

*Lord M.* A bare face.

*Lord F.* Your lordship will pardon me, if I don't so readily comprehend how a woman's bare face can hide her face.

*Lord M.* It often hides her heart, my lord; and therefore I think it sometimes a more dangerous mask than a piece of velvet: that's rather a mask than a disguise of an ill woman. But the mischiefs skulking behind a beauteous form give no warning; they are always sure, fatal, and innumerable.

*Lady B.* Oh, barbarous aspersion! My Lord Foppington, have you nothing to say for the poor women?

*Lord F.* I must confess, madam, nothing of this nature ever happened in my course of amours. I always judge the beauteous part of a woman to be the most agreeable part of her composition; and when once a lady does me the honour to toss that into my arms, I think myself obliged, in goodnature, not to quarrel about the rest of her equipage.

*Lady B.* Why, ay, my lord, there's some good humour in that now.

*Lord M.* He's happy in a plain English stomach, madam; I could recommend a dish that's perfectly to your lordship's *goût*, where beauty is the only sauce to it.

*Lady B.* So——

*Lord F.* My lord, when my wine's right, I never care it should be zested.

*Lord M.* I know some ladies would thank you for that opinion.

*Lady B.* My Lord Morelove is really g own such a churl to the women, I don't only think he is not, but can't conceive how he ever could be, in love.

*Lord M.* Upon my word, madam, I once thought I was. [*Smiling.*

*Lady B.* Fie, fie! how could you think so? I fancy, now, you had only a mind to domineer over some poor creature, and so you thought you were in love, ha! ha!

*Lord M.* The lady I loved, madam, grew so unfortunate in her conduct, that at last she brought me to treat her with the same indifference and civility as I now pay your ladyship.

*Lady B.* And, ten to one, just at that time she never thought you such tolerable company.

*Lord M.* That I can't say, madam; for at that time she grew so affected, there was no judging of her thoughts at all. [*Mimicking her.*

*Lady B.* What, and so you left the poor lady. Oh, you inconstant creature!

*Lord M.* No, madam, to have loved her on had been inconstancy; for she was never two hours together the same woman.

[LADY BETTY *and* LORD MORELOVE *seem to talk.*

*Lord F.* [*Aside.*] Ha! ha! ha! I see he has a mind to abuse her; so I'll even give him an opportunity of doing his business with her at once for ever—My lord, I perceive your lordship is going to be good company with the lady; and, for her sake, I don't think it good manners in me to disturb you——

*Enter* SIR CHARLES.

*Sir Char.* My Lord Foppington——

*Lord F.* Oh, Charles! I was just wanting thee—— Hark thee—I have three thousand secrets for thee—I have made such discoveries! to tell thee all in one word, Morelove's as jealous of me as the devil, he! he! he!

*Sir Char.* Is it possible? Has she given him any occasion?

*Lord F.* Only rallied him to death upon my account; she told me, within, just now, she'd use him like a dog, and begged me to draw off for an opportunity.

*Sir Char.* Oh, keep in while the scent lies, and she is your own, my lord.

*Lord F.* I can't tell that, Charles; but I am sure she is fairly unharboured: and when once I throw off my inclinations, I usually follow them till the game has enough on't: and between thee and I, she is pretty well blown too; she can't stand long, I believe; for, curse catch me, if I have not rid down half a thousand pounds after her already.

*Sir Char.* What do you mean?

*Lord F.* I have lost five hundred to her at piquet since dinner.

*Sir Char.* You are a fortunate man, faith; you are resolved not to be thrown out, I see.

*Lord F.* Hang it, what should a man come out for, if he does not keep up to the sport?

*Sir Char.* Well pushed, my lord.

*Lord F.* Tayo! have at her——

*Sir Char.* Down, down, my lord——ah! 'ware haunches!

*Lord F.* Ah, Charles! [*Embracing him.*] Pr'ythee, let's observe a little: there's a foolish cur, now I have run her to a stand, has a mind to be at her by himself, and thou shalt see, she won't stir out of her way for him. [*They stand aside.*

*Lord M.* Ha! ha! your ladyship is very grave of a sudden; you look as if your lover had insolently recovered his common senses.

*Lady B.* And your lordship is so very gay, and unlike yourself, one would swear you were just come from the pleasure of making your mistress afraid of you.

*Lord M.* No, faith, quite contrary; for, do you know, madam, I have just found out, that, upon your account, I have made myself one of the most ridiculous puppies upon the face of the earth——I have, upon my faith—nay, and so extravagantly such, ha! ha! ha! that it is at last become a jest even to myself; and I can't help laughing at it for the soul of me; ha! ha! ha!

*Lady B.* I want to cure him of that laugh, now. [*Aside.*]—My lord, since you are so generous, I'll tell you another secret—Do you know, too, that I still find, (spite of all your great wisdom, and my contemptible qualities, as you are pleased, now and then, to call them) do you know, I say, that I see, under all this, that you still love me with the same helpless passion: and can your vast foresight imagine I won't use you accordingly for these extraordinary airs you are pleased to give yourself?

*Lord M.* Oh, by all means, madam! 'tis fit you should, and I expect it, whenever it is in your power. —Confusion! [*Aside.*

*Lady B.* My lord, you have talked to me this half hour, without confessing pain. [*Pauses, and affects to gape.*] Only remember it.

*Lord M.* Hell and tortures!

*Lady B.* What did you say, my lord?

*Lord M.* Fire and furies!

*Lady B.* Ha! ha! he's disordered—Now I am easy ——My Lord Foppington, have you a mind to your revenge at piquet?

*Lord F.* I have always a mind to an opportunity of entertaining your ladyship, madam.

[LADY BETTY *coquets with* LORD FOPPINGTON.

*Lord M.* Oh, Charles! the insolence of this woman might furnish out a thousand devils.

*Sir Char.* And your temper is enough to furnish out a thousand such women. Come away; I have business for you upon the Terrace.

*Lord M.* Let me but speak one word to her.

*Sir Char.* Not a syllable: the tongue's a weapon you'll always have the worst at; for I see you have no guard, and she carries a devilish edge.

*Lady B.* My lord, don't let any thing I have said frighten you away; for if you have the least inclination to stay and rail, you know the old conditions; 'tis but your asking me pardon the next day, and you may give your passion any liberty you think fit.

*Lord M.* Daggers and death!

*Sir Char.* Is the man distracted?

*Lord M.* Let me speak to her now, or I shall burst—

*Sir Char.* Upon condition you'll speak no more of her to me, my lord, do as you please.

*Lord M.* Pr'ythee, pardon me——I know not what to do.

*Sir Char.* Come along; I'll set you to work, I warrant you—Nay, nay, none of your parting ogles—— Will you go?

*Lord M.* Yes——and I hope for ever——

[*Exit* SIR CHARLES, *pulling away* LORD MORELOVE.

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! ha! Did ever mortal monster set up for a lover, with such unfortunate qualifications!

*Lady B.* Indeed, my Lord Morelove has something strangely singular in his manner.

*Lord F.* I thought I should have burst, to see the creature pretend to rally, and give himself the airs of one of us—But, run me through, madam, your ladyship pushed like a fencing master; that last thrust was a *coup de grace*, I believe: I am afraid his honour will hardly meet your ladyship in haste again.

*Lady B.* Not unless his second, Sir Charles, keeps him better in practice, perhaps——Well, the humour of this creature has done me signal service to-day. I must keep it up, for fear of a second engagement.

[*Aside.*

*Lord F.* Never was a poor wit so foiled at his own weapon, sure!

*Lady B.* Wit! had he ever any pretence to it?

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! he has not much in love, I think, though he wears the reputation of a very pretty young fellow, among some sort of people; but, strike me stupid, if ever I could discover common sense in all the progress of his amours: he expects a woman should like him, for endeavouring to convince her, that she has not one good quality belonging to the whole composition of her soul and body.

*Lady B.* That, I suppose, is only in a modest hope that she'll mend her faults, to qualify herself for his vast merit, ha! ha!

*Lord F.* Poor Morelove! I see she can't endure him. [*Aside.*

*Lady B.* Or, if one really had all those faults, he does not consider, that sincerity in love is as much out of fashion as sweet snuff; nobody takes it now.

*Lord F.* Oh, no mortal, madam, unless it be here and there a 'squire, that's making his lawful court to the cherry-cheek charms of my Lord Bishop's great fat daughter in the country.

*Lady B.* O, what a surfeiting couple has he put together—— [*Throwing her Hand carelessly upon his.*

*Lord F.* Fond of me, by all that's tender!——Poor fool, I'll give thee ease immediately. [*Aside.*]—But, madam, you were pleased just now to offer me my revenge at piquet——Now here's nobody within, and I think we can't make use of a better opportunity.

*Lady B.* O! no: not now, my lord!——I have a favour I would fain beg of you first.

*Lord F.* But time, madam, is very precious in this place, and I shall not easily forgive myself, if I don't take him by the forelock.

*Lady B.* But I have a great mind to have a little more sport with my Lord Morelove first, and would fain beg your assistance.

*Lord F.* Oh! with all my heart, madam; but how can I serve you in this affair?

*Lady B.* Why, methought, as my Lord Morelove went out, he showed a stern resentment in his look, that seemed to threaten me with rebellion, and downright defiance: now I have a great fancy that you and I should follow him to the Terrace, and laugh at his resolution before he has time to put it in practice.

*Lord F.* And so punish his fault before he commits it! ha! ha! ha!

*Lady B.* Nay, we won't give him time, if his courage should fail, to repent it.

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! ha! let me blood, if I don't long to be at it, ha! ha!

*Lady B.* And if at last his sage mouth should open in surly contradiction of our humour, then will we, in pure opposition to his, immediately fall foul upon every thing that is not gallant and fashionable: constancy shall be the mark of age and ugliness, virtue a jest, we'll rally discretion out of doors, lay gravity at our feet, and only love, free love, disorder, liberty, and pleasure, be our standing principles.

*Lord F.* Madam, you transport me: for if ever I was obliged to nature for any one tolerable qualification, 'twas positively the talent of being exuberantly pleasant upon this subject—I am impatient—my fancy's upon the wing already—let's fly to him.

*Lady B.* No, no; stay till I am just gone out; our going together won't be so proper.

*Lord F.* As your ladyship pleases, madam—But when this affair is over, you won't forget that I have a certain revenge due.

*Lady B.* Ay, ay! after supper I am for you—— Nay, you shan't stir a step, my lord!

[*Seeing her to the Door.*

*Lord F.* Only to tell you, you have fixed me yours to the last existence of my soul's eternal entity.

*Lady B.* O, your servant. [*Exit.*

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! stark mad for me, by all that's handsome! Poor Morelove! That a fellow, who has ever been abroad, should think a woman of her spirit is to be taken by a regular siege, when the surest way is to whisper the governor. I'll see if I can show him a little French play with Lady Betty—let me see—ay, I'll make an end of it the old way, get her to piquet at her own lodgings—not mind one tittle of my play, give her every game before she's half up, that she may judge of the strength of my inclination by my haste of losing up to her price; then of a sudden, with a familiar leer, cry—Rat piquet!—sweep counters, cards, and money upon the floor, *& donc—l'affaire est faite.* [*Exit.*

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## ACT THE FOURTH.

### SCENE I.

*The Castle Terrace.*

*Enter* LADY BETTY *and* LADY EASY.

*Lady E.* My dear, you really talk to me as if I were your lover, and not your friend: or else I am so dull, that by all you've said I can't make the least guess at your real thoughts—Can you be serious for a moment?

*Lady B.* Not easily: but I would do more to oblige you.

*Lady E.* Then pray deal ingenuously, and tell me without reserve, are you sure you don't love my Lord Morelove?

*Lady B.* Then seriously—I think not—But because I won't be positive, you shall judge by the worst of my symptoms—First, I own I like his conversation, his person has neither fault, nor beauty—well enough—I don't remember I ever secretly wished myself married to him, or—that ever I seriously resolved against it.

*Lady E.* Well, so far you are tolerably safe:—but come—as to his manner of addressing you, what effect has that had?

*Lady B.* I am not a little pleased to observe, few men follow a woman, with the same fatigue and spirit, that he does me—and more pleased when he lets me use him ill; and if ever I have a favourable thought of him, 'tis when I see he can't bear that usage.

*Lady E.* Have a care; that last is a dangerous symptom—he pleases your pride, I find.

*Lady B.* Oh! perfectly—in that, I own, no mortal ever can come up to him.

*Lady E.* But now, my dear, now comes the main point—jealousy! Are you sure you have never been touched with it? Tell me that, with a safe conscience, and then I pronounce you clear.

*Lady B.* Nay, then I defy him; for, positively, I was never jealous in my life.

*Lady E.* How, madam! have you never been stirred enough, to think a woman strangely forward for being a little familiar in talk with him? Or, are you sure, his gallantry to another never gave you the least disorder? Were you never, upon no accident, in an apprehension of losing him?

*Lady B.* Hah! Why, madam—Bless me!—wh—wh—why sure you don't call this jealousy, my dear?

*Lady E.* Nay, nay, that is not the business—Have you ever felt any thing of this nature, madam?

*Lady B.* Lord! don't be so hasty, my dear—any thing of this nature——O lud! I swear I don't like

it:—dear creature, bring me off here; for I am half frightened out of my wits.

*Lady E.* Nay, if you can rally upon't, your wound is not over deep, I'm afraid.

*Lady B.* Well, that's comfortably said, however.

*Lady E.* But, come to the point—How far have you been jealous?

*Lady B.* Why,——O, bless me! He gave the music one night to my Lady Languish, here upon the Terrace: and (though she and I were very good friends) I remember I could not speak to her in a week for't. ——Oh!

*Lady E.* Nay, now you may laugh if you can: for, take my word, the marks are upon you—But, come ——what else?

*Lady B.* O, nothing else, upon my word, my dear!

*Lady E.* Well, one word more, and then I give sentence:—suppose you were heartily convinced, that he actually followed another woman?

*Lady B.* But, pray, my dear, what occasion is there to suppose any such thing at all?

*Lady E.* Guilty, upon my honour.

*Lady B.* Pshaw! I defy him to say, that ever I owned any inclination for him.

*Lady E.* No, but you have given him terrible leave to guess it.

*Lady B.* If ever you see us meet again, you'll have but little reason to think so, I assure you.

*Lady E.* That I shall see presently; for here comes Sir Charles, and I'm sure my lord can't be far off.

*Enter* SIR CHARLES.

*Sir Char.* Servant, Lady Betty——My dear, how do you do?

*Lady E.* At your service, my dear—But, pray, what have you done with my Lord Morelove?

*Lady B.* Ay, Sir Charles, pray how does your pupil do? Have you any hopes of him? Is he docible?

*Sir Char.* [*Looking earnestly at her.*] Thou insolent creature! How can you make a jest of a man, whose whole life's but one continued torment, from your want of common gratitude?

*Lady B.* Torment! for my part, I really believe him as easy as you are.

*Sir Char.* Poor intolerable affectation! You know the contrary, you know him blindly yours, you know your power, and the whole pleasure of your life's the poor and low abuse of it.

*Lady B.* Pray how do I abuse it—if I have any power?

*Sir Char.* You drive him to extremes, that make him mad, then punish him for acting against his reason: but I have no regard to men in madness, I rather chuse for once to trust in your goodnature, in hopes the man, whom your unwary beauty had made miserable, your generosity would scorn to make ridiculous.

*Lady B.* Sir Charles, you charge me very home; I never had it in my inclination to make any thing ridiculous, that did not deserve it. Pray, what is this business you think so extravagant in him?

*Sir Char.* Something so absurdly rash and bold, you'll hardly forgive even me, that tell it you.

*Lady B.* O fie! If it be a fault, Sir Charles, I shall consider it as his, not yours. Pray, what is it?

*Sir Char.* This man, I say, whose unhappy passion has so ill succeeded with you, at last has forfeited all his hopes (into which, pardon me, I confess my friendship had lately flattered him) of even deserving now your lowest pity or regard.

*Lady B.* You amaze me——For I can't suppose, his utmost malice dares assault my reputation—and what——

*Sir Char.* No, but he maliciously presumes the world will do it for him; and, indeed, he has taken no unlikely means to make them busy with their tongues; for he is this moment upon the open Terrace, in the highest public gallantry with my Lady Graveairs.

*Lady B.* My Lady Graveairs! Truly I think my lord's very much in the right on't—for my part, Sir Charles, I don't see any thing in this that's so very ridiculous, nor, indeed, that ought to make me think either the better or the worse of him for't.

*Sir Char.* Pshaw! pshaw! madam, you and I know 'tis not in his power to renounce you; this is but the poor disguise of a resenting passion, vainly ruffled to a storm, which the least gentle look from you can reconcile at will, and laugh into a calm again.

*Lady B.* Indeed, Sir Charles, I shan't give myself that trouble, I believe.

*Sir Char.* So I told him, madam: are not all your complaints, said I, already owing to her pride; and can you suppose this public defiance of it, (which you know you can't make good, too) won't incense her more against you?—That's what I'd have, said he, staring wildly; I care not what becomes of me, so I but live to see her piqued at it.

*Lady B.* Upon my word, I fancy my lord will find himself mistaken—I shan't be piqued, I believe—I must first have a value for the thing I lose, before it piques me!—Piqued! ha! ha! ha!

[*Disordered.*

*Sir Char.* Madam, you have said the very thing I urged to him; I know her temper so well, said I, that, though she doted on you, if you once stood out against her, she'd sooner burst than show the least motion of uneasiness.

*Lady B.* I can assure you, Sir Charles, my lord won't find himself deceived in your opinion——piqued!

*Sir Char.* She has it. [*Aside.*

*Lady E.* Alas, poor woman! how little do our passions make us!

*Lady B.* Not but I would advise him to have a little regard to my reputation in this business; I would have him take heed of publicly affronting me. I'd have him consider that, methinks.

*Sir Char.* Alas, madam, he considers nothing but a senseless proud revenge, which, in his fit of lunacy, 'tis impossible that either threat or danger can dissuade him from.

*Lady B.* What! does he defy me! threaten me! then he shall see, that I have passions too, and know, as well as he, to stir my heart against any pride that dares insult me. Does he suppose I fear him? Fear the little malice of a slighted passion, that my own scorn has stung into a despised resentment! Fear him! O! it provokes me to think he dare have such a thought!

*Lady E.* Dear creature, don't disorder yourself so.

*Lady B.* Let me but live to see him once more within my power, and I'll forgive the rest of fortune.

*Lady E.* My dear, I am afraid you have provoked her a little too far.

*Sir Char.* O, not at all!—You shall see—I'll sweeten her, and she'll cool like a dish of tea.

*Lady B.* I may see him with his complaining face again——

*Sir Char.* I am sorry, madam, you so wrongly judge of what I've told you; I was in hopes to have stirred your pity, not your anger: I little thought your generosity would punish him for faults, which you yourself resolved he should commit.—Yonder he comes, and all the world with him: might I advise you, madam, you should not resent the thing at all——I would not so much as stay to see him in his fault;

nay, I'd be the last that heard of it; nothing can sting him more, or so justly punish his folly, as your utter neglect of it.

*Lady E.* Come, dear creature, be persuaded, and go home with me. Indeed it would show more indifference to avoid him.

*Lady B.* No, madam, I'll oblige his vanity for once, and stay, to let him see how strangely he has piqued me.

*Sir Char.* [*Aside.*] O not at all to speak of; you had as good part with a little of that pride of yours, or I shall yet make it a very troublesome companion to you. [*Exit.*

*Enter* LORD FOPPINGTON.

*Lord F.* Ladies, your servant—O! we have wanted you beyond reparation—such diversion!

*Lady B.* Well, my lord! have you seen my Lord Morelove?

*Lord F.* Seen him! Ha! ha! ha! ha!—O! I have such things to tell you, madam—you'll die—

*Lady B.* O, pray let's hear them—I was never in a better humour to receive them.

*Lord F.* Hark you. [*They whisper.*

*Enter* LORD MORELOVE, LADY GRAVEAIRS, *and* SIR CHARLES.

*Lord M.* So, she's engaged already.

[*To* SIR CHARLES.

*Sir Char.* So much the better; make but a just advantage of my success, and she's undone.

*Lord F.* } Ha! ha! ha!
*Lady B.* }

*Sir Char.* You see, already, what ridiculous pains she is taking to stir your jealousy, and cover her own.

*Lord F.* }
*Lady B.* } Ha! ha! ha!

*Lord M.* O, never fear me; for, upon my word, it now appears ridiculous, even to me.

*Sir Char.* And, hark you—

[*Whispers* LORD MORELOVE.

*Lady B.* And so the widow was as full of airs as his lordship?

*Sir Char.* Only observe that, and it is impossible you can fail. [*Aside.*

*Lord M.* Dear Charles, you have convinced me, and I thank you.

*Lady G.* My Lord Morelove! What, do you leave us?

*Lord M.* Ten thousand pardons, madam, I was but just—

*Lady G.* Nay, nay, no excuse, my lord, so you will but let us have you again.

*Sir Char.* [*Aside to* LARY GRAVEAIRS.] I see you have good humour, madam, when you like your company.

*Lady G.* And you, I see, for all your mighty thirst of dominion, could stoop to be obedient, if one thought it worth one's while to make you so.

*Sir Char.* Ha! power would make her an admirable tyrant. [*Aside.*

*Lady E.* [*Observing* SIR CHARLES *and* LADY GRAVEAIRS.] So! there's another couple have quarrelled too, I find—Those airs to my Lord Morelove, look as if designed to recover Sir Charles into jealousy: I'll endeavour to join the company, and, it may be, that will let me into the secret. [*Aside.*] My Lord Foppington, I vow, this is very uncomplaisant, to engross so agreeable a part of the company to yourself.

*Sir Char.* Nay, my lord, this is not fair, indeed, to enter into secrets among friends!—Ladies, what say you, I think we ought to declare against it.

*Lady B.* Well, ladies, I ought only to ask your

pardon: my lord's excusable, for I would haul him into a corner.

*Lord F.* I swear 'tis very hard, ho! I observe two people of extreme condition can no sooner grow particular, but the multitude of both sexes are immediately up, and think their properties invaded.——

*Lady B.* Odious multitude——

*Lord F.* Perish the canaille.

*Lady G.* O, my lord, we women have all reason to be jealous of Lady Betty Modish's power.

*Lord M.* [*To* LADY BETTY.] As the men, madam, all have of my Lord Foppington; besides, favourites of great merit discourage those of an inferior class for their prince's service: he has already lost you one of your retinue, madam.

*Lady B.* Not at all, my lord: he has only made room for another: one must sometimes make vacancies, or there could be no preferments.

*Lady E.* Ha! ha! Ladies' favours, my lord, like places at court, are not always held for life, you know.

*Lady B.* No, indeed! if they were, the poor fine women would be always used like their wives, and no more minded than the business of the nation.

*Lady E.* Have a care, madam: an undeserving favourite has been the ruin of many a prince's empire.

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! Upon my soul, Lady Betty, we must grow more discreet; for, positively, if we go on at this rate, we shall have the world throw you under the scandal of constancy; and I shall have all the swords of condition at my throat, for a monopolist.

*Lord M.* O! there's no great fear of that, my lord; though the men of sense give it over, there will be always some idle fellows vain enough to believe their merit may succeed as well as your lordship's.

*Lady B.* Or if they should not, my lord, out lovers, you know, need not fear being long out of employment,

while there are so many well disposed people in the world——There are generally neglected wives, stale maids, or charitable widows, always ready to relieve the necessities of a disappointed passion—and, by the way, hark you, Sir Charles——

*Lady G.* [*Aside.*] That wit was thrown at me, I suppose; but I'll return it,

*Lady B.* [*Softly to* SIR CHARLES.] Pray, how come you all this while to trust your mistress so easily?

*Sir Char.* One is not so apt, madam, to be alarmed at the liberties of an old acquaintance, as perhaps your ladyship ought to be at the resentment of an hard used, honourable lover.

*Lady B.* Suppose I were alarmed, how does that make you easy?

*Sir Char.* Come, come, be wise at last; a thousand busy tongues are set upon malicious inquiries into your reputation.

*Lady B.* Why, Sir Charles, do you suppose, while he behaves himself as he does, that I won't convince him of my indifference?

*Sir Char.* But hear me, madam——

*Lady G.* [*Aside.*] The air of that whisper looks as if the lady had a mind to be making her peace again; and 'tis possible, his worship's being so busy in the matter too, may proceed as much from his jealousy of my lord with me, as friendship to her; at least I fancy so: therefore I'm resolved to keep her still piqued, and prevent it, though it be only to gall him —Sir Charles, that is not fair, to take a privilege you just now declared against in my Lord Foppington.

*Lord M.* Well observed, madam.

*Lady G.* Besides, it looks so affected, to whisper, when every body guesses the secret.

*Lord M.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Lady B.* O! madam, your pardon in particular: but it is possible you may be mistaken: the secrets of people, that have any regard to their actions, are not

so soon guessed as theirs that have made a confidant of the whole town.

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Lady G.* A coquette, in her affected airs of disdain to a revolted lover, I'm afraid must exceed your ladyship in prudence, not to let the world see, at the same time, she'd give her eyes to make her peace with him; ha! ha!

*Lord M.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Lady B.* 'Twould be a mortification, indeed, if it were in the power of a fading widow's charms to prevent it; and the man must be miserably reduced, sure, that could bear to live buried in woollen, or take up with the motherly comforts of a swan-skin petticoat. Ha! ha!

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Lady G.* Widows, it seems, are not so squeamish to their interest; they know their own minds, and take the man they like, though it happens to be one that a froward, vain coquette, has disobliged, and is pining to be friends with.

*Lord M.* Nay, though it happens to be one that confesses he once was fond of a piece of folly, and afterwards ashamed on't.

*Lady B.* Nay, my lord, there's no standing against two of you.

*Lord F.* No, faith, that's odds at tennis, my lord: not but if your ladyship pleases, I'll endeavour to keep your backhand a little; though upon my soul you may safely set me up at the line: for, knock me down, if ever I saw a rest of wit better played, than that last, in my life——What say you, madam, shall we engage?

*Lady B.* As you please, my lord.

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! ha! *Allons! tout de bon jouer, milor.*

*Lord M.* O, pardon me, sir, I shall never think myself in any thing a match for the lady.

*Lord F.* To you, madam.

*Lady B.* That's much, my lord, when the world knows you have been so many years teasing me to play the fool with you.

*Lord M.* At a game, I confess, your ladyship has chosen a much properer person to improve your hand with.

*Lord F.* To me, madam——My lord, I presume whoever the lady thinks fit to play the fool with, will at least be able to give as much envy as the wise person, that had not wit enough to keep well with her when he was so.

*Lady G.* O! my lord! Both parties must needs be greatly happy; for I dare swear, neither will have any rivals to disturb them.

*Lord M.* Ha! ha!

*Lady B.* None that will disturb them, I dare swear.

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Lord M.*
*Lady G.* } Ha! ha! ha!
*Lady B.*

*Sir Char.* I don't know, gentlefolks——but you are all in extreme good humour, methinks; I hope there's none of it affected.

*Lady E.* I should be loath to answer for any but my Lord Foppington. [*Aside.*

*Lady B.* Mine is not, I'll swear.

*Lord M.* Nor mine, I'm sure

*Lady G.* Mine's sincere, depend upon it.

*Lord F.* And may the eternal frowns of the whole sex doubly demme, if mine is not.

*Lady E.* Well, good people, I am mighty glad to hear it. You have all performed extremely well; but, if you please, you shall ev'n give over your wit now, while it is well.

*Lady B.* [*To herself.*] Now I see his humour, I'll stand it out, if I were sure to die for it.

*Sir Char.* You should not have proceeded so far with my Lord Foppington, after what I had told you. [*Aside to* LADY BETTY.

*Lady B.* Pray, Sir Charles, give me leave to understand myself a little.

*Sir Char.* Your pardon, madam. I thought a right understanding would have been for both your interest and reputation.

*Lady B.* For his, perhaps.

*Sir Char.* Nay, then, madam, it's time for me to take care of my friend.

*Lady B.* I never, in the least, doubted your friendship to him in any thing that was to show yourself my enemy.

*Sir Char.* Since I see, madam, you have so ungrateful a sense of my Lord Morelove's merit, and my service, I shall never be ashamed of using my power henceforth to keep him entirely out of your ladyship's.

*Lady B.* Was ever any thing so insolent! I could find in my heart to run the hazard of a downright compliance, if it were only to convince him, that my power, perhaps, is not inferior to his. [*Aside.*

*Lady E.* My Lord Foppington, I think you generally lead the company upon these occasions. Pray, will you think of some prettier sort of diversion for us than parties and whispers?

*Lord F.* What say you, ladies, shall we step and see what's done at the basset table?

*Lady B.* With all my heart; Lady Easy——

*Lady E.* I think 'tis the best thing we can do; and because we won't part to-night, you shall all sup where you dined——What say you, my lord?

*Lord M.* Your ladyship may be sure of me, madam.

*Lord F.* Ay! ay! we'll all come.

*Lady E.* Then pray let's change parties a little.—My Lord Foppington, you shall 'squire me.

*Lord F.* O! you do me honour, madam. Lady Graveairs, you won't let Sir Charles leave us?

*Lady G.* No, my lord, we'll follow you.

*Lady B.* My Lord Morelove, pray let me speak with you.

*Lord M.* Me, madam?

*Lady B.* If you please, my lord.

*Lord M.* Ha! that look shot through me. What can this mean? [*Aside.*

*Lady B.* This is no proper place to tell you what it is, but there is one thing I'd fain be truly assured in: I suppose you'll be at my Lady Easy's by and by, and if you'll give me leave there——

*Lord M.* If you please to do me that honour, madam, I shall certainly be there.

*Lady B.* That's all, my lord.

*Lord M.* Is not your ladyship for walking?

*Lady B.* If your lordship dares venture with me.

*Lord M.* O! madam! [*Taking her Hand.*] How my heart dances! what heavenly music's in her voice, when softened into kindness! [*Aside.*

*Lady B.* Ha! his hand trembles——Sir Charles may be mistaken. [*Exeunt.*

*Lady G.* I'd speak with you.

*Sir Char.* But, madam, consider, we shall certainly be observed.

*Lady G.* Lord, sir, if you think it such a favour—
[*Exit hastily.*

*Sir Char.* Is she gone! let her go, &c.
[*Exit singing.*

## ACT THE FIFTH.

### SCENE I.

*The Castle Terrace.*

*Enter* SIR CHARLES *and* LORD MORELOVE.

*Sir Char.* Come a little this way—My Lady Graveairs had an eye upon me as I stole off, and I'm apprehensive will make use of any opportunity to talk with me.

*Lord M.* O! we are pretty safe here——Well, you were speaking of Lady Betty.

*Sir Char.* Ay, my lord——I say, notwithstanding all this sudden change of her behaviour, I would not have you yet be too secure of her: Death! my Lady Graveairs!

*Lord M.* Ha! she will have audience, I find.

*Sir Char.* There's no avoiding her——the truth is, I have owed her a little goodnature a great while—I see there is but one way of getting rid of her——I must even appoint her a day of payment at last. If you'll step into my lodgings, my lord, I'll just give her an answer, and be with you in a moment.

*Lord M.* Very well, I'll stay there for you.

[*Exit* LORD MORELOVE.

*Enter* LADY GRAVEAIRS, *on the other Side.*

*Lady G.* Sir Charles!

*Sir Char.* Come, come, no more of these reproachful looks: you'll find, madam, I have deserved better of you than your jealousy imagines—Is it a fault

to be tender of your reputation?——fie, fie—This may be a proper time to talk, and of my contriving too——you see I just now shook off my Lord Morelove on purpose.

*Lady G.* May I believe you?

*Sir Char.* Still doubting my fidelity, and mistaking my discretion for want of good-nature.

*Lady G.* Don't think me troublesome——'tis death to think of parting with you.

*Sir Char.* You wrong me to suppose the thought.

*Lady G.* I confess I would see you once again; if what I have more to say prove ineffectual, perhaps it may convince me then, 'tis my interest to part with you—Can you come to-night?

*Sir Char.* You know we have company, and I'm afraid they'll stay too late—Can't it be before supper? What's o'clock now?

*Lady G.* It's almost six.

*Sir Char.* At seven then be sure of me; till when, I'd have you go back to the ladies, to avoid suspicion, and about that time have the vapours.

*Lady G.* May I depend upon you? [*Exit.*

*Sir Char.* Depend on every thing—A very troublesome business this—send me once fairly rid on't—if ever I'm caught in an honourable affair again!—A debt now that a little ready civility, and away, would satisfy, a man might bear with; but to have a rent charge upon one's good-nature with an unconscionable long scroll of arrears too, that would eat out the profits of the best estate in Christendom—ah—intolerable! Well! I'll even to my lord, and shake off the thoughts on't. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SIR CHARLES'S *Lodgings.*

*Enter* SIR CHARLES *and* LORD MORELOVE.

*Lord M.* Charles, you have transported me! you have made my part in the scene so very easy too, 'tis impossible I should fail in it.

*Sir Char.* That's what I considered, for now the more you throw yourself into her power, the more I shall be able to force her into yours.

*Lord M.* Well, I am fully instructed, and will about it instantly—Won't you go along with me?

*Sir Char.* That may not be so proper;—besides, I have a little business upon my hands.

*Lord M.* Oh, your servant, sir—Good bye to you—you shan't stir.

*Sir Char.* My lord, your servant—[*Exit* LORD MORELOVE.] So! now to dispose myself till 'tis time to think of my Lady Graveairs—Umph! I have no great maw to that business, methinks, I don't find myself in humour enough to come up to the civil things that are usually expected in the making up of an old quarrel. [EDGING *crosses the Stage.*] There goes a warmer temptation by half;——Ha! into my wife's bed-chamber too——a question if the jade has any great business there!—I have a fancy she has only a mind to be taking the opportunity of nobody's being at home, to make her peace with me—let me see—ay, I shall have time enough to go to her ladyship afterwards—besides, I want a little sleep, I find. [*Going.*

*Enter* EDGING.

*Edg.* Did you call me, sir?

*Sir Char.* Ha! all's right—[*Aside.*]—Yes, madam, I did call you. [*Sits down.*

*Edg.* What would you please to have, sir?

*Sir Char.* Have! Why, I would have you grow a good girl, and know when you are well used, hussy.

*Edg.* Sir, I don't complain of any thing, not I.

*Sir Char.* Well, don't be uneasy—I am not angry with you now—Well, now you're good, you shall have your own way—I am going to lie down in the next room; and since you love a little chat, come and throw my night-gown over me, and you shall talk me to sleep. [*Exit* SIR CHARLES.

*Edg.* Yes, sir——for all his way, I see he likes me still. [*Exit after him.*

## SCENE III.

*The Terrace.*

*Enter* LADY BETTY, LADY EASY, *and* LORD MORELOVE.

*Lord M.* Nay, madam, there you are too severe upon him; for, bating now and then a little vanity, my Lord Foppington does not want wit sometimes to make him a very tolerable woman's man.

*Lady B.* But such eternal vanity grows tiresome.

*Lady E.* Come, if he were not so loose in his morals, his vanity, methinks, might be easily excused, considering how much 'tis in fashion; for, pray observe what's half the conversation of most of the fine young people about town, but a perpetual affectation of appearing foremost in the knowledge of manners, new modes, and scandal? and in that I don't see any body comes up to him.

*Lord M.* Nor I, indeed——and here he comes—Pray, madam, let's have a little more of him; ac-

body shows him to more advantage than your ladyship.

*Lady B.* Nay, with all my heart; you'll second me, my lord?

*Lord M.* Upon occasion, madam——

*Lady E.* Engaging upon parties, my lord?

[*Aside, and smiling to* LORD MORELOVE.

*Enter* LORD FOPPINGTON.

*Lord F.* So, ladies! what's the affair now?

*Lady B.* Why, you were, my lord! I was allowing you a great many good qualities, but Lady Easy says, you are a perfect hypocrite: and that whatever airs you give yourself to the women, she's confident you value no woman in the world equal to your own lady.

*Lord F.* You see, madam, how I am scandalized upon your account. But it's so natural for a prude to be malicious, when a man endeavours to be well with any body but herself; did you ever observe she was piqued at that before? ha! ha!

*Lady B.* I'll swear you are a provoking creature.

*Lord F.* Let's be more familiar upon it, and give her disorder! ha! ha!

*Lady B.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Lord F.* Stap my breath, but Lady Easy is an admirable discoverer—Marriage is indeed a prodigious security of one's inclination; a man's likely to take a world of pains in an employment, where he can't be turned out for his idleness.

*Lady B.* I vow, my lord, that's vastly generous to all the fine women; you are for giving them a despotic power in love, I see, to reward and punish as they think fit.

*Lord F.* Ha! ha! Right, madam, what signifies beauty without power?

*Lady E.* I'm afraid, Lady Betty, the greatest danger in your use of power, would be from a too heedless

liberality: you would more mind the man than his merit.

*Lord F.* Piqued again, by all that's fretful—Well, certainly, to give envy is a pleasure inexpressible.

[*To* LADY BETTY.

*Lady B.* Ha! ha!

*Lady E.* Does not he show him well, my lord?

[*Aside to* LORD MORELOVE.

*Lord M.* Perfectly, and me to myself——For now I almost blush to think I ever was uneasy at him.

[*To* LADY EASY.

*Lord F.* Lady Easy, I ask ten thousand pardons, I'm afraid I'm rude all this while.

*Lady E.* Oh, not at all, my lord, you are always good company, when you please: not but in some things, indeed, you are apt to be like other fine gentlemen, a little too loose in your principles.

*Lord F.* Oh, madam, never to the offence of the ladies; I agree in any community with them: nobody is a more constant churchman, when the fine women are there.

*Lady E.* Oh, fie, my lord, you ought not to go for their sakes at all. And I wonder you, that are for being such a good husband of your virtues, are not afraid of bringing your prudence into a lampoon or a play.

*Lady B.* Lampoons and plays, madam, are only things to be laughed at.

*Lord F.* Odso! Ladies, the court's coming home, I see; shall not we make our bows?

*Lady B.* Oh, by all means.

*Lady E.* Lady Betty, I must leave you: for I am obliged to write letters, and I know you won't give me time after supper.

*Lady B.* Well, my dear, I'll make a short visit, and be with you. [*Exit* LADY EASY.] Pray, what's become of my Lady Graveairs?

*Lord M.* Oh, I believe she's gone home, madam; she seemed not to be very well.

*Lord F.* And where's Sir Charles, my lord?

*Lord M.* I left him at his own lodgings.

*Lady B.* He's upon some ramble, I'm afraid.

*Lord F.* Nay, as for that matter, a man may ramble at home sometimes—But here come the chaises, we must make a little more haste, madam.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

SIR CHARLES'S *Lodgings.*

*Enter* LADY EASY *and a* SERVANT.

*Lady E.* Is your master come home?

*Serv.* Yes, madam.

*Lady E.* Where is he?

*Serv.* I believe, madam, he's laid down to sleep.

*Lady E.* Where's Edging? Bid her get me some wax and paper——stay, it's no matter; now I think on it—there's some above, upon my toilette.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE V.

*Another Apartment.*

SIR CHARLES *discovered without his Periwig, and* EDGING *by him, both asleep in two easy Chairs. Then enter* LADY EASY, *who starts and trembles, some Time unable to speak.*

*Lady E.* Ha! protect me, virtue, patience, reason! Teach me to bear this killing sight, or let

Me think my dreaming senses are deceiv'd;
For sure a sight like this might raise the arm
Of duty ev'n to the breast of love! At least
I'll throw this vizor of my patience off:
Now wake him in his guilt,
And barefac'd front him with my wrongs.
I'll talk to him till he blushes, nay till he——
Frowns on me, perhaps—and then
I'm lost again—The ease of a few tears
Is all that's left to me——
And duty too forbids me to insult,
When I have vow'd obedience—Perhaps
The fault's in me, and nature has not form'd
Me with the thousand little requisites
That warm the heart to love——
Somewhere there is a fault——
But Heav'n best knows what both of us deserve:
Ha! bare headed, and in so sound a sleep!
Who knows, while thus expos'd to th' unwholesome air,
But Heav'n offended may o'ertake his crime,
And in some languishing distemper, leave him
A severe example of it's violated laws——
Forbid it mercy, and forbid it love.
This may prevent it.

[*Takes a Steinkirk off her Neck, and lays it gently on his Head.*

And if he should wake, offended at my too busy care, let my heart-breaking patience, duty, and my fond affection plead my pardon.

[*Exit.—After she has been out some Time, a Bell rings;* EDGING *wakes, and stirs* SIR CHARLES.

*Edg.* Oh!

*Sir Char.* How now! what's the matter?

*Edg.* Oh, bless my soul, my lady's come home.

*Sir Char.* Go, go, then. [*Bell rings.*

*Edg.* Oh, lud! my head's in such a condition too. [*Runs to the Glass.*] I am coming, madam.—Oh, lud! here's no powder neither——Here, madam. [*Exit.*

*Sir Char* How now! [*Feeling the Steinkirk on his Head.*] What's this? How came it here? Did not I see my wife wear this to-day?——Death! she can't have been here, sure—It could not be jealousy that brought her home—for my coming was accidental—so too, I fear, was hers—How careless have I been!—not to secure the door neither—'Twas foolish—It must be so! She certainly has seen me here, sleeping with her woman:—if so, how low an hypocrite to her must that sight have proved me!—The thought has made me despicable ev'n to myself—How mean a vice is lying, and how often have these empty pleasures lulled my honour and my conscience to lethargy, while I grossly have abused her, poorly skulking behind a thousand falsehoods!—Now I reflect, this has not been the first of her discoveries——How contemptible a figure must I have made to her!——A crowd of recollected circumstances confirms me now, she has been long acquainted with my follies, and yet with what amazing prudence has she borne the secret pangs of injured love, and wore an everlasting smile to me! This asks a little thinking——something should be done—I'll see her instantly, and be resolved from her behaviour. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VI.

*Another Room.*

*Enter* LADY EASY *and* EDGING.

*Lady E.* Where have you been, Edging?

*Edg.* Been, madam! I—I—I—I— came as soon as I heard you ring, madam.

*Lady E.* How guilt confounds her! but she's below my thought—Fetch my last new gown hither—I have a mind to alter it a little—make haste.

*Edg.* Yes, madam——I see she does not suspect any thing. [*Exit.*

*Lady E.* Heigho! [*Sitting down.*] I had forgot—but I'm unfit for writing now——'Twas an hard conflict——yet it's a joy to think it over: a secret pride to tell my heart my conduct has been just——How low are vicious minds that offer injuries! how much superior innocence, that bears them!——Still there's a pleasure even in the melancholy of a quiet conscience. Away, my fears, it is not yet impossible—for while his human nature is not quite shook off, I ought not to despair.

*Enter* EDGING, *with a Gown.*

*Edg.* Here's the gown, madam.

*Lady E.* So, sit down there——and, let me see—here, rip off all that silver.

*Edg.* Indeed I always thought it would become your ladyship better without it—But now suppose, madam, you carried another row of gold round the scollops, and then you take and lay this silver plain all along the gathers, and your ladyship will perfectly see it will give the thing ten thousand times another air.

*Lady E.* Pr'ythee don't be impertinent; do as I bid you.

*Edg.* Nay, madam, with all my heart, your ladyship may do as you please.

*Lady E.* This creature grows so confident, and I dare not part with her, lest he should think it jealousy. [*Aside.*

*Enter* SIR CHARLES.

*Sir Char.* So, my dear! What, at work! how are you employed, pray?

*Lady E.* I was thinking to alter this gown here.

*Sir Char.* What's amiss? Methinks it's very pretty.

*Edg.* Yes, sir, it's pretty enough, for that matter: but my lady has a mind it should be proper too.

*Sir Char.* Indeed!

*Lady E.* I fancy plain gold and black would become me better.

*Sir Char.* That's a grave thought, my dear.

*Edg.* O, dear sir, not at all, my lady's much in the right; I am sure, as it is, it's fit for nothing but a girl.

*Sir Char.* Leave the room.

*Edg.* Lord, sir! I can't stir——I must stay to——

*Sir Char,* Go—— [*Angrily.*

*Edg.* [*Throwing down the Work hastily, and crying, Aside.*] If ever I speak to him again, I'll be burned. [*Exit* EDGING.

*Sir Char.* Sit still, my dear,—I came to talk with you——and, which you well may wonder at, what I have to say is of importance too, but 'tis in order to my hereafter always talking kindly to you.

*Lady E.* Your words were never disobliging, nor can I charge you with a look that ever had the appearance of being unkind.

*Sir Char.* How could a woman of your restraint in principles, sedateness, sense, and tender disposition, propose to lead an happy life with one (now I reflect) that hardly took an hour's pains, even before marriage, to appear but what I am: a loose, unheeded, wretch, absent in all I do, civil, and as often rude, without design, unseasonably thoughtful, easy to a fault, and, in my best of praise, but carelessly good-natured? How shall I reconcile your temper with having made so strange a choice?

*Lady E.* Your own words may answer you—Your having never seemed to be but what you really were; and through that carelessness of temper there still shone forth to me an undesigning honesty, I always

doubted of in smoother faces: thus, while I saw you took least pains to win me, you pleased and woo'd me most: nay, I have thought, that such a temper could never be deliberately unkind: or, at the worst, I knew that errors from the want of thinking might be borne; at least, when probably one moment's serious thought would end them: these were my worst of fears, and these, when weighed by growing love against my solid hopes, were nothing.

*Sir Char.* My dear, your understanding startles me, and justly calls my own in question: I blush to think I've worn so bright a jewel in my bosom, and, till this hour, have scarce been curious once to look upon its lustre.

*Lady E.* You set too high a value on the common qualities of an easy wife.

*Sir Char.* Virtues, like benefits, are double, when concealed: and I confess, I yet suspect you of an higher value far than I have spoke you.

*Lady E.* I understand you not.

*Sir Char.* I'll speak more plainly to you—be free and tell me—Where did you leave this handkerchief?

*Lady E.* Ha!

*Sir Char.* What is it you start at? You hear the question.

*Lady E.* What shall I say? my fears confound me.

*Sir Char.* Be not concerned, my dear, be easy in the truth, and tell me.

*Lady E.* I cannot speak—and I could wish you'd not oblige me to it—'tis the only thing I ever yet refused you—and though I want reason for my will, let me not answer you.

*Sir Char.* Your will then be a reason; and since I see you are so generously tender of reproaching me, it is fit I should be easy in my gratitude, and make what ought to be my shame my joy; let me be therefore pleased to tell you now, your wondrous conduct

has waked me to a sense of your disquiet past, and resolution never to disturb it more—And (not that I offer it as a merit, but yet in blind compliance to my will) let me beg you would immediately discharge your woman.

*Lady E.* Alas! I think not of her—O, my dear, distract me not with this excess of goodness.

[*Weeping.*

*Sir Char.* Nay, praise me not, lest I reflect how little I have deserved it; I see you are in pain to give me this confusion.—Come, I will not shock your softness, by my untimely blush for what is past, but rather sooth you to a pleasure at my sense of joy, for my recovered happiness to come. Give then to my new-born love what name you please, it cannot, shall not be too kind: O! it cannot be too soft for what my soul swells up with emulation to deserve—Receive me then entire at last, and take what yet no woman ever truly had, my conquered heart.

*Lady E.* Now am I blest indeed, to see you kind without the expense of pain in being so; to make you mine with easiness: thus, thus to have you mine, is something more than happiness, 'tis double life, and madness of abounding joy! But it was a pain intolerable to give you a confusion.

*Sir Char.* O thou engaging virtue! But I am too slow in doing justice to thy love: I know thy softness will refuse me; but remember, I insist upon it —let thy woman be discharged this minute.

*Lady E.* No, my dear, think me not so low in faith, to fear, that after what you have said, it will ever be in her power to do me future injury: when I can conveniently provide for her, I'll think on it: but to discharge her now, might let her guess at the occasion; and methinks I would have our difference, like our endearments, be equally a secret to our servants.

*Sir Char.* Still my superior every way—be it as you

have better thought——Well, my dear, now I'll confess a thing that was not in your power to accuse me of; to be short, I own this creature is not the only one I have been to blame with.

*Lady E.* I know she is not, and was always less concerned to find it so, for constancy in errors might have been fatal to me.

*Sir Char.* What is it you know, my dear?

[*Surprised.*

*Lady E.* Come, I'm not afraid to accuse you now—my Lady Graveairs—Your carelessness, my dear, let all the world know it, and it would have been hard, indeed, had it been only to me a secret.

*Sir Char.* My dear, I will ask no more questions, for fear of being more ridiculous: I do confess, I thought my discretion there had been a masterpiece——How contemptible must I have looked all this while!

*Lady E.* You shan't say so.

*Sir Char.* Well, to let you see I had some shame, as well as nature in me, I had writ this to my Lady Graveairs, upon my first discovering that you knew I had wronged you—read it.

*Lady E.* [Reads.] *Something has happened that prevents the visit I intended you; and I could gladly wish you never would reproach me, if I tell you, 'tis utterly inconvenient, that I should ever see you more.*

This indeed was more than I had merited.

*Enter a* SERVANT.

*Sir Char.* Who is there? Here—Step with this to my Lady Graveairs.

[*Seals the Letter, and gives it to the* SERVANT.

*Serv.* Yes, sir.—Madam, my Lady Betty's come.

*Lady E.* I'll wait on her. [*Exit* SERVANT.

*Sir Char.* My dear, I am thinking, there may be other things my negligence may have wronged you in.—Is

there any part or circumstance in your fortune, that I can change or yet make easier to you?

*Lady E.* None, my dear; your good nature never stinted me in that; and now, methinks, I have less occasion there than ever.

*Enter a* SERVANT.

*Serv.* Sir, my Lord Morelove's come.

*Sir Char.* I am coming—[*Exit* SERVANT.] I think I told you of the design we had laid against Lady Betty?

*Lady E.* You did, and I should be pleased to be myself concerned in it.

*Sir Char.* I believe we may employ you: I know he waits for me with impatience. But, my dear, won't you think me tasteless to the joy you have given me, to suffer, at this time, any concern, but you, to employ my thoughts?

*Lady E.* Seasons must be obeyed; and since I know your friend's happiness depending, I could not taste my own, should you neglect it.

*Sir Char.* Thou easy sweetness—O! what a waste on thy neglected love, has my unthinking brain committed! but time, and future thrift of tenderness, shall yet repair it all. The hours will come when this soft gliding stream, that swells my heart, uninterrupted shall renew its course—

And, like the ocean after ebb, shall move,
With constant force of due returning love.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VII.

*Another Room.*

*Enter* LADY EASY *and* LADY BETTY.

*Lady B.* You have been in tears, my dear, and yet you look pleased too.

*Lady E.* You will pardon me, if I cannot let you into circumstances: but be satisfied, Sir Charles has made me happy, even to a pain of joy.

*Lady B.* Indeed, I am truly glad of it, though I am sorry to find, that any one, who has generosity enough to do you justice, should, unprovoked, be so great an enemy to me.

*Lady E.* Sir Charles your enemy!

*Lady B.* My dear, you will pardon me, if I always thought him so, but now I am convinced of it.

*Lady E.* In what, pray? I cannot think you will find him so.

*Lady B.* O, madam! it has been his whole business, of late, to make an utter breach between my Lord Morelove and me.

*Lady E.* That may be owing to your usage of my lord: perhaps he thought it would not disoblige you. I am confident you are mistaken in him.

*Lady B.* O! I don't use to be out in things of this nature; I can see well enough: but I shall be able to tell you more, when I have talked with my lord.

*Lady E.* Here he comes—and, because you shall talk with him——No excuses—for, positively, I will leave you together.

*Lady B.* Indeed, my dear, I desire you will stay, then; for I know you think now, that I have a mind to——

*Lady E.* To——to——Ha! ha! ha! [*Going.*
*Lady B.* Well, remember this——

*Enter* LORD MORELOVE.

*Lord M.* I hope I don't fright you away, madam?

*Lady E.* Not at all, my lord; but I must beg your pardon for a moment; I will wait upon you immediately. [*Exit.*

*Lady B.* My Lady Easy gone?

*Lord M.* Perhaps, madam, in friendship to you: she thinks I may have deserved the coldness you of late have shown to me, and was willing to give you this opportunity, to convince me, you have not done it without just grounds and reason.

*Lady B.* How handsomely does he reproach me! but I cannot bear that he should think I know it—[*Aside.*] My lord, whatever has passed between you and me, I dare swear, that could not be her thoughts at this time; for, when two people have appeared professed enemies, she cannot but think one will as little care to give, as the other to receive, a justification of their actions.

*Lord M.* Passion, indeed, often does repeated injuries on both sides, but I don't remember, in my heat of error, I ever yet professed myself your enemy.

*Lady B.* My lord, I shall be very free with you—I confess, I do not think now I have a greater enemy in the world.

*Lord M.* If having long loved you, to my own disquiet, be injurious, I am contented then to stand the foremost of your enemies.

*Lady B.* O, my lord! there's no great fear of your being my enemy that way, I dare say——

*Lord M.* There is no other way my heart can bear to offend you now, and I foresee in that it will persist to my undoing.

*Lady B.* Fie, fie, my lord, we know where your heart is well enough.

*Lord M.* My conduct has, indeed, deserved this scorn, and therefore, 'tis but just I should submit to your resentment, and beg (though I am assured in vain) for pardon. [*Kneels.*

*Enter* SIR CHARLES.

*Sir Char.* How, my lord!

[LORD MORELOVE *rises.*

*Lady B.* Ha! He here! This was unlucky. [*Aside.*

*Sir Char.* I am sorry to see, you can so soon forget yourself: methinks the insults you have borne from that lady, by this time, should have warned you into a disgust of her regardless principles.

*Lord M.* Hold, Sir Charles! while you and I are friends, I desire you would speak with honour of this lady—'Tis sufficient, I have no complaint against her, and———

*Lady B.* My lord, I beg you would resent this thing no farther: an injury, like this, is better punished with our contempt; apparent malice should only be laughed at.

*Sir Char.* Ha! ha! the old resource. Offers of any hopes to delude him from his resentment; and then, you are sure to keep your word with him.

*Lady B.* Sir Charles—to let you know how far I am above your little spleen—my lord, your hand, from this hour———

*Sir Char.* Pshaw! pshaw! all design! all pique! mere artifice, and disappointed woman.

*Lady B.* Look you, sir, not that I doubt my lord's opinion of me, yet———

*Sir Char.* Look you, madam, in short, your word has been too often taken, to let you make up quarrels,

as you used to do, with a soft look, and a fair promise, you never intended to keep.

*Lady B.* Was ever such insolence! He won't give me leave to speak.

*Lord M.* Sir Charles!—

*Lady B.* No, pray, my lord, have patience; and since his malice seems to grow particular, I dare his worst, and urge him to the proof on't. Pray, sir, wherein can you charge me with breach of promise to my lord?

*Sir Char.* Death, you won't deny it? How often, to piece up a quarrel, have you appointed him to visit you alone; and, though you have promised to see no other company the whole day, when he was come, he has found you among the laugh of noisy fops, coquettes, and coxcombs, dissolutely gay, while your full eyes ran over with transport of their flattery, and your own vain powers of pleasing: and the minute they were gone, grew only dull to him; sunk into a distasteful spleen, complained you had talked yourself into the head-ache, and then indulged upon the dear delight of seeing him in pain; and by that time you had stretched and gaped him heartily out of patience, of a sudden, most importantly remember, you had outsat your appointment with my Lady Fiddlefaddle; and immediately order your coach to the park!

*Lady B.* Yet, sir, have you done?

*Sir Char.* No——though this might serve to show the nature of your principles; but the noble conquest you have gained, at last, over defeated sense of reputation too, has made your fame immortal.

*Lord M.* How, sir?

*Lady B.* My reputation?

*Sir Char.* Ay, madam, your reputation—My lord, if I advance a falsehood, then resent it.—I say, your reputation——It has been your life's whole pride of

late, to be the common toast of every public table; vain even in the infamous addresses of a married man, my Lord Foppington; let that be reconciled with reputation, I will now shake hands with shame, and bow me to the low contempt which you deserve from him; not but I suppose you will yet endeavour to recover him. Now you find ill usage in danger of losing your conquest, 'tis possible you will stop at nothing to preserve it.

*Lady B.* Sir Charles—

[*Walks disordered, and he after her.*

*Sir Char.* I know your vanity is so voracious, it will even wound itself to feed itself; offer him a blank, perhaps, to fill up, with hopes of what nature he pleases, and part even with your pride, to keep him.

*Lady B.* Sir Charles, I have not deserved this of you. [*Bursting into tears.*

*Sir Char.* Ah, true woman! drop him a soft dissembling tear, and then his just resentment must be hushed of course.

*Lord M.* O, Charles! I can bear no more; those tears are too reproaching.

*Sir Char.* Hist, for your life! [*Aside, and then loud.*] My lord, if you believe her, you are undone; the very next sight of my lord Foppington would make her yet forswear all that she can promise.

*Lady B.* My Lord Foppington! Is that the mighty crime that must condemn me then? You know I used him but as a tool of my resentment, which you yourself, by a pretended friendship to us both, most artfully provoked me to——

*Lord M.* Hold, I conjure you, madam, I want not this conviction.

*Lady B.* Send for him this minute, and you and he shall both be witnesses of the contempt and detestation I have for any forward hopes his vanity may have given him, or your malice would insinuate.

*Sir Char.* Death! you would as soon eat fire—as soon part with your luxurious taste of folly, as dare to own the half of this before his face, or any one, that would make you blush to deny it to——Here comes my wife; now, we shall see——Ha! and my Lord Foppington with her——Now! now, we shall see this mighty proof of your sincerity——Now! my lord, you'll have a warning sure, and henceforth know me for your friend indeed!

*Enter* LADY EASY *and* LORD FOPPINGTON.

*Lady E.* In tears, my dear! what's the matter?

*Lady B.* Oh, my dear, all I told you is true: Sir Charles has shown himself so inveterately my enemy, that if I believed I deserved but half his hate, 'twould make me hate myself.

*Lord F.* Hark you, Charles, pr'ythee what is this business?

*Sir Char.* Why, yours, my lord, for aught I know—I have made such a breach betwixt them——I cannot promise much for the courage of a woman; but if hers holds, I am sure it is wide enough; you may enter ten abreast, my lord.

*Lord F.* Say'st thou so, Charles? then I hold six to four, I am the first man in the town.

*Lady E.* Sure there must be some mistake in this: I hope he has not made my lord your enemy.

*Lady B.* I know not what he has done.

*Lord M.* Far be that thought! alas! I am too much in fear myself, that what I have this day committed, advised by his mistaken friendship, may have done my love irreparable prejudice.

*Lady B.* No, my lord, since I perceive his little arts have not prevailed upon your good nature, to my prejudice, I am bound in gratitude, in duty to myself, and to the confession you have made, my lord, to acknowledge now, I have been to blame too.

*Lord M.* Ha! is it possible? can you own so much?

*Lady B.* He says, I have taken pleasure in seeing you uneasy——I own it——but twas when that uneasiness I thought proceeded from your love: and if you did love——'twill not be much to pardon it.

*Lord M.* O, let my soul, thus bending to your power, adore this soft descending goodness.

*Lady B.* And since the giddy woman's slights I have shown you too often have been public, 'tis fit, at last, the amends and reparation should be so: therefore, what I offered to Sir Charles, I now repeat before this company, my utter detestation of any past or future gallantry, that has or shall be offered by me, to your uneasiness.

*Lord M.* Oh, be less generous, or teach me to deserve it——Now blush, Sir Charles, at your injurious accusation

*Lord F.* Ah! *Pardi, Voila quelque chose d'extraordinaire.*

*Lady B.* As for my Lord Foppington, I owe him thanks, for having been so friendly an instrument of our reconciliation; for though in the little outward gallantry I received from him, I did not immediately trust him with my design in it, yet I have a better opinion of his understanding, than to suppose he could mistake it.

*Lord F.* I am struck dumb with the deliberation of her assurance, and do not positively remember, that the *nonchalance* of my temper ever had so bright an occasion to show itself before.

*Lady B.* My lord, I hope you will pardon the freedom I have have taken with you.

*Lord F.* O, madam, do not be under the confusion of an apology upon my account; for in cases of this nature, I am never disappointed, but when I find a lady of the same mind two hours together——

Madam, I have lost a thousand fine women in my time; but never had the ill manners to be out of humour with any one for refusing me, since I was born.

*Lady B.* My lord, that's a very prudent temper.

*Lord F.* Madam, to convince you, that I am in an universal peace with mankind, since you own I have so far contributed to your happiness, give me leave to have the honour of completing it, by joining your hand where you have already offered up your inclination.

*Lady B.* My lord, that's a favour I can't refuse you.

*Lord M.* Generous indeed, my lord.

[LORD FOPPINGTON *joins their Hands.*

*Lord F.* And stap my breath, if ever I was better pleased, since my first entrance into human nature.

*Sir Char.* How now, my lord! what! throw up the cards before you have lost the game?

*Lord F.* Look you, Sir Charles, 'tis true, I did design to have played with her alone: but he, that will keep well with the ladies, must sometimes be content to make one at a pool with them; and since I know I must engage her in my turn, I don't see any great odds in letting him take the first game with her.

*Lady B.* And now, Sir Charles.

*Sir Char.* And now, madam, I'll save you the trouble of a long speech; and, in one word, confess that every thing that I have done in regard to you this day was purely artificial—I saw there was no way to secure you to my Lord Morelove, but by alarming your pride with the danger of losing him: and since the success must have by this time convinced you, that in love nothing is more ridiculous than an over-acted aversion; I am sure you won't take it ill, if we at last congratulate your good-nature, by heartily laughing at the fright we had put you in: ha! ha! ha!

*Lady E.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Lady B.* Why——well, I declare it now, I hate you worse than ever.

*Sir Char.* Ha! ha! ha! And was it afraid they would take away its love from it!——Poor Lady Betty! ha! ha!

*Lady E.* My dear, I beg your pardon; but it is impossible not to laugh, when one is so heartily pleased.

*Lord F.* Really, madam, I am afraid the humour of the company will draw me into your displeasure, too; but if I were to expire this moment, my last breath would positively go out with a laugh. Ha! ha! ha!

*Lady B.* Nay, I have deserved it all, that's the truth on't—but, I hope, my lord, you were not in this design against me?

*Lord M.* As a proof, madam, I am inclined never to deceive you more—I do confess I had my share in it.

*Lady B.* You do, my lord——then I declare it was a design, one or other—the best carried on that ever I knew in my life: and (to my shame I own it) for aught I know, the only thing that could have prevailed upon my temper; 'twas a foolish pride, that has cost me many a bitten lip to support it—I wish we don't both repent, my lord.

*Lord M.* Don't you repent without me, and we never shall.

*Sir Char.* Well, madam, now the worst that the world can say of your past conduct is, that my lord had constancy, and you have tried it.—Now, my dear, I find my happiness grow fast upon me; in all my past experience of the sex, I found, even among the better sort, so much of folly, pride, malice, passion, and irresolute desire, that I concluded thee but of the foremost rank, and, therefore, scarce worthy my concern; but thou hast stirred me with so severe

a proof of thy exalted virtue, it gives me wonder equal to my love——If, then, the unkindly thought of what I have been hereafter shall intrude upon thy growing quiet, let this reflection teach thee to be easy:

Thy wrongs, when greatest, most thy virtue prov'd;
And, from that virtue found, I blush'd, and truly lov'd. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

THE END.

# SHE WOULD & SHE WOULD NOT

DON MANUEL. — OH! THE MALICIOUS JADE HAS A MIND TO RUIN ME ALL AT ONCE —

ACT. III. SCENE. I

PAINTED BY [illegible]

# SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

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# REMARKS.

This comedy has neither wit nor sentiment—but it has, instead, swearing, lying, and imposture.—These vices are, however, mingled so dexterously with interesting plot, excellent occurrence, and some bold characters, that the whole composition is entertaining on the stage; though it must infallibly create animadversion, both there and in the closet.

As soon as an English writer finds himself on Spanish ground, as in this play, there is no event, however impossible, that he does not treat as a probability; and an audience, on such occasions, no sooner find their imagination led somewhat too far into the regions of fancy, then, calling to mind that the scene is placed in a foreign country, they begin to account every circumstance natural, however contrary to the rules of reason—as if reason presided alone over the island of Great Britain.

The reader of "She wou'd and she wou'd not," will have occasion, very often, to recollect, that he is as far removed from Old England as the metropolis of Madrid, before he will be able to reconcile himself to all the wonders contained in the book. Here, two women pass through the whole play, without ex-

citing the least suspicion of their sex, for two men—and, along with other as extraordinary incidents, a brother does not know his own sister, nor a lover his most beloved mistress, in familiar conference, because they are dressed in men's attire.

But the trivial occurrence, from whence the following five acts are wholly produced, is the loss of a portmanteau; and it is most curious to watch the ingenuity of the author through all those intricate contrivances, and plausible explanations, by which, upon this slight incident, he continually baffles the wise plans of one party of his characters, by the crafty schemes of the other.

Humorous suspense, and more humorous surprise, are the reward of strict attention to the scenes of this drama—and, from the rising of the curtain till its falling, one comic event will be found artfully to create another; whilst the importance of each is augmented as each successively takes place; till the catastrophe, the most important of all, completes a work most whimsically conceived, and most skilfully conducted to its very close.

Those characters which have any peculiar mark of distinction, beyond what the happy occurrence of the moment produces, are Don Manuel, Trappanti, and Hypolita—one a father, the other a servant man, and the last a young lady in love. But these three personages, though all extremely pleasant on the stage, are, in their individual capacities, such as no child would revere, no master would trust, and no prudent man would take for a wife.

Considering all the failings of this play, in point of moral use,—or, more justly, its bias to immoral purpose—the attempt to draw a moral at its conclusion, is nearly as comic as any thing in the whole production. Hypolita, the chief cause and propagator of every deception practised, and every falsehood uttered, now, towards the end of the play, delivers an ostentatious sentiment upon the just punishment which has fallen on Don Manuel,—for his having formerly swerved from the paths of truth and honour, by a breach of promise.

To sum up the merits of this comedy—no auditor or reader will be the wiser, or the better for it. Yet, he may possibly, after either seeing or reading it, be in a much better temper;—for the bad man may rejoice that he here finds persons as bad as himself—and the good man will certainly rejoice, that he does not resemble any of them.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|---|---|
| DON MANUEL | *Mr Munden.* |
| DON PHILIP | *Mr C. Kemble.* |
| DON OCTAVIO | *Mr Brunton.* |
| DON LEWIS | *Mr Claremont.* |
| CORREGIDOR | *Mr Creswell.* |
| ALGUAZILS | *Mr Jefferies.* / *Mr Powers.* |
| DIEGO | *Mr Davenport.* |
| TRAPPANTI | *Mr Fawcett.* |
| SOTO | *Mr Blanchard.* |
| JASPER | *Mr Field.* |
| SANCHO | *Mr W. Murray.* |
| LORENZO | *Mr Sarjant.* |
| PEDRO | *Mr L. Bologna.* |
| COOK | *Mr Platt.* |
| POSTBOY | *Mr T. Blanchard.* |
| HYPOLITA | *Miss Smith.* |
| FLORA | *Miss Searle.* |
| ROSARA | *Miss Brunton.* |
| VILETTA | *Mrs Mattocks.* |

*SCENE,—Madrid.*

# SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT.

## ACT THE FIRST.

### SCENE I.

*An Inn in Madrid.*

*Enter* TRAPPANTI *alone, talking to himself.*

*Trap.* Indeed, my friend Trappanti, thou'rt in a very thin condition; thou hast neither master, meat, nor money: not but, couldst thou part with that unappeaseable itch of eating too, thou hast all the ragged virtues that were requisite to set up an ancient philosopher: contempt and poverty, kicks, thumps, and thinking, thou hast endured with the best of them; but—when fortune turns thee up to hard fasting, that is to say, positively not eating at all, I perceive thou art a downright dunce, with the same stomach, and no more philosophy, than a hound upon horse-flesh—Fasting's the devil!——Let me see—this, I take it, is the most frequented inn about Madrid, and if a keen guest or two should drop in now—Hark!

*Host.* [*Within.*] Take care of the gentlemen's horses, there; see them well rubbed and littered.

*Trap.* Just alighted! if they do but stay to eat, now! Impudence assist me. Ha! a couple of pretty young sparks, 'faith!

*Enter* HYPOLITA *and* FLORA *in Men's Habits; a* SERVANT *with a Portmanteau.*

Welcome to Madrid, sir; welcome, sir.

*Flora.* Sir, your servant.

*Serv.* Have the horses pleased your honour?

*Hyp.* Very well indeed, friend. Pr'ythee, set down the portmanteau, and see that the poor creatures want nothing: they have performed well, and deserve our care.

*Trap.* I'll take care of that, sir. Here, ostler!

[*Exeunt* TRAPPANTI *and* POSTBOY.

*Flora.* And pray, madam, what do I deserve, that have lost the use of my limbs, to keep pace with you? 'Sheart! you whipped and spurred like a fox-hunter: it's a sign you had a lover in view: I'm sure my shoulders ache as if I had carried my horse on them.

*Hyp.* Poor Flora! thou art fatigued indeed; but I shall find a way to thank thee for't.

*Flora.* And now, madam, pray what do you propose will be the end of our journey?

*Hyp.* Why, now, I hope the end of my wishes.—I'll tell thee, Flora: you know Don Philip wants no charms that can recommend him as a lover; in birth and quality, I confess him my superior; and it is the thought of that has been a constant thorn upon my wishes. I never saw him in the humblest posture, but still I fancied he secretly presumed his rank and fortune might deserve me: this always stung my pride, and made me overact it: nay, sometimes when his sufferings have almost drawn tears into my eyes, I have turned the subject with some trivial talk, or hummed a spiteful tune, though I believed his heart was breaking.

*Flora.* But, love be praised, your proud stomach's come down for it.

*Hyp.* Indeed, 'tis not altogether so high as it was. In a word, his last letter set me at my wit's end; and, when I came to myself, you may remember you thought me bewitched; for I immediately called for my boots and breeches, a-straddle we got, and so rode after him.

*Flora.* Why, truly, madam, as to your wits, I have not much altered my opinion of them, for I can't see what you propose by it.

*Hyp.* My whole design, Flora, lies in this portmanteau, and these breeches.

*Flora.* A notable design, no doubt; but, pray, let's hear it.

*Hyp.* Why, I do propose to be twice married between them.

*Flora.* How! twice?

*Hyp.* By the help of my portmanteau, I intend to marry myself to Don Philip's new mistress, and then —I'll put off my breeches and marry him.

*Flora.* Now I begin to take ye: but pray, what's in the portmanteau, and how came you by it?

*Hyp.* I hired one to steal it from his servant, at the last inn we lay at in Toledo. In it are jewels of value, presents to my bride, gold good store, settlements, and credential letters, to certify that the bearer, (which I intend to be myself) is Don Philip, only son and heir of Don Fernando de las Torres, now residing at Seville, whence we came.

*Flora.* A very smart undertaking, by my troth! And pray, madam, what part am I to act?

*Hyp.* My woman still; when I can't lie for myself, you are to do it for me, in the person of a cousin-german.

*Flora.* And my name is to be——

*Hyp.* Don Guzman, Diego, Mendez, or what you please: be your own godfather.

*Flora.* 'Egad, I begin to like it mightily! this may prove a very pleasant adventure, if we can but come off without fighting; which, by the way, I don't easily perceive we shall; for, to be sure, Don Philip will make the devil to do with us, when he finds himself here before he comes hither.

*Hyp.* Oh, let me alone to give him satisfaction.

*Flora.* I'm afraid it must be alone, if you do give him satisfaction; for my part, I can push no more than I can swim.

*Hyp.* But can you bully upon occasion?

*Flora.* I can scold, when my blood's up.

*Hyp.* That's the same thing: bullying would be scolding in petticoats.

*Flora.* Say ye so? Why, then, Don, look to yourself; if I don't give you as good as you bring, I'll be content to wear breeches as long as I live. Well, madam, now you have opened the plot, pray when is the play to begin?

*Hyp.* I hope to have it all over in less than four hours: we'll just refresh ourselves with what the house affords, comb out our wigs, and wait upon my father-in-law——

*Enter* TRAPPANTI.

How now! what would this fellow have?—

*Trap.* Servant, gentlemen; I have taken nice care of your nags; good cattle they are, by my troth! right and sound, I warrant them; they deserve care, and they have had it, and shall have it, if they stay in this house.—I always stand by, sir, see them rubbed down with my own eyes——Catch me trusting an ostler, I'll give you leave to fill for me, and drink for me too.

*Flora.* I have seen this fellow somewhere.

*Trap.* Hey-day! what, no cloth laid! was ever such attendance! Hey, house! tapster! landlord!

hey! [*Knocks.*] What was it you bespoke, gentlemen?

*Hyp.* Really, sir, I ask your pardon, I have almost forgot you.

*Trap.* Psha! dear sir, never talk of it. I live here hard by—I have a lodging—I can't call it a lodging, neither—that is, I have a——Sometimes I am here, and sometimes I am there; and so, here and there, one makes shift, you know.—Hey! will these people never come?

*Hyp.* You give a very good account of yourself, sir.

*Trap.* Oh, nothing at all, sir. Lord, sir—was it fish or flesh, sir?

*Flora.* Really, sir, we have bespoke nothing yet.

*Trap.* Nothing! for shame! it's a sign you are young travellers. You don't know this house, sir; why, they'll let you starve, if you don't stir and call, and that like thunder too—Hey!

*Hyp.* Ha! you eat here sometimes, I presume, sir?

*Trap.* Umph!—Ay, sir, that's as it happens—— I seldom eat at home, indeed—Hey! [*Knocks.*

*Enter* HOST.

*Host.* Did you call, gentlemen?

*Trap.* Yes, and bawl too, sir. Here the gentlemen are almost famished, and nobody comes near them. What have you in the house now, that will be ready presently?

*Host.* You may have what you please, sir.

*Hyp.* Can you get us a partridge?

*Host.* Sir, we have no partridges; but we'll get you what you please in a moment. We have a very good neck of mutton, sir; if you please it shall be clapped down in a moment.

*Hyp.* Have you no pigeons or chickens?

*Host.* Truly, sir, we have no fowl in the house at present; if you please, you may have any thing else in a moment.

*Hyp.* Then, pr'ythee, get us some young rabbits.

*Host.* Upon my word, sir, rabbits are so scarce, they are not to be had for money; but, if you please, you may have any thing else in a moment.

*Trap.* Plague on thee! hast thou nothing but any thing else in the house?

*Host.* Very good mutton, sir.

*Hyp.* Pr'ythee get us a breast, then.

*Host.* Breast! don't you love the neck, sir?

*Hyp.* Have you nothing in the house but the neck?

*Host.* Really, sir, we don't use to be so unprovided; but at present we have nothing else left.

*Trap.* 'Egad, it's neck or nothing here! Well, I don't know but a nothing else may be very good meat, when any thing else is not to be had.

*Hyp.* Then, pr'ythee, friend, let's have thy neck of mutton, before that is gone too.

*Trap.* Sir, he shall lay it down this minute; I'll see it done, gentlemen; I'll wait upon you presently; for a minute I must beg your pardon, and leave to lay the cloth myself.

*Hyp.* By no means, sir.

*Trap.* No ceremony, dear sir! Indeed I'll do it.

[*Exeunt* HOST *and* TRAPPANTI.

*Hyp.* What can this familiar puppy be?

*Flora.* With much ado I have recollected his face. Don't you remember, madam, about two or three years ago, Don Philip had a trusty servant, called Trappanti, that used now and then to slip a note into your hand, as you came from church?

*Hyp.* Is this he that Philip turned away, for saying I was as proud as a beauty, and homely enough to be good-humoured?

*Flora.* The very same, I assure ye; only, as you see, starving has altered his air a little.

*Hyp.* I have a great mind to take him into my service; his assurance may be useful, as my case stands.

*Flora.* You would not tell him who you are?

*Hyp.* There's no occasion for it——I'll talk with him.

*Enter* TRAPPANTI.

*Trap.* Your dinner's upon the spit, gentlemen, and the cloth is laid in the best room——Are you not for a whet, sir?—What wine? what wine? hey!

*Flora.* We give you trouble, sir.

*Trap.* Not in the least, sir——Hey! [*Knocks.*

*Enter* HOST.

*Host.* D'ye call, gentlemen?

*Hyp.* Ay; what wine have ye?

*Host.* What sort you please, sir.

*Flora.* Sir, will you please to name it?

[*To* TRAPPANTI.

*Trap.* Nay, pray, sir.

*Hyp.* No ceremony, dear sir! upon my word you shall.

*Trap.* Upon my soul, you'll make me leave ye, gentlemen.

*Hyp.* Come, come, no words. Pr'ythee, you shall.

*Trap.* Psha! but why this among friends, now? Here—have ye any right Galicia?

*Host.* The best in Spain, I warrant it.

*Trap.* Let's taste it; if it be good, set us out half a dozen bottles, for dinner.

*Host.* Yes, sir. [*Exit* HOST.

*Hyp.* Pray, sir, (for I find we are like to be better acquainted, therefore I hope you won't take my question ill)——

*Trap.* O, dear sir!

*Hyp.* What profession may you be of?

*Enter* HOST.

*Trap.* Profession, sir—I—I—'Ods me! here's the wine.—Come, fill out—hold—let me taste it first—Ye blockhead! would ye have the gentleman drink before he knows whether it be good or not? [*Drinks.*]—Yes, 'twill do—give me the bottle; I'll fill myself.—Now, sir, is not that a glass of right wine?

*Hyp.* Extremely good, indeed——But, sir, as to my question.

*Trap.* I'm afraid, sir, that mutton won't be enough for us all.

*Hyp.* Oh, pray, sir, bespeak what you please.

*Trap.* Sir, your most humble servant——Here, master! pr'ythee get us a—ha! ay, get us a dozen of poached eggs, a dozen, d'ye hear—just to—pop down a little.

*Host.* Yes, sir. [*Going.*

*Trap.* Friend—let there be a little slice of bacon to every one of them.

*Host.* A little thin slice, sir? [*Going.*

*Trap.* No, not too thin, you dog!

*Hyp.* But, sir——

*Trap.* 'Odso! I had like to have forgot—here, a—Sancho—Sancho!—Ay, is not your name Sancho?

*Host.* Diego, sir.

*Trap.* Oh, ay, Diego; that's true, indeed, Diego. Umph!

*Hyp.* I must e'en let him alone; there's no putting in a word till his mouth's full.

*Trap.* Come, here's to thee, Diego.—[*Drinks, and fills again.*] That I should forget thy name, though.

*Host.* No great harm, sir.

*Trap.* Diego! ha; a very pretty name, 'faith!—I think you are married—are you not, Diego?

*Host.* Ay, ay, sir.

*Trap.* Ha! how many children?

*Host.* Nine girls, and a boy, sir!

*Trap.* Ha! nine girls!—Come, here's to thee, again, Diego——Nine girls! a stirring woman, I dare say; a good housewife, ha, Diego?

*Host.* Pretty well, sir.

*Trap.* Makes all her pickles herself, I warrant ye ——Does she do olives well?

*Host.* Will you be pleased to taste them, sir?

*Trap.* Taste them! hum! pr'ythee let's have a plate, Diego.

*Host.* Yes, sir.

*Hyp.* And our dinner as soon as you please, sir: when it's ready, call us.

*Host.* Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

*Hyp.* But, sir, I was asking you of your profession.

*Trap.* Profession! really, sir, I don't use to profess much: I am a plain-dealing sort of a man: if I say I'll serve a gentleman, he may depend upon me.

*Flora.* Have you ever served, sir?

*Trap.* Not these two last campaigns.

*Hyp.* How so?

*Trap.* Some words with my superior officer; I was a little too free in speaking my mind to him.

*Hyp.* Don't you think of serving again, sir?

*Trap.* If a good post fall in my way.

*Hyp.* I believe I could help you:—Pray, sir, when you served last, did you take pay or wages?

*Trap.* Pay, sir!—Yes, sir, I was paid, cleared, subsistence, and arrears to a farthing.

*Hyp.* And your late commander's name was——

*Trap.* Don Philip de las Torres.

*Hyp.* Of Seville?

*Trap.* Of Seville.

*Hyp.* Sir, your most humble servant.—You need not be curious, for I am sure you don't know me; though I do you, and your condition; which I dare promise you I'll mend, upon our better acquaintance: and your first step to deserve it, is to answer

me honestly to a few questions. Keep your assurance still; it may do me service; I shall like you better for it. Come, here's to encourage you.

[*Gives him money.*

*Trap.* Sir, my humble service to you.

*Hyp.* Well said!

*Trap.* I never heard a gentleman talk better in my life. I have seen such a sort of a face before; but where——I don't know, nor I don't care. It's your glass, sir.

*Hyp.* Come, now, what made Don Philip turn you out of his service? why did you leave him?

*Trap.* 'Twas time, I think; his wits had left him—the man was mad.

*Hyp.* Mad!

*Trap.* Ay, stark mad—in love.

*Hyp.* In love! how, pray?

*Trap.* Very deep—up to the ears—over head——drowned by this time—he would in——I would have had him stopped, when he was up to the middle.

*Hyp.* What was she he was in love with?

*Trap.* The devil.

*Hyp.* So, now for a very ugly likeness of my own face! [*Aside.*] What sort of a devil?

*Trap.* The damning sort—a woman.

*Hyp.* Had she no name?

*Trap.* Her Christian name was Donna Hypolita; but her proper name was Shittlecock.

*Flora.* How d'ye like that? [*Aside to* HYPOLITA.

*Hyp.* Pretty well. [*Aside to* FLORA.] Was she handsome?

*Trap.* Umph!—so, so.

*Flora.* How d'ye like that? [*To* HYPOLITA.

*Hyp.* Umph!—so, so. [*To* FLORA.] Had she wit?

*Trap.* Sometimes.

*Hyp.* Good humour?

*Trap.* Very seldom.

*Hyp.* Proud?

*Trap.* Ever.

*Hyp.* Was she honest?

*Trap.* Very proud.

*Hyp.* What, had she no good qualities?

*Trap.* 'Faith, I don't remember them.

*Hyp.* Ha! d'ye think she loved him?

*Trap.* If she did, 'twas as the cobbler loved his wife.

*Hyp.* How's that?

*Trap.* Why, he beat her thrice a-day, and told his neighbours he loved her ne'er the worse; but he was resolved she should never know it.

*Hyp.* Did she use him so very ill?

*Trap.* Like a jade.

*Flora.* How d'ye do, now? [*To* HYPOLITA.

*Hyp.* I don't know—methinks, I—But, sure—what, was she not handsome, say ye?

*Trap.* A devilish tongue.

*Hyp.* What was she? how did she look?

*Trap.* Look! why, 'faith, the woman looked very well, when she had a blush in her face.

*Hyp.* Did she often blush?

*Trap.* I never saw her.

*Flora.* How d'ye like the picture, madam? [*Aside.*

*Hyp.* Oh, oh, extremely well! the rogue has put me into a cold sweat. I am as humble as an offending lover.

*Enter* HOST.

*Host.* Gentlemen, your dinner's upon the table. [*Exit* HOST.

*Hyp.* That's well. Come, sir; at dinner I'll give you further instructions, how you may serve yourself and me.

*Trap.* Come, sir. [*To* FLORA.

*Flora.* Nay, dear sir! no ceremony.

*Trap.* Sir, your very humble servant.

[*As they are going,* HYPOLITA *stops them.*

*Hyp.* Back, back; here's one I don't care should see me.

*Trap.* Sir, the dinner will be cold.

*Hyp.* Do you eat it hot, then; we are not hungry.

*Trap.* Sir, your humble servant, again.

[*Exit* TRAP.

*Flora.* You seem concerned; who is it?

*Hyp.* My brother, Octavio, as I live!—Come this way. [*They retire.*

*Enter* OCTAVIO *and* JASPER.

*Oct.* Jasper, run immediately to Rosara's woman; tell her I am just come to town; slip that note into her hand, and stay for an answer. [*Exit* JASPER.

*Flora.* 'Tis he!

*Host.* [*Within.*] Here, sir, please to walk this way.

*Flora.* And Don Philip, by Jupiter!

*Enter* DON PHILIP.

*Phil.* When my servant comes, send him to me immediately.

*Host.* [*Within.*] Yes, sir.

*Hyp.* Nay, then, it is time for us to make ready—*Allons!* [*Exeunt* HYPOLITA *and* FLORA.

*Oct.* Don Philip!

*Phil.* Dear Octavio!

*Oct.* What lucky point of the compass could blow us to one another so?

*Phil.* 'Faith! a wind very contrary to my inclination; but the worst, I see, blows some good. I am overjoyed to see you.—But what makes you so far from the army?

*Oct.* Who thought to have found you so far from Seville?

*Phil.* What do you do at Madrid?

*Oct.* Oh, friend, such an unfortunate occasion, and

yet such a lucky discovery! such a mixture of joy and torment, no poor dog upon earth was ever plagued with.

*Phil.* Unriddle, pray.

*Oct.* Don't you remember, about six months ago, I wrote you word of a dear delicious, sprightly creature, that I had bombarded for a whole summer?

*Phil.* I remember.

*Oct.* You must know, her perfidious father, contrary to his treaty with me, and her inclination, is going to——

*Phil.* Marry her to another——

*Oct.* Of a better estate than mine, it seems. She tells me, here, he is within a day's march of her, and begs me to come upon the spur to her relief.—There's her express; read it.

HYPOLITA, FLORA, *and* TRAPPANTI, *appear in the Balcony.*

*Flora.* Trappanti, there's your old master.

*Trap.* Ay, I know him again; but I may chance to tell him he did not know a good servant when he had him.

*Phil.* [Reads.] *My father has concluded a match for me with one I never saw, and intends, in two days, to perfect it: the gentleman is expected every hour. In the mean time, if you know any friend, that has a better title to me, advise him forthwith to put in his claim. I am almost out of my senses, which you will easily believe, when I tell you, if such a one should make haste, I sha'n't have time to refuse him any thing.*

*Phil.* No name?

*Oct.* She never would trust it in a letter.

*Flora.* If this should be Don Philip's mistress!

*Trap.* Sir, you may take my word it is: I know the lady, and what the neighbours say of her.

*Phil.* What will you do in this case?

*Oct.* That I don't yet know: I am half distracted;

I have just sent my servant to tell her I am come to town, and beg an opportunity to speak with her; I long to see her; I warrant the poor fool will be so soft, and so humble, now she's in a fright!

*Phil.* What will you propose at your meeting her?

*Oct.* I don't know; may be another meeting; at least, it will come to a kind look, a kiss, good b'ye, and a sigh.—Ah! if I can but persuade her to run away with me!

*Phil.* Consider——

*Oct.* Ah! so I do.—What pleasure 'twould be, to have her steal out of her bed in a sweet moonshiny night; to hear her come pat, pat, pat, along in her slippers; with nothing but a thin silk nightgown loose about her; and, in this tempting dress, to have her jump into my arms, breathless with fear!

*Phil.* Octavio, I envy thee! thou art the happiest man in thy temper——

*Oct.* And thou art the most altered I ever knew.—Pr'ythee, what makes thee so much upon the humdrum? Well, are my sister and you come to a right understanding yet? When do you marry?

*Hyp.* So, now I shall have my picture by another hand!

*Phil.* My condition, Octavio, is very much like your mistress's;—she is going to marry the man she never saw, and I the woman.

*Oct.* 'Sdeath! you make me tremble! I hope, 'tis not my mistress!

*Phil.* Thy mistress! that were an idle fear.—Madrid's a wide place;—or, if it were, (she loving you) my friendship and my honour would oblige me to desist.

*Oct.* That's generous, indeed: but still you amaze me! Are you quite broke off with my sister? I hope she has given you no reason to forget her.

*Hyp.* Now I tremble.

*Phil.* The most severe that ever beauty printed in the heart of man; a coldness unaccountable to sense.

*Oct.* Psha! dissembled.

*Phil.* I can't think it; lovers are soon flattered into hope; but she appeared to me indifferent, to so nice a point, that she has ruined me without the trouble of resolving it.

*Oct.* For all her usage of you, I'll be racked if she did not love you.

*Phil.* I rather think she hated me: however, now 'tis past, and I must endeavour to think no more of her.

*Oct.* Then you are determined to marry this other lady?

*Phil.* That's my business to Madrid.

*Trap.* Which shall be done to your hand.

*Phil.* Besides, I am now obliged by contract.

*Oct.* Then, though she be my sister, may some jealous, old, ill-natured dog, revenge your quarrel to her!

*Hyp.* Thank you, sir!

*Phil.* Come, forget it.

*Hyp.* Come, we have seen enough of the enemy's motions, to know 'tis time for us to decamp.

[*Exeunt* HYPOLITA, FLORA *and* TRAPPANTI.

*Oct.* With all my heart; let's go in, and drink your new mistress's health. When do you visit her?

*Phil.* I intended it immediately; but an unlucky accident has hindered me: one of my servants fell sick upon the road, so that I am forced to make shift with one, and he is the most negligent, sottish rogue in nature: has left my portmanteau, where all my writings and letters of concern are, behind him, at the last town we lay at; so that I cannot properly visit the lady, or her father, till I am able to assure them who I am.

*Oct.* Why don't you go back yourself, to see for them?

*Phil.* I have sent my servant, for I am really tired: I was loth to appear so much concerned for them, lest the rascal should think it worth his while to run away with them.

*Enter* JASPER.

*Oct.* How now?

*Jasp.* Here's an answer, sir.

[*Gives a letter and exit.*

*Oct.* [*To* DON PHILIP.] My dear friend, I beg a thousand pardons; I must leave you this minute; the kind creature has sent for me. I am a soldier, you know, and orders must be obeyed; when I come off duty, I'll immediately wait upon you.

*Phil.* You'll find me here, or hear of me. Adieu! Here, house! [*Exit* OCTAVIO.

*Enter* HOST.

Pr'ythee, see if my servant be come yet.

*Host.* I believe he is, sir; is he not in blue?

*Phil.* Ay—where is the sot?

*Host.* Just refreshing himself with a glass at the gate.

*Phil.* Pray tell the gentleman I'd speak with him. [*Exit* HOST.] In all the necessaries of life, there is not a greater plague than servants.—Hey, Soto! Soto!—

*Enter* SOTO, *drunk.*

*Soto.* Did you please to—to—call, sir?

*Phil.* What's the reason, blockhead, I must always wait upon you, thus?

*Soto.* Sir, I did not know any thing of it. I—I—came as soon as you se—se—se—sent for me.

*Phil.* And why not without sending, sir? Did you think I expected no answer to the business I sent you about?

*Soto.* Yes, sir—I did think you would be willing—that is—to have an account—so I staid to take a glass at the door, because I would not be out of the way—huh!

*Phil.* You are drunk, rascal!—Where's the portmanteau?

*Soto.* Sir, I am here—if you please, I'll give you the whole account how the matter is—huh!

*Phil.* Speak, villain! [*Strikes him.*

*Soto.* I will, sir, as soon as I can put my words into an intelligible order: I ar'n't running away, sir.

*Phil.* To the point, sirrah!

*Soto.* Not of your sword, dear sir!

*Phil.* Sirrah, be brief, or I'll murder you; where's the portmanteau?

*Soto.* Sir, as I hope to breathe, I made all the strictest search in the world, and drank at every house upon the road, going and coming, and asked about it; and so, at last, as I was coming within a mile of the town here, I found then—

*Phil.* What?

*Soto.* That it must certainly be lost!

*Phil.* Dog! d'ye think this must satisfy me? [*Beats him.*

*Soto.* Lord, sir, you won't hear reason——Are you sure you ha'n't it about you?—If I know any thing of it, I wish I may be burnt!

*Phil.* Villain! your life can't make me satisfaction!

*Soto.* No, sir; that's hard—a man's life can't—for my part—I—I—

*Phil.* Why do I vent my rage against a sot, a clod of earth?—I should accuse myself, for trusting him.

*Soto.* Sir—I had rather—bought a portmanteau, out of my own pocket, than have had such a life about it.

*Phil.* Be dumb!

*Soto.* Ahuh! Yes.

*Phil.* If this rascal had stole it, sure he would not

have ventured to come back again!—I am confounded! Neither Don Manuel, nor his daughter, know me, nor any of his family. If I should not visit him till I can receive fresh letters from my father, he'll, in the mean time, think himself affronted by my neglect. What shall I do?—Suppose I go and tell him my misfortune, and beg his patience till we can hear again from Seville.—I must think.—Hey, sot!—

[*Exit.*

*Soto.* I had rather have bought a portmanteau, out of my own pocket, than have had such a life about it.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* HYPOLITA, FLORA, *and* TRAPPANTI.

*Trap.* Hold, sir: let me touch up your foretop a little.

*Hyp.* Well, Trappanti, you know your business; and if I marry the lady, you know my promise too.

*Trap.* Sir, I shall remember them both—'Odso! I had like to have forgot——Here, house! a bason and wash-ball—I've a razor about me.—Hey!—

[*Knocks.*

*Hyp.* What's the matter?

*Trap.* Sir, you are not shaved.

*Hyp.* Psha! pr'ythee, don't stand fooling—we're in haste.

*Flora.* Ay, ay, shave another time.

*Trap.* Nay, what you please, sir; your beard is not much—you may wear it to-day.

[*Taking her by the chin.*

*Flora.* Ay, and to-morrow too: pray, sir, will you see the coach ready, and put in the things?

*Trap.* Sir, I'll see the coach ready, and put in the things. [*Exit* TRAPPANTI.

*Flora.* Come, madam, courage!—Now, let's do something for the honour of our sex—give a proof of our parts—and tell mankind we can contrive, fa-

tigue, bustle, and bring about, as well as the best of them.

*Hyp.* Well said, Flora: for the honour of our sex be it then; and let the grave dons think themselves as wise as they please: but Nature knows there goes more wit to the management of some amours, than the hardest point in politics:

Therefore, to men th' affair of state's confined;
Wisely, to us the state of love's assign'd,
As love's the weightier bus'ness of mankind.

[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT THE SECOND.

### SCENE I.

DON MANUEL'S *House.*

*Enter* ROSARA *and* VILETTA.

*Vil.* Hear reason.

*Ros.* Talk of Octavio then.

*Vil.* How do you know but the gentleman, your father designs you for, may prove as pretty a fellow as he?

*Ros.* Do you expect Octavio should thank you for this?

*Vil.* The gentleman is no fool.

*Ros.* He'll hate any one that is not a friend to his love.

*Vil.* Hang them, say I: but can't one quench the thirst without jumping into the river? Is there no difference between cooling and drowning? If Octavio must be the man, I say let Don Philip be the husband.

*Ros.* I tell you, fool, I'll have no man but an husband, and no husband but Octavio: when you find I am weary of him, I'll give you leave to talk to me of somebody else.

*Vil.* In vain, I see——I have done, madam—one must have time to be wise: but, in the mean while, what do ye resolve? positively not to marry Don Philip?

*Ros.* I don't know what I shall do till I see Octavio. When did he say he would be here?

*Vil.* Oh! I dare not tell you, madam.

*Ros.* Why?

*Vil.* I am bribed to the contrary.

*Ros.* By whom?

*Vil.* Octavio; he just now sent me this lovely piece of gold, not to tell you what time he would be here.

*Ros.* Nay then, Viletta, here are two pieces that are twice as lovely; tell me, when shall I see him?

*Vil.* Umph! these are lovely pieces indeed! [*Smiling.*

*Ros.* When, Viletta?

*Vil.* Have you no more of them, madam?

*Ros.* Psha! there, take purse and all; will that content thee?

*Vil.* Oh, dear madam! I should be unconscionable to desire more; but really, I was willing to have them all first. [*Courtesying.*

*Ros.* When will he come?

*Vil.* Why, the poor gentleman has been hankering about the house this quarter of an hour; but I did not observe, madam, you were willing to see him, till you had convinced me by so plain a proof.

*Ros.* Where's my father?

*Vil.* Fast asleep, in the great chair.

*Ros.* Fetch him in then, before he wakes.

*Vil.* Let him wake, his habit will protect him.

*Ros.* His habit!

*Vil.* Ay, madam; he's turned friar, to come at you: if your father surprises us, I have a lie ready to back him.——Hist, Octavio! you may enter.

*Enter* OCTAVIO, *in a Friar's Habit.*

*Oct.* After a thousand frights and fears, do I live to see my dear Rosara once again, and kind?

*Ros.* What shall we do, Octavio?

[*Looking kindly on him.*

*Oct.* Kind creature! Do! why, as lovers should do; what nobody can undo; let's run away this minute, tie ourselves fast in the church knot, and defy fathers and mothers.

*Ros.* And fortunes too?

*Oct.* Psha! we shall have it one day: they must leave their money behind them.

*Ros.* Suppose you first try my father's good-nature? You know, he once encouraged your addresses.

*Oct.* First, let's be fast married: perhaps he may be good-natured, when he can't help it. Come, come, stand to your arms; whip a suit of night clothes into your pocket, and let's march off in a body together.

*Don Manuel* [*Without.*] Viletta! Viletta!

*Ros.* Ah! my father!

*Oct.* Dead!

*Vil.* To your function.

*Enter* DON MANUEL.

*Man.* Viletta!

*Vil.* Sir!

*Man.* Where's my daughter?

*Vil* Hist! don't disturb her.

*Man.* Disturb her! Why, what's the matter?

*Vil* She's at confession, sir.

*Man.* Confession! I don't like that; a young woman ought to have no sins at all.

*Vil.* Ah! dear sir, there's no living without them.

*Man.* She's now at years of discretion.

*Vil.* There's the danger, sir; she's just of the tasting age: one has really no relish of a sin till fifteen.

*Man.* Ah! then the jades have swinging stomachs. I find, her aversion to the marriage I have proposed her, has put her upon disobedient thoughts: there can be no confession without guilt

*Vil.* Nor no pardon, sir, without confession.

*Man.* Fiddle faddle! I won't have her seem wicked.—Hussy, you shall confess for her; I'll have her send her sins by you; you know them, I'm sure; but I'll know what the friar has got out of her——'Save you, father!.

*Oct.* Bless you, son!

*Man.* How now! What's become of Father Benedict? Why is not he here?

*Vil.* Sir, he is not well; and so desired this gentleman, his brother here, to officiate for him.

*Man.* He seems very young, for a confessor.

*Vil.* Ay, sir; he has not been long at it.

*Oct.* Nor don't desire to be long in it. [*Aside.*

*Man.* Well, sir, how do you find the pulse of iniquity beat there? What sort of sin has she most stomach to?

*Oct.* Why truly, sir, we have all frailties, and your daughter has had most powerful temptations.

*Man.* Nay, the devil has been very busy with her these two days.

*Oct* She has told me a most lamentable story.

*Man.* Ten to one but this lamentable story proves a most damnable lie!

*Oct.* Indeed, son, I find by her confession, that you

are much to blame for your tyrannical government of her.

*Man.* Hey-day! what, has the jade been inventing sins for me, and confessing them instead of her own? Let me come—she shall be locked up till she repents them too. But pray, if you please, let's come to the point: what are these terrible cruelties that this tender lady accuses me of?

*Oct.* Why, she confessed her first maiden, innocent affection had long been settled upon a young gentleman, whose love to her you once encouraged, and after their most solemn vows of mutual faith, you have most barbarously broke in upon her hopes; and, to the utter ruin of her peace, contracted her to a man she never saw.

*Man.* Very good! I see no harm in all this.

*Oct.* Methinks the welfare of a daughter, sir, might be of weight enough to make you serious.

*Man.* Serious! so I am, sir. What a devil! must I needs be melancholy, because I have got her a good husband?

*Oct.* Her melancholy may tell you, sir, she can't think him a good one.

*Man.* Sir, I understand thinking better than she; and I'll make her take my word.

*Oct.* What have you to object against the man she likes?

*Man.* The man I like.

*Oct.* Suppose the unhappy youth she loves should throw himself at your feet, and try to melt you into pity?

*Man.* Ay! that if he can.

*Oct.* Were you one moment to reflect upon the pangs which separated lovers feel; were nature dead in you, that thought might wake her.

*Man.* Sir, when I am asked to do a thing I have not a mind to do, my nature sleeps like a top.

*Oct.* Then I must tell you, sir, this obstinacy

obliges me, as a churchman, to put you in mind of your duty, and to let you know too, you ought to pay more reverence to our order.

*Man.* Sir, I am not afraid of the sin of marrying my daughter to the best advantage; and so, if you please, father, you may walk home again——when any thing lies upon my conscience, I'll send for you.

*Oct.* Nay, then, 'tis time to claim a lover's right, and to tell you, sir, the man that dares to ask Rosara from me is a villain. [*Throws off his disguise.*

*Vil.* So! here will be fine work! [*Aside.*

*Man.* Octavio! the devil!

*Oct.* You'll find me one, unless you do me speedy justice: since not the bonds of honour, nature, nor submissive reason can oblige you, I am reduced to take a surer, shorter way, and force you to be just. I advise you, sir, to think on't. [*Walks about angrily.*

*Man.* Ah! here's a confessor! ah! that jade of mine!—and that other jade of my jade's——Here has been rare doings!—Well! it sha'n't hold long; madam shall be noosed to-morrow morning——Ha! Sir's in a great passion here, but it won't do—those long strides, don, will never bring you the sooner to your mistress.——Rosara! step into that closet, and fetch my spectacles off the table there. [*Sings.*

*Vil.* I don't like the gentleman's looks. [*Aside.*

*Ros.* This obstinacy of yours, my dear father, you shall find runs in the family.

[*Exit* ROSARA, *and* DON MANUEL *locks her in.*

*Man.* Tum! dum! dum! [*Sings.*

*Oct.* Sir, I would advise you, as your nearest friend, to defer this marriage for three days.

*Man.* Tum! dum! dum!

*Vil.* Sir, you have locked my mistress in. [*Pertly.*

*Man.* Tum! dum! dum!

*Vil.* If you please to lend me the key, sir, I'll let her out.

*Man.* Tum! dum! dum!

*Oct.* You might afford me at least, as I am a gentleman, a civil answer, sir.

*Man.* Why, then, in one word, sir, you shall not marry my daughter; and, as you are a gentleman, I'm sure you won't think it good manners to stay in my house, when I submissively beg of you to walk out.

*Oct.* You are the father of my mistress, and something, sir, too old to answer as you ought this wrong; therefore I'll look for reparation where I can with honour take it; this, sir, be sure of, the man that offers at Rosara's love, shall have one virtue, courage, at least; I'll be his proof of that, and ere he steps before me, force him to deserve her. [*Exit* OCTAVIO.

*Man.* Ah! poor fellow! he's mad now, and does not know what he would be at.——But, however, 'twill be no harm to provide against him——Who waits there?

*Enter a* SERVANT.

Run you for an alguazil, and bid your fellows arm themselves; I expect mischief at my door immediately: if Octavio offers any disturbance, knock him down, and bring him before me. [*Exit* SERVANT.

*Vil.* Hist! don't I hear my mistress's voice?

*Ros.* [*Within.*] Viletta!

*Vil.* Here, here, madam—Bless me! what's this?

[VILETTA *listens at the closet door, and* ROSARA *thrusts a billet to her through the key-hole.*

Ha! a billet——to Octavio—a—hem.

[*Puts it into her bosom.*

*Man.* How now, hussy? What are you fumbling about that door for?

*Vil.* Nothing, sir; I was only peeping to see if my mistress had done prayers yet.

*Man.* Oh! she had as good let them alone; for she shall never come out till she has stomach enough to fall to upon the man I have provided for her. But hark

you, Mrs Modesty, was it you pray, that let in that able comforter for my babe of grace there?

*Vil.* Yes, sir, I let him in. [*Pertly.*

*Man.* Did you so?—Ha! then if you please, madam,—I'll let you go out—go—go—get a sheet of brown paper, pack up your things, and let me never see that damn'd ugly face of thine as long as I live.

*Vil.* Bless me, sir! you are in a strange humour, that you won't know when a servant does as she should do!

*Man.* Thou art strangely impudent!

*Vil.* Only the farthest from it in the world, sir.

*Man.* Then I am strangely mistaken; didst not thou own just now thou let'st him in?

*Vil.* Yes—but 'twas in disguise—for I did not design you should see him, because I know you did not care my mistress should see him.

*Man.* Ha!

*Vil.* And I knew, at the same time, she had a mind to see him.

*Man.* Ha!

*Vil.* And you know, sir, that the sin of loving him had laid upon her conscience a great while; so I thought it high time she should come to a thorough confession.

*Man.* Ha!

*Vil.* So upon this, sir, as you see—I—I—I let him in, that's all.

*Man.* Nay, if it be so as thou sayest, he was a proper confessor indeed!

*Vil.* Ay, sir; for you know this was not a spiritual father's business.

*Man.* No, no, this matter was utterly carnal.

*Vil.* Well, sir, and judge you now if my mistress is not beholden to me?

*Man.* Oh! extremely; but you'll go to hell, my dear, for all this; though, perhaps, you'll chuse that place: I think you never much cared for your hus-

band's company; and, if I don't mistake, you sent him to heaven, in the old road. Hark! what noise is that? [*Noise without.*

*Vil.* So, Octavio's pushing his fortune—he'll have a wife or a halter, that's positive—I'll go see.

[*Exit* VILETTA.

*Enter* SANCHO, *hastily.*

*Man.* How now?

*San.* O, sir, Octavio has set upon a couple of gentlemen, just as they were alighting out of a coach, at the door; one of them, I believe, is he that is to marry my young mistress,

*Man.* Run into the hall, take down my back, breast, and head-piece; call an officer; raise the neighbours; [*Exit* SANCHO.] give me my great gun; I'll shoot him out of the garret-window. [*Exit* DON MANUEL.

*Enter* HYPOLITA *and* FLORA, *putting up their Swords;* OCTAVIO *in the* ALGUAZIL'S *Hands, and* TRAPPANTI.

*Hyp.* Bring him along—This is such an insolence! damn it! at this rate no gentleman can walk the streets.

*Flora.* I suppose, sir, your business was more with our pockets than our persons. Are our things safe?

*Trap.* Ay, sir, I secured them, as soon as ever I saw his sword out; I guessed his design, and scoured off with the portmanteau.

*Hyp.* I'll know now who set you on, sir.

*Oct.* Pr'ythee, young man. don't be troublesome, but thank the rascal that knocked me down, for your escape.

*Hyp.* Sir, I'd have you know if you had not been knocked down, I should have owed my escape to the same arm you would have owed the reward for your insolence. Pray, sir, what are you? who knows you?

*Oct.* I'm glad, at least, to find it is not Don Philip that's my rival. [*Aside.*

*San.* Sir, my master knows the gentleman very well; he belongs to the army.

*Hyp.* Then, sir, if you'd have me use you like a gentleman, I desire your meaning of those familiar questions you asked me at the coach side.

*Oct.* 'Faith, young gentleman, I'll be very short: I love the lady you are to marry, and if you don't quit your pretences in two hours, it will entail perpetual danger upon you and your family.

*Hyp.* Sir, if you please, the danger's equal—for rot me, if I am not as fond of cutting your throat, as you can be of mine.

*Oct.* If I were out of these gentlemen's hands, on my word, sir, you should not want an opportunity.

*Hyp.* O, sir! these gentlemen shall protect neither of us; my friend and I'll be your bail from them.

*Flora.* Ay, sir, we'll bail you; and if you please, sir, bring your friend, I'm his. Damme! what, d'ye think you have boys to deal with?

*Oct.* Sir, I ask your pardon, and shall desire to kiss your hands about an hour hence at—— [*Whispers.*

*Flora.* Very well, sir, we'll meet you.

*Hyp.* Release the gentleman.

*San.* Sir, we dare not, without my master's order. Here he is, sir.

*Enter* DON MANUEL.

*Man.* How now, bully confessor? What! in limbo?

*Hyp.* Sir, Don Ferdinando de las Torres, whom I am proud to call my father, commanded me to deliver this into the hands of his dear and worthy friend, Don Manuel Grimaldi, and at the same time gave me assurances of a kind reception.

*Man.* Sir, you are thrice welcome; let me embrace you. I'm overjoyed to see you—Your friend, sir?

*Hyp.* Don Pedro Velada, my near relation, who has done me the honour of his company from Seville, sir, to assist at the solemnity of his friend's happiness.

*Man.* Sir, you are welcome; I shall be proud to know you.

*Flora.* You do me honour, sir.

*Man.* I hope you are not hurt, gentlemen?

*Hyp.* Not at all, sir; thanks to a little skill in the sword.

*Man.* I am glad of it; however, give me leave to interrupt our business for a moment, till I have done you justice on the person that offered you this insolence at my gate.

*Hyp.* Your pardon, sir; I understand he is a gentleman, and beg you would not let my honour suffer, by receiving a lame reparation from the law.

*Man.* A pretty mettled fellow, 'faith—I must not let him fight though. [*Aside.*] But, sir, you don't know, perhaps, how deeply this man is your enemy?

*Hyp.* Sir, I know more of his spleen and folly than you imagine, which, if you please to discharge him, I'll acquaint you with.

*Man.* Discharge him! Pray consider, sir——

[*They seem to talk.*

*Enter* VILETTA, *and slips a Note into* OCTAVIO'S *Hand.*

*Vil.* Send your answer to me. [*Exit* VILETTA.

*Oct.* [*Aside.*] Now for a beam of hope in a tempest. [Reads.] *I charge you, don't hazard my ruin and your own, by the madness of a quarrel; the closet window, where I am, is but a step to the ground: be at the back door of the garden, exactly at the close of the evening, where you will certainly find one, that may put you in the best way of getting rid of a rival.* Dear, kind creature! Now, if my little don's fit of honour does but hold out to bail me, I am the happiest dog in the universe.

*Man.* Well, sir, since I find your honour is dipped so deep in the matter,—here—release the gentleman.

*Flora.* So, sir, you have your freedom; you may depend upon us. [*Exeunt* SERVANTS.

*Hyp.* You will find us punctual.——Sir, your servant.

*Oct.* So, now I have a very handsome occasion to put off the tilt too.—Gentlemen, I ask your pardon; I begin to be a little sensible of the rashness I committed; and I confess your manner of treating me has been so very much like men of honour, that I think myself obliged, from the same principle, to assure ye, that though I love Rosara equal to my life, yet no consideration shall persuade me to be a rude enemy, even to my rival. I thank you for my freedom, and am your humble servant. [*Exit.*

*Hyp.* Your servant, sir——I think we released my brother very handsomely; but I ha'n't done with him. [*Aside to* FLORA.

*Man.* What can this sudden turn of civility mean? I'm afraid 'tis but a cloak to some new roguery he has in his head.

*Hyp.* I don't know how old it may be, but my servant here has discovered a piece of villainy of his, that exceeds any other he can be capable of.

*Man.* Is it possible? Why would you let him go then?

*Hyp.* Because I'm sure it can do me no harm, sir.

*Man.* Pray be plain, sir; what is it?

*Hyp.* This fellow can inform you—for, to say truth, he's much better at a lie. [*Aside.*

*Man.* Come hither, friend; 'pray, what is this business?

*Hyp.* Ay, what was that you overheard between Octavio and another gentleman, at the inn where we alighted?

*Trap.* Why, sir, as I was unbuckling my portmanteau, in the yard there, I observed Octavio and an-

other spark very familiar with your honour's name; upon which, sir, I pricked up the ears of my curiosity, and took in all their discourse.

*Man.* Pray, who was that other spark, friend?

*Trap.* A brother rake, sir: a damned sly-looked fellow.

*Man.* So.

*Flora.* How familiarly the rogue treats his old master! [*Aside.*

*Hyp.* Poor Don Philip! [*Aside.*

*Trap.* Says one of them, says he, No, damn him, the old rogue (meaning you, sir,) will never let you have her by fair means; however, says Octavio, I'll try soft words; but if those won't do, bully him, says t'other.

*Man.* Ah, poor dog! but that would not do either, sir; he has tried them both to-day to no purpose.

*Trap.* Say you so, sir? then you'll find what I say is all of a piece. Well, and if neither of these will do, says he, you must e'en tilt the young prig, your rival; meaning you then, sir. [*To* HYPOLITA.

*Man.* Ha! ha! that, I perceive, my spark did not greatly care for.

*Trap.* No, sir; that he found was catching a Tartar. 'Sbud! my master fought like a lion, sir.

*Hyp.* Truly I did not spare him.

*Flora.* No, 'faith—after he was knocked down. [*Aside.*

*Trap.* But now, sir, comes the cream of the roguery.

*Hyp.* Pray observe, sir.

*Trap.* Well, says Slylooks, and if all these fail, I have a rare trick in my head, that will certainly defer the marriage for three or four days at least, and in that time, the devil's in't if you don't find an opportunity to run away with her.

*Man.* Would you so, Mr Dog? but he'll be hanged. Pray what was this trick to be, friend?

*Trap.* Why, sir, to alarm you, that my master was an impostor, and that Slylooks was the true Don Philip sent by his father from Seville, to marry your daughter; upon which, (says he) the old put (meaning you again, sir,) will be so bamboozled, that——

*Man.* But pray, sir, how did young Mr Coxcomb conclude, that the old put was to believe all this?—Had they no sham proofs, that they proposed to bamboozle me with, as you call it?

*Trap.* You shall hear, sir,—the plot was pretty well laid too—I'll pretend, says he, that the rascal, your rival, (meaning you then, sir,) has robbed me of my portmanteau, where I had put up all my jewels, money, and letters of recommendation from my father; we are neither of us known in Madrid, says he, so that a little impudence, and a grave face, will certainly set those two dogs a snarling, while you run away with the bone. That's all, sir.

*Man.* Impudent rogue!

*Hyp.* What think ye, sir? Was not this business pretty handsomely laid?

*Flora.* 'Faith, it might have wrought a very ridiculous consequence.

*Man.* Why, truly, if we had not been fore-armed by this discovery, for aught I know, Mr Dog might have ran away with the bone indeed; but, if you please, sir, since these ingenious gentlemen are so pert upon the matter, we'll e'en let them see, that you and I have wit enough to do our business, and e'en clap up the wedding to-morrow morning.

*Hyp.* Sir, you are too obliging—But will your daughter, think ye, be prevailed with?—You'll excuse me, gentlemen.

*Man.* Sir, I'll prepare her this minute—I'll return immediately, and then, if you please, we'll run over

some old stories of my good friend, Fernando—Your servant. [*Exit* DON MANUEL.

*Hyp.* Sir, your most humble servant—Trappanti, thou art a rare fellow! thou hast an admirable brazen face, and when thou diest, I'll have thy whole statue cast all in the same metal.

*Flora.* 'Twere pity the rogue was not brought up to the law.

*Trap.* So 'tis, indeed, sir—A man should not praise himself; but if I had been bred to the gown, I dare venture to say, I become a lie as well as any man that wears it.

*Hyp.* Nay, now thou art modest—But, sirrah, we have more work for ye—you must get in with the servants, attack the lady's woman; there, there's ammunition, rogue! [*Gives him money.*]—Now, try if you can make a breach into the secrets of the family.

*Trap.* Ah, sir, I warrant you—I could never yet meet with a woman that was this sort of pistol-proof—I have known a handful of these do more than a barrel of gunpowder.

*Flora.* Well, what must we do next?

*Hyp.* Why, now for the lady—I'll be a little brisk upon her, and then——

*Flora.* Victoria! [*Exeunt.*

## ACT THE THIRD.

### SCENE I.

*A Room in* DON MANUEL'S *House.*

*Enter* VILETTA, *hastily,* DON MANUEL *and* TRAPPANTI *behind, observing her.*

*Vil.* So, with much ado, I have given the old don the slip; he has dangled with me through every room in the house, high and low, up stairs and down, as close to my tail, as a great boy hankering after one of his mother's maids. Well—now we will see what Monsieur Octavio says.

[*Takes a letter from her bosom.*

*Trap.* Hist! there she is, and alone. When the devil has any thing to do with a woman, sir, that's his time to take her.—Stand close.

*Man.* Ah, he's at work already—There's a letter.

*Trap.* Leave her to me, sir, I'll read it.

*Vil.* Hah, two pistoles!—Well, I'll say that for him, the man knows his business—his letters always come post-paid. [*While she is reading,* TRAPPANTI *steals behind, and looks over her shoulder.*] *Dear Viletta, convey the inclosed immediately to your mistress, and as you prize my life, use all possible means to keep the old gentleman from the closet, till you are sure she is safe out of the window. Your real friend,*

Trap. *Octavio.* [Reading.

*Vil.* Ah! [*Shrieking.*

*Trap.* Madam, your ladyship's most humble servant!

*Vil.* You're very impertinent, methinks, to look over other people's letters.

*Trap.* Why, I never read a letter in my life without looking it over.

*Vil.* I don't know any business you had to look upon this.

*Trap.* There's the thing—your not knowing that, has put you into this passion.

*Vil.* You may chance to have your bones broke, Mr Coxcomb.

*Trap.* Sweet Honeycomb! don't be so waspish; or, if I keep your counsel, d'ye see, I don't know why my bones mayn't keep their places; but if I peach, whose bones will pay for it then?

*Vil.* Ha! the fool says true—I had better wheedle him. [*Aside.*

*Trap.* Don't you love money above any thing in the world—except one.

*Vil.* I except nothing.

*Trap.* Very good—and pray, how many letters do you expect to be paid for, when Octavio has married your mistress, and has no occasion to write to her? while they are lovers, they will always have occasion for a confidant, and a go-between: but when they marry—serviteur—good night, vails—our harvest is over. What d'ye think of me now?

*Vil.* Why, I like what you say very well; but I don't know, my friend,—to me that same face of yours looks like the title-page to a whole volume of roguery—What is it you drive at?

*Trap.* Money, money, money. Don't you let your mistress marry Octavio: I'll do my best to hinder my master. Let you and I lay our heads together to keep them asunder, and so make a penny of them all three.

*Vil.* Look you, signor, I'll meet you half way, and confess to you, I had made a rough draught of this project myself: but say I should agree with you to

go on upon't, what security can you give me for performance of articles?

*Trap.* More than bond or judgment—my person in custody.

*Vil.* Ah, that won't do.

*Trap.* No, my love! why, there's many a sweet bit in't—taste it. [*Offering to kiss her, she puts him away.*

*Vil* No.

*Trap.* 'Faith, you must give me one.

*Vil.* Indeed, my friend, you are too ugly for me: though I am not handsome myself, I love to play with those that are.

*Trap.* And yet, methinks, an honest fellow of my size and complexion, in a careless posture, playing the fool thus with his money——

[*Tosses a purse, she catches it, he kisses her.*

*Vil.* Psha! Well, if I must, come then—to see how a woman may be deceived at first sight of a man.

*Trap.* Nay, then, take a second thought of me, child. [*Again.*

*Man.* Hah!—this is laying their heads together indeed. [*Behind.*

*Vil.* Well, now get you gone—I have a letter to give my mistress.—Slip into the garden—I'll come t'ye presently.

*Trap.* Is't from Octavio?

*Vil.* Psha! begone, I say. [*Snatches the letter.*

*Trap.* Hist!

[TRAPPANTI *beckons* DON MANUEL, *who goes softly behind.*

*Vil.* Madam! madam! ah!

*Man.* Now, strumpet, give me the other letter, or I'll murder you. [*Draws.*

*Vil.* Ah lud! oh lud!—there! [*Squeaking.*

*Man.* Now we shall see what my gentleman would be at—[*Reads.*]—*My dear angel!*—Ha! soft, and impudent!—*Depend upon me at the garden door by seven*

*this evening: pity my impatience, and believe you can never come too soon to the arms of your*

OCTAVIO.

Ah! now would this rampant rogue make no more of debauching my gentlewoman, than the gentlewoman would of him, if he were to debauch her.—Hold—let's see—what does he say here—um—um!

[*Reads to himself.*

*Vil.* What a sot was I to believe this old fool durst do me any harm! but a fright's the devil!

*Man.* [*Reading.*] Um—um! sure she is safe out of the window! Oh, there the mine is to be sprung then!—Now, were I to act like a true Spaniard, I ought to rip up this jade, for more intelligence;—but I'll be wise; a bribe and a lie will do my business a great deal better.—Now, gentlewoman, what do ye think in your conscience I ought to do to ye?

*Vil.* What I think in my conscience you'll not do to me—make a friend of me—You see, sir, I dare be an enemy.

*Man.* Nay, thou dost not want courage, I'll say that for thee: but is it possible any thing can make thee honest?

*Vil.* What do you suppose would make me otherwise?

*Man.* Money.

*Vil.* You have nicked it.

*Man.* And would the same sum make thee surely one as t'other?

*Vil.* That I can't say, neither; one must be heavier than t'other, or else the scale can't turn.

*Man.* Say it be so, would that turn thee into my interest?

*Vil.* The very minute you turn into mine, sir: judge yourself—here stands Octavio, with a letter, and two pieces to give it to my mistress—there stand you with a hem! and four pieces—where would the letter go, d'ye think?

*Man.* There needs no more—I'm convinced, and will trust thee—there's to encourage thee beforehand, and when thou bringest me a letter of Octavio's, I'll double the sum.

*Vil.* Sir, I'll do it—and will take care he shall write presently. [*Aside.*

*Man.* Now, as you expect I should believe you, begone, and take no notice of what I have discovered.

*Vil.* I am dumb, sir—dumb. [*Exit.*

*Man.* So, this was done like a wise general: and now I have taken the counterscarp, there may be some hopes of making the town capitulate.—Rosara! [*Unlocks the closet.*

*Enter* ROSARA.

*Ros.* Did you call me, sir?

*Man.* Ay, child.—Come, be cheerful; what I have to say to you I'm sure ought to make you so. In one word, set your heart at rest, for you shall marry Don Philip this very evening.

*Ros.* That's but short warning, for the gentleman, as well as myself, for I don't know that we ever saw one another. How are you sure he will like me?

*Man.* Oh, as for that matter, he shall see you presently; and I have made it his interest to like you—but if you are still positively resolved upon Octavio, I'll make but few words—pull off your clothes, and go to him.

*Ros.* My clothes, sir!

*Man.* Ay, for the gentleman sha'n't have a rag with you.

*Ros.* When do you expect Don Philip, sir?

*Man.* Expect him, sir! he has been here this hour—I only staid to get you out of the sullens.—He's none of your humdrums—all life and mettle!—'Odzooks, he has the courage of a cock! a duel's but a

dance to him: he has been at sa! sa! sa! for you already.

*Ros.* Well, sir, I sha'n't be afraid of his courage, since I see you are resolved he shall be the man.—He shall find me a woman, sir; let him win me and wear me, as soon as you please.

*Man.* Ah, now thou art my own girl! hold but in this humour one quarter of an hour, and I'll toss the t'other bushel of doubloons into thy portion.—Here, bid a—Come, I'll fetch him myself—She's in a rare cue, 'faith! ah, if he does but nick her now! [*Exit.*

*Ros.* Now I have but one card to play——if that don't hit, my hopes are crushed indeed: if this young spark be not a downright coxcomb, I may have a trick to turn all yet. Dear Fortune! give him but common sense, I'll make it impossible for him to like me—Here they come. [*Walks carelessly and sings.*

*I'll rove and I'll range*——

*Enter* DON MANUEL *and* HYPOLITA.

*Hyp.* Madam, I kiss your ladyship's hands. I find by your gaiety, you are no stranger to my business. Perhaps you expected I should have come in with a grave bow and a long speech, but my affairs are in a little more haste; therefore, if you please, madam, we'll cut the work short; be thoroughly intimate at the first sight, and see one another's humours in a quarter of an hour, as well as if we had been weary of them this twelvemonth.

*Man.* Ah!

*Ros.* Troth, sir, I think you are very much in the right: the sooner I see you, the sooner I shall know whether I like you or not.

*Hyp.* Psha! as for that matter, you'll find me a very fashionable husband; I sha'n't expect my wife to be over fond of me.

*Ros.* But I love to be in the fashion too, sir, in taking the man I have a mind to.

*Hyp.* Say you so? why, then, take me as soon as you please.

*Ros.* I only stay for my mind, sir; as soon as ever that comes to me, upon my word I'm ready to wait upon you.

*Hyp.* Well, madam, a quarter of an hour shall break no squares.—Sir, if you'll find an occasion to leave us alone, I see we shall come to a right understanding presently.

*Man.* I'll do it—Sir, I must beg your pardon for a moment; but, if you please, in the mean time, I'll leave you my daughter, and so pray make your best of her. [*Exit.*

*Hyp.* I thank ye, sir. [HYPOLITA *stands some time mute, looks carelessly at* ROSARA, *and she smiles as in contempt of him.*] Why, now, methinks, madam, you had as good put on a real smile, for I am doomed to be the happy man, you see.

*Ros.* So my father says, sir.

*Hyp.* I'll take his word.

*Ros.* A bold man—but he'll break it.

*Hyp.* He won't.

*Ros.* He must.

*Hyp.* Whether he will or no?

*Ros.* He can't help it now.

*Hyp.* How so, pray?

*Ros.* Because he has promised you, you shall marry me; and he has always promised me, I should marry the man I could love.

*Hyp.* Ay—that is, he would oblige you to love the man you should marry.

*Ros.* The man that I marry, will be sure of my love; but, for the man that marries me—mercy on him!

*Hyp.* No matter for that, I'll marry you.

*Ros.* Come, I don't believe you are so ill-natured.

*Hyp.* Why, dost thou not like me, child?
*Ros.* Um—No.
*Hyp.* What's the matter?
*Ros.* The old fault.
*Hyp.* What?
*Ros.* I don't like you.
*Hyp.* Is that all?
*Ros.* No.
*Hyp.* That's hard—the rest?
*Ros.* That you won't like.
*Hyp.* I'll stand it—try me.
*Ros.* Why, then, in short, I like another:—another man, sir, has got into my head, and has made such work there, you'll never be able to set me to rights as long as you live.—What d'ye think of me, now, sir? Won't this serve for a reason why you should not marry me?
*Hyp.* Um—the reason is a pretty smart sort of a reason, truly, but it won't do—To be short with ye, madam, I have reason to believe I shall be disinherited if I don't marry you.
*Ros.* And what have you reason to believe you shall be, if you do marry me?
*Hyp.* In the Spanish fashion, I suppose, jealous to a degree.
*Ros.* You may be in the English fashion, and something else to a degree.
*Hyp.* Oh, if I have not courage enough to prevent that, madam, let the world think me in the English city fashion—content to a degree. Now, here in Spain, child, we have such things as back rooms, barred windows, hard fare, poison, daggers, bolts, chains, and so forth.
*Ros.* Ay, sir, and there are such things as bribes, plots, shams, letters, lies, walls, ladders, keys, confidants, and so forth.
*Hyp.* Hey! a very complete regiment indeed! what a world of service might these do in a quarter

of an hour, with a woman's courage at the head of them! Really, madam, your dress and humour have the prettiest, loose, French air, something so quality, that, let me die, madam, I believe in a month I should be apt to poison ye.

*Ros.* So, it takes! [*Aside.*] And let me die, sir, I believe, I should be apt to deserve it of ye.

*Hyp.* I shall certainly do it.

*Ros* It must be in my breakfast then—for I should certainly run away before the wedding dinner came up.

*Hyp.* That's over acted, but I'll startle her: [*Aside.*] Then I must tell you, madam, a Spanish husband may be provoked as well as a wife.

*Ros.* My life on't, his revenge is not half so sweet! and if she's provoked, 'tis a thousand to one but she licks her lips before she's nailed in her coffin.

*Hyp.* You are very gay, madam.

*Ros.* I see nothing to fright me, sir, for I cannot believe you'll marry me now—I have told you my humour; if you like it you have a good stomach.

*Hyp.* Why, truly, you may probably lie a little heavy upon it, but I can better digest you than poverty: as for your inclination, I'll keep your body honest, however—that shall be locked up; and if you don't love me then—I'll stab you.

*Ros.* With what?—your words? it must be those you say after the priest then: You'll be able to do very little that will reach my heart, I assure ye.

*Hyp.* Come, come, this humour is as much affected as my own—I could no more bear the qualities you say you have, than I know you are guilty of them: your pretty arts, in striving to avoid, have charmed me. At my first view I wooed you only to secure a sordid fortune, which now I overjoyed could part with, nay, with my life—with any thing, to purchase your unrivalled heart.

*Ros.* Now I am plunged indeed! [*Aside.*] Wel, sir,

I own, you have discovered me; and I now, from my sincerity, protest my heart's already given, from whence no power, or interest, shall recall it. If what I have said seems cold, or too neglectful of your merit, call it not ingratitude or scorn, but faith unmoved, and justice to the man I love.

*Hyp.* Well, madam, to let you see I'm a friend to love (though love's an enemy to me,) give me but a seeming proof that Octavio's the undisputed master of your heart, and I'll forego the power your father's obligations give me, and throw my hopes into his arms with you.

*Ros.* Sir, you confound me with this goodness.—A proof! Command me to what proof you please; or if you'll trust to my sincerity, let these tears of joy convince you.—Here, on my knees, by all my hopes of peace, I swear——

*Hyp.* Hold! swear never to make any other man your husband but Octavio.

*Ros.* I swear, and Heaven befriend me, as I keep this vow inviolate!

*Hyp.* Rise, madam, and now receive a secret, which I need not charge you to be careful of, since, as well your quiet as my own depends upon it. A little common prudence between us, in all probability, before night, may make us happy in our separate wishes.

*Ros.* What mean you, sir? sure you are some angel sent to my deliverance.

*Hyp.* Truly, madam, I have been often told so;—but, like most angels of my kind, there is a mortal man in the world, who I have a great mind should know that I am—but woman.

*Ros.* A woman! are not you Don Philip?

*Hyp.* His shadow, madam, no more; I just run before him—nay, and after him too. Octavio, madam, your lover, is my brother—my name Hypolita, my story you shall know at leisure.

*Ros.* Hypolita! nay, then, from what you've said, and what I have heard Octavio say of you, I guess your story: but this was so extravagant a thought!

*Hyp.* That's true, madam, it—it—it was a little round about, indeed—I might have found a nearer way to Don Philip; but these men are such testy things, they can never stay one's time—always in haste, just as they please—now we are to look kind, then grave—now soft, then sincere—and so you see, there is such a plague that—I don't know—one does not care to be rid of them neither.

*Ros.* A very generous confession!

*Hyp.* Well, madam, now you know me thoroughly, I hope you'll think me as fit for a husband as another woman.—Here comes your father—Come, put on a dumb, consenting air, and leave the rest to me.

*Enter* DON MANUEL.

*Man.* So, son, how does the battle go now? Have you cannonaded stoutly? Does she cry quarter?

*Hyp.* My dear father! let me embrace your knees; my life's too poor to make you a return—you have given me an empire, sir; I would not change to be Grand Signior.

*Man.* Ah, rogue! he has done it, he has done it; he has her! ha! is't not so, my little champion?

*Hyp.* Victoria, sir! the town's my own.

*Man.* Ah, give me the great chair—I can't bear my joy——Ah, my cares are over!

*Hyp.* Oh, I told you, sir,—hearts and towns are never too strong for a surprise.

*Man.* Pr'ythee be quiet, I hate the sight of ye—Rosara! come hither, you wicked thing, come hither, I say.

*Ros.* I am glad to see you so well pleased, sir!

*Man.* Oh, I cannot live—I can't live it; it pours upon me like a torrent; I am full as a bumper—i

runs over at my eyes; I shall choke——Answer me two questions, and kill me outright.

*Ros.* Any thing that will make you more pleased, sir.

*Man.* Are you positively resolved to marry this gentleman?

*Ros.* Sir, I am convinced 'tis the first match that can make me happy.

*Man.* I am the miserablest dog alive——and I warrant you are willing to marry him to-morrow morning if I should ask you?

*Ros.* Sooner, sir, if you think it necessary.

*Man.* Oh, this malicious jade has a mind to destroy me at once—Ye cursed toad! how did you do to get in with her so? [*To* HYPOLITA.

*Ros.* Come, sir, take heart, your joy won't be always so troublesome.

*Man.* You lie, hussy, I shall be plagued with it as long as I live.

*Hyp.* You must not live above two hours then. [*Aside.*

*Man.* I warrant this raking rogue will get her with child too—I shall have a young squab Spaniard upon my lap, that will so grandpapa me!—Well, what want you, gloomy face?

*Enter* SANCHO.

*San.* Sir, here's a gentleman desires to speak with you; he says he comes from Seville.

*Man.* From Seville! Ha! pr'ythee let him go thither again—tell him, I am a little busy about being overjoyed. [*Exit* SANCHO.

*Hyp.* My life on't, sir, this must be the fellow that my servant told you of, employed by Octavio.

*Man.* Very likely.

*Enter* TRAPPANTI.

*Trap.* Sir, sir—News, news!

*Man.* Ay, this fellow has a good merry face now

—I like him.—Well, what dost thou say, lad?——But hold, sirrah! has any body told thee how it is with me?

*Trap.* Sir?

*Man.* Do you know, puppy, that I am ready to cry?

*Trap.* Cry, sir! for what?

*Man.* Joy! joy! you whelp; my cares are over; madam's to marry your master, sirrah, and I am as wet with joy as if I had been thrown into a sea full of good-luck.——Why don't you cry, dog?

*Trap.* Uh! Well, sir, I do——But now, if you please, let me tell you my business.

*Man.* Well, what's the matter, sirrah?

*Trap.* Nay, no great matter, sir, only——Slylooks is come, that's all.

*Man.* Slylooks! what, the bamboozler? ha! ha!

*Trap.* He, sir, he.

*Man.* I'm glad of it, 'faith—now I shall have a little diversion, to moderate my joy—I'll wait on the gentleman myself——Don't you be out of the way, son; I'll be with ye presently——Oh my jaws! this fit will carry me off. Ye dear toad! good-by'e.

[*Exit.*

*Hyp.* Ha! ha! ha! the old gentleman's as merry as a fiddle; how he'll start when a string snaps in the middle of his tune.

*Ros.* At least, we shall make him change it, I believe.

*Hyp.* That we shall: and here comes one that's to play upon him.

*Enter* FLORA, *hastily.*

*Flora.* Don Philip, where are you? I must needs speak with ye. Begging your ladyship's pardon, madam. [*Whispers* HYPOLITA.] Stand to your arms; the enemy's at the gate, 'faith!

*Ros.* Who can this youth be she is so familiar with?

*Hyp.* [*To* FLORA.] I like your advice so well, that, to tell you the truth, I have made bold to take it before you gave it me. Come, I'll introduce ye.

*Flora.* Then the business is done.

*Hyp.* Madam, if your ladyship pleases.

[*To* ROSARA.

*Ros.* Is this gentleman your friend, sir?

*Hyp.* This friend, madam, is my gentlewoman, at your service.

*Ros.* Gentlewoman! What, are we all going into breeches then?

*Flora.* That used to be my post, madam, when I wore a needle; but now I have got a sword by my side, I shall be proud to be your ladyship's humble servant.

*Ros.* Troth, I think it's a pity you should either of you ever part with your swords: I never saw a prettier couple of adroit cavaliers in my life. Come, ladies—Gentlemen, I beg your pardon. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT THE FOURTH.

### SCENE I.

DON MANUEL'S *House.*

*Enter* DON MANUEL *and* DON PHILIP.

*Man.* Well, sir; and so you were robbed of your portmanteau, you say, at Toledo, in which were all your letters and writings relating to your marriage with my daughter, and that's the reason you are come without them?

*Phil.* I was not robbed of the regard I owe my fa-

ther's friend; that, sir, I have brought with me, and 'twould have been ill manners not to have paid it at my first arrival.

*Man.* Ah, how smooth the spark is! [*Aside.*]—Well, sir, I am pretty considerably glad to see you; but I hope you'll excuse me if, in a matter of this consequence, I seem a little cautious?

*Phil.* Sir, I sha'n't propose any immediate progress in my affair, till you receive fresh advice from my father; in the mean time, I shall think myself obliged by the bare freedom of your house, and such entertainment as you'd at least afford a common stranger.

*Man.* Impudent rogue! the freedom of my house! yes, that he may be always at hand to secure the main chance for my friend Octavio—But now I'll have a touch of a bamboozle with him. [*Aside.*]—Look ye, sir, while I see nothing to contradict what you say you are, d'ye see, you shall find me a gentleman.

*Phil.* So my father told me, sir.

*Man.* But then, on the other hand, d'ye see, a man's honesty is not always written in his face; and (begging your pardon) if you should prove a damn'd rogue now, d'ye see?

*Phil.* Sir, I can't in reason take any thing ill that proceeds only from your caution.

*Man.* Civil rascal! [*Aside.*] No, no, as you say, I hope you won't take it ill, neither; for how do I know, you know, but what you tell me (begging your pardon again, sir,) may be all a lie!

*Phil.* Another man, indeed, might say the same to you; but I shall take it kindly, sir, if you suppose me a villain no oftener than you have occasion to suspect me.

*Man.* Sir, you speak like a man of honour, it is confessed; but, with your honour's leave, sir, is there nobody here at Madrid that knows you?

*Phil.* Sir, I never saw Madrid till within these two hours; though there is a gentleman in town that knew

me intimately at Seville; I met him by accident, at the inn where I alighted; he's known here; if it will give you any present satisfaction, I believe I could easily produce him to vouch for me.

*Man.* At the inn, say ye, did you meet this gentleman? What's his name, pray?

*Phil.* Octavio Cruzado.

*Man.* Ha, my bully confessor! this agrees word for word with honest Trappanti's intelligence—[*Aside.*]—Well, sir, and pray what does he give you for this job?

*Phil.* Job, sir!

*Man.* Ay, that is, do you undertake it out of good fellowship, or are you to have a sort of fellow-feeling in the matter?

*Phil.* Sir, if you believe me to be the son of Don Fernando, I must tell ye, your manner of receiving me is what you ought not to suppose can please him, or I can thank you for; if you think me an impostor, I'll ease you of the trouble of suspecting me, and leave your house, till I can bring better proofs who I am.

*Man.* Do so, friend; and, in the mean time, d'ye see, pray give my humble service to the politician, and tell him, that, to your certain knowledge, the old fellow, the old rogue, and the old put, d'ye see, knows how to bamboozle as well as himself.

*Phil.* Politician! and bamboozle! Pray, sir, let me understand you, that I may know how to answer you.

*Man.* Come, come, don't be discouraged, friend—sometimes, you know, the strongest wits must fail. You have an admirable head, it is confessed, with as able a face to it as ever was stuck upon two shoulders; but who the devil can help ill luck? for it happens at this time, d'ye see, that it won't do.

*Phil.* Won't do, sir?

*Man.* Nay, if you won't understand me now, here

comes an honest fellow, that will speak you point-blank to the matter.

*Enter* TRAPPANTI.

Come hither, friend; dost thou know this gentleman?

*Trap.* Bless me, sir! is it you? Sir, this is my old master I lived with at Seville.

*Phil.* I remember thee; thy name's Trappanti; thou wert my servant when I first went to travel.

*Trap.* Ay, sir, and about twenty months after you came home too.

*Phil.* You see, sir, this fellow knows me.

*Man.* Oh, I never questioned it in the least, sir! Pr'ythee, what's this worthy gentleman's name, friend?

*Trap.* Sir, your honour has heard me talk of him a thousand times; his name, sir! his name is Guzman: his father, sir, old Don Guzman, is the most eminent lawyer in Seville, was the very person that drew up the settlement and articles of my master's marriage with your honour's daughter: this gentleman knows all the particulars as well as if he had drawn them up himself: but, sir, I hope there's no mistake in them, that may defer the marriage.

*Phil.* Confusion!

*Man.* Now, sir, what sort of answer d'ye think fit to make me?

*Phil.* Now, sir, that I'm obliged in honour not to leave your house, till I at least have seen the villain, that calls himself Don Philip, that has robbed me of my portmanteau, and would you, sir, of your honour and your daughter—As for this rascal——

*Trap.* Sir, I demand protection.

[*Runs behind* DON MANUEL.

*Man.* Hold, sir; since you are so brisk, and in my own house too, call your master, friend: you'll find we have swords within can match you.

*Trap.* Ay, sir, I may chance to send you one will take down your courage. [*Exit* TRAPPANTI.

*Phil.* I ask your pardon, sir; I must confess the villainy I saw designed against my father's friend had transported me beyond good manners; but be assured, sir, use me henceforward as you please, I will detect it, though I lose my life. Nothing shall affront me now till I have proved myself your friend indeed, and Don Fernando's son.

*Man.* Nay, look ye, sir, I will be very civil too—I won't say a word—you shall e'en squabble it out by yourselves; not but, at the same time, thou art to me the merriest fellow that ever I saw in my life.

*Enter* HYPOLITA, FLORA, *and* TRAPPANTI.

*Hyp.* Who's this, that dares usurp my name, and calls himself Don Philip de las Torres?

*Phil.* Ha! this is a young competitor indeed! [*Aside.*

*Flora.* Is this the gentleman, sir?

*Man.* Yes, yes, that's he: ha! ha!

*Phil.* Yes, sir, I'm the man who, but this morning, lost that name upon the road; I'm informed an impudent young rascal has picked it out of some writings in the portmanteau he robbed me of, and has brought it hither before me. D'ye know any such, sir?

*Flora.* The fellow really does it very well, sir!

*Man.* Oh, to a miracle! [*Aside.*

*Hyp.* Pr'ythee, friend, how long dost thou expect thy impudence will keep thee out of gaol? Could not the coxcomb that put thee upon this inform thee too, that this gentleman was a magistrate?

*Man.* Well said, my little champion!

*Phil.* Now, in my opinion, child, that might as well put thee in mind of thy own condition; for suppose thy wit and impudence should so far succeed, as to let thee ruin this gentleman's family, by really mar-

rying his daughter, thou canst not but know 'tis impossible thou shouldst enjoy her long; a very few days must unavoidably discover thee: in the meantime, if thou wilt spare me the trouble of exposing thee, and generously confess thy roguery, thus far I'll forgive thee; but if thou still proceedest upon his credulity to a marriage with the lady, don't flatter thyself that all her fortune shall buy off my evidence, for I'm bound in honour, as well as law, to hang thee for the robbery.

*Hyp.* Sir, you are extremely kind.

*Flora.* Very civil, 'egad.

*Hyp.* But may not I presume, my dear friend, this wheedle was offered as a trial of this gentleman's credulity? Ha! ha! ha!

*Man.* Indeed, my friend, 'tis a very shallow one. Canst thou think I'm such a sot as to believe, that, if he knew 'twere in thy power to hang him, he would not have run away at the first sight of thee?

*Trap.* Ay, sir, he must be a dull rogue, indeed, that would not run away from a halter. Ha! ha! ha!

[*All laugh.*

*Phil.* Sir, I ask your pardon; I begin now to be a little sensible of my folly—I perceive this gentleman has done his business with you effectually: however, sir, the duty I owe my father obliges me not to leave your cause, though I'll leave your house immediately: when you see me next, you'll know Don Philip from a rascal.

*Man.* Ah, 'twill be the same thing if I know a rascal from Don Philip! So, when you see your friend, the politician, you must tell him you had cursed luck; that's all. Ha! ha! ha!

*Phil.* Very well, sir; I may have better when I see you next.

*Hyp.* Look ye, sir, since your undertaking (though you designed it otherwise) has promoted my happiness, thus far I pass it by; though I question if a man

that stoops to do such base injuries dares defend them with his sword: however, now at least you're warned; but be assured, your next attempt——

*Phil.* Will startle you, my spark. I'm afraid you'll be a little humbler when you are handcuffed. Though you won't take my word against him, sir, perhaps another magistrate may my oath, which, because I see his marriage is in haste, I am obliged to make immediately. If he can outface the law too, I shall be content to be the coxcomb then you think me.

[*Exit.*

*Man.* Ah, poor fellow! he's resolved to carry it off with a good face, however. Ha! ha!

*Trap.* Ay, sir, that's all he has for't, indeed.

*Hyp.* Trappanti, follow him, and do as I directed.

[*Aside to* TRAPPANTI.

*Trap.* I warrant ye, sir. [*Exit.*

*Man.* Ha! my little champion, let me kiss thee; thou hast carried the day like a hero. Man nor woman, nothing can stand before thee. I'll make thee monarch of my daughter immediately.

*Hyp.* That's the Indies, sir. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* DON OCTAVIO, *with a Letter.*

*Oct.* Rosara false! distraction! Sure this letter must be but artifice, a humour to try how far my love can bear——and yet, methinks, she can't but know the impudence of my young rival, and her father's importunity, are too pressing to allow her any time to fool away: and, if she were really false, she could not take a pride in confessing it. Death! I know not what to think; the sex is all a riddle, and we are the fools that crack our brains to expound them.

*Enter* VILETTA.

Now, dear Viletta!

*Vil.* My lady begs your pardon; they have just sent for the priest; but they will be glad to see you about an hour hence, as soon as the wedding's over.

*Oct.* Viletta?

*Vil.* Sir, she says, in short, she can't possibly speak with you now, for she is just going to be married.

*Oct.* Death! daggers! blood! confusion! and ten thousand furies!

*Vil.* Hey-day! what's all this for?

*Oct.* My brains are turned, Viletta.

*Vil.* Ay, by my troth, so one would think, if one could but think you had any at all: if you have but three grains, I'm sure you can't but know her compliance with this match must give her a little liberty; and can you suppose she'd desire to see you an hour hence, if she did not design to make use of it?

*Oct.* Use of it! death! when the wedding's over?

*Vil.* Dear sir, but the bedding won't be over, and, I presume, that's the ceremony you have a mind to be master of.

*Oct.* Don't flatter me, Viletta.

*Vil.* 'Faith, sir, I'll be very plain: you are to me the dullest person I ever saw in my life; but, if you have a mind, I'll tell her you won't come.

*Oct.* No, don't say so, Viletta.

*Vil.* Then, pray, sir, do as she bids you; don't stay here to spoil your own sport; you'll have the old gentleman come thundering down upon ye by and by, and then we shall have ye at your ten thousand furies again.—Hist! here's company; good b'ye to ye. [*Exit.*

*Enter* DON PHILIP, *his Sword drawn, and* TRAPPANTI.

*Phil.* Come, sir, there's no retreating now; this you must justify.

*Trap.* Sir, I will, and a great deal more; but, pray, sir, give me leave to recover my courage—I protest the keen looks of that instrument have quite frighted it away. Pray, put it up, sir.

*Phil.* Nay, to let thee see I had rather be thy friend than enemy, I'll bribe thee to be honest. Discharge thy conscience like a man, and I'll engage to make these five ten pieces.

*Enter* SANCHO.

*Trap.* Sir, your business will be done effectually.

*Phil.* Here, friend, will ye tell your master I desire to speak with him? [*Exit* SANCHO.

*Oct.* Don Philip!

*Phil.* Octavio! this is fortunate indeed;—the only place in the world I would have wished to have found you in.

*Oct.* What's the matter?

*Phil.* You'll see presently.—But, pr'ythee, how stands your affair with your mistress?

*Oct.* The devil take me if I can tell ye—I don't know what to make of her; about an hour ago she was for scaling walls to come at me; and this minute —whip, she's going to marry the stranger I told you of; nay, confesses too it is with her own consent; and yet begs, by all means, to see me as soon as her wedding's over.—Is not it very pretty?

*Enter* SANCHO.

*Phil.* Something gay indeed.

*San.* Sir, my master will wait on you presently. [*Exit.*

*Oct.* But the plague on't is, my love cannot bear this jesting.—Well, now, how stands your affair? have you seen your mistress yet?

*Phil.* No, I can't get admittance to her.

*Oct.* How so?

*Phil.* When I came to pay my duty here to the old gentleman——

*Oct.* Here!

*Phil.* Ay, I found an impudent young rascal here before me, that had taken my name upon him, robbed me of my portmanteau, and by virtue of some papers there, knew all my concerns to a tittle: he has told a plausible tale to her father, faced him down that I'm an impostor, and if I don't this minute prevent him, is going to marry the lady!

*Oct.* Confusion—my friend at last my rival too—Yet hold—my rival is my friend; he owns he has not seen her yet—— [*Aside.*

*Phil.* You seem concerned.

*Oct.* Undone for ever, unless dear Philip's still my friend.

*Phil.* What's the matter?

*Oct.* Forgive my fears, and since 'tis impossible you can feel the pain of loving her you are engaged to marry, not having (as you own) yet ever seen her, let me conjure you, by all the ties of honour, friendship, and pity, never to attempt her more.

*Phil.* You amaze me!

*Oct.* 'Tis the same dear creature I so passionately dote on.

*Phil.* Is it possible? Nay, then, be easy in thy thoughts, Octavio; and now I dare confess the folly of my own: I'm not sorry thou art my rival here. In spite of all my weak philosophy, I must own the secret wishes of my soul are still Hypolita's.

*Oct.* Dear Philip!—But how shall we manage the rascal of an impostor? Suppose you run immediately and swear the robbery against him?

*Phil.* I was just going about it, but accidentally meeting with this fellow, has luckily prevented me, who, you must know, has been chief engineer in the contrivance against me, but between threats, bribes,

and promises, has confessed the whole roguery, and is now ready to swear it against him: so, because I understand the spark is very near his marriage, I thought this would be the best and soonest way to detect him.

*Oct.* That's right; the least delay might have lost all: besides, I am here to strengthen his evidence, for I can swear that you are the true Don Philip.

*Phil.* Right.

*Trap.* Sir, with humble submission, that will be quite wrong.

*Oct.* Why so?

*Trap.* Because, sir, the old gentleman is substantially convinced, that 'tis you who have put Don Philip upon laying this pretended claim to his daughter, purely to defer the marriage, that in the mean time you might get an opportunity to run away with her; for which reason, sir, you'll find your evidence will but fly in your face, and hasten the match with your rival.

*Phil.* Ha! There's reason in that.

*Oct.* What would you have me do?

*Trap.* Don't appear at the trial, sir.

*Phil.* By no means; rather wait a little in the street: be within call, and leave the management to me.

*Oct.* I won't stir from the door.

*Phil.* You'll soon hear of me: away.

[*Exit* OCTAVIO.

*Trap.* So, now I have divided the enemy, there can be no great danger if it should come to a battle—Basta! here comes our party.

*Phil.* Stand aside, till I call for you.

[TRAPPANTI *retires.*

*Enter* DON MANUEL.

*Man.* Well, sir, what service have you to command me now, pray?

*Phil.* Now, sir, I hope my credit will stand a little fairer with you: all I beg is but your patient hearing.

*Man.* Well, sir, you shall have it.——Here he comes; bring him to trial as soon as you please.

*Enter* FLORA *and* HYPOLITA.

*Flora.* So! Trappanti has succeeded; he's come without the officers. [*To* HYPOLITA.

*Hyp.* Hearing, sir, you were below, I did not care to disturb the family, by putting the officers to the trouble of a needless search: let me see your warrant; I'm ready to obey it.

*Man.* Ay, where's your officer?

*Flora.* I thought to have seen him march in state, with an alguazil before him.

*Phil.* I was afraid, sir, upon second thoughts, your business would not stay for a warrant, though 'tis possible I may provide for you, for I think this gentleman's a magistrate: in the mean time——Oh! here, I have prevailed with an alguazil to wait upon ye.

*Enter* ALGUAZIL.

*Alg.* Did you send for me, sir?

*Phil.* Ay, secure that gentleman.

*Man.* Hold, hold, sir; all things in order; this gentleman is yet my guest; let me be first acquainted with his crime, and then I shall better know how he deserves to be treated; and that we may have no hard words upon one another, if you please, sir, let me first talk with you in private. [*They whisper.*

*Hyp.* Undone! that fool Trappanti, or that villain, I know not which, has at least mistaken or betrayed me! Ruined past redemption!

*Flora.* Death! what d'ye mean? that hanging look were enough to confirm a suspicion: bear up, for shame!

*Hyp.* Impossible! I am dashed, confounded, if thou hast any courage left, show it quickly. Go, speak, before my fears betray me. [*Aside.*

*Man.* If you can make this appear by any witness, sir, I confess, 'twill surprise me indeed.

*Flora.* Ay, sir, if you have any witnesses, we desire you'd produce them.

*Phil.* Sir, I have a witness at your service, and a substantial one.——Hey! Trappanti!

*Enter* TRAPPANTI.

Now, sir, what think ye?

*Hyp.* Ha! the rogue winks——then there's life again. [*Aside.*] Is this your witness, sir?

*Phil.* Yes, sir; this poor fellow at last, it seems, happens to be honest enough to confess himself a rogue, and your accomplice.

*Hyp.* Ha! ha!

*Phil.* Ha! ha! you are very merry, sir.

*Man.* Nay, there's a jest between ye, that's certain —But come, friend, what say you to the business? have ye any proof to offer upon oath that this gentleman is the true Don Philip, and consequently this other an impostor?

*Phil.* Speak boldly.

*Trap.* Ay, sir; but shall I come to no harm if I do speak?

*Man.* Let it be the truth, and I'll protect thee.

*Trap.* Well, sir, since I must speak, then, in the first place, I desire your honour would be pleased to command the officer to secure that gentleman.

*Man.* How, friend!

*Phil.* Secure me, rascal!

*Trap.* Sir, if I can't be protected, I shall never be able to speak.

*Man.* I warrant thee—What is it you say, friend?

*Trap.* Sir, as I was just now crossing the street, this gentleman, with a sneer in his face, takes me by the hand, claps five pistoles in my palm (here they are,) shuts my fist close upon them: My dear friend, says

he, you must do me a piece of service; upon which, sir, I bows me to the ground, and desired him to open his case.

*Phil.* What means the rascal?

*Man.* Sir, I am as much amazed as you; but pray let's hear him, that we may know his meaning.

*Trap.* So, sir, upon this he runs me over a long story of a sham and a flam he had just contrived, he said, to defer my master's marriage only for two days.

*Phil.* Confusion!

*Flora.* Nay, pray, sir, let's hear the evidence.

*Trap.* Upon the close of the matter, sir, I found at last, by his eloquence, that the whole business depended upon my bearing a little false witness against my master.

*Hyp.* Oh, ho!

*Trap.* Upon this, sir, I began to demur: Sir, says I, this business will never hold water; don't let me undertake it; I must beg your pardon; gave him the negative shrug, and was for sneaking off with the fees in my pocket.

*Man.* Very well!

*Phil.* Villain!

*Flora and Hyp.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Trap.* Upon this, sir, he catches me fast hold by the collar, whips out his poker, claps it within half an inch of my guts; now, dog! says he, you shall do it, or within two hours stink upon the dunghill you came from.

*Phil.* Sir, if there be any faith in mortal man—

*Man.* Nay, nay, nay, one at a time; you shall be heard presently. Go on, friend.

*Trap.* Having me at this advantage, sir, I began to think my wit would do me more service than my courage, so prudently pretended, out of fear, to comply with his threats, and swallow the perjury; but now, sir, being under protection, and at liberty of consci-

ence, I have honesty enough, you see, to tell you the whole truth of the matter.

*Man.* Ay, this is evidence indeed!

*Omnes.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Phil.* Dog! villain! did not you confess to me that this gentleman picked you up not three hours ago at the same inn where I alighted? that he had owned his stealing my portmanteau at Toledo? that if he succeeded to marry the lady, you were to have a considerable sum for your pains, and these two were to share the rest of her fortune between them?

*Trap.* O lud! O lud! Sir, as I hope to die in my bed, these are the very words he threatened to stab me if I would not swear against my master——I told him at first, sir, I was not fit for his business; I was never good at a lie in my life.

*Alg.* Nay, sir, I saw this gentleman's sword at his breast out of my window.

*Trap.* Look ye there, sir!

*Phil.* Damnation!

*Omnes.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Man.* Really, my friend, thou art almost turned fool in this business: if thou hadst prevailed upon this wretch to perjure himself, couldst thou think I should not have detected him? You may go, friend.

[*Exit* ALGUAZIL.

*Flora.* Ha! ha!

*Phil.* Sir, you are imposed upon. Defer your marriage but an hour. Perdition seize me, if I have any hope or thought but that of serving you.

*Man.* Nay, now thou art a downright distracted man—Dost thou expect I should take thy bare word, when here were two honest fellows that have just proved thee in a lie to thy face?

*Enter* SANCHO.

*San.* Sir, the priest is come. [*Exit.*

*Man.* Is he so? then, sir, if you please, since you

see you can do me no farther service, I believe it may be time for you to go.——Come, son, now let's wait upon the bride, and put an end to this gentleman's trouble altogether. [*Exit* DON MANUEL.

*Hyp.* Sir, I'll wait on ye.

*Phil.* Confusion! I've undone my friend.

[*Walks about.*

*Flora.* [*Aside.*] Trappanti! rogue, this was a master-piece!

*Trap.* [*Aside.*] Sir, I believe it won't be mended in haste. [*Exeunt* FLORA *and* TRAPPANTI.

*Hyp.* Sir!

*Phil.* Ha! alone! If I were not prevented now—Well, sir!

*Hyp.* I suppose, you don't think the favours you have designed me, are to be put up without satisfaction? therefore, I shall expect to see you early tomorrow near the Prado, with your sword in your hand: in the mean time, sir, I'm a little more in haste to be the lady's humble servant, than yours.

[*Going.*

*Phil.* Hold, sir!—you and I can't part upon such easy terms.

*Hyp.* Sir!

*Phil.* You are not so near the lady, sir, perhaps, as you imagine. [DON PHILIP *locks the door.*

*Hyp* What d'ye mean?

*Phil.* Speak softly.

*Hyp.* Ha!

*Phil.* Come, sir, draw—my time's but short.

*Hyp.* And mine's too precious to be lost on any thing but love: besides, this is no proper place.—To morrow, sir, I shall find a better.

*Phil.* Draw, villain; or expect such usage as I'm sure Don Philip would not bear.

*Hyp.* A lover, sir, may bear any thing, to make sure of his mistress.—You know it is not fear that—

*Phil.* No evasions, sir; either this moment con-

fess your villainy, your name, and fortune, or expect no mercy.

*Hyp.* Nay, then—within there!

*Phil.* Move but a step, or dare to raise thy voice beyond a whisper, this minute is thy last.

[*Seizes her, and holds his sword to her breast.*

*Hyp.* Sir! [*Trembling.*

*Phil.* Villain! be quick, confess, or——

*Hyp.* Hold, sir—I own I dare not fight with you.

*Phil.* No, I see thou art too poor a villain!—therefore, be speedy, as thou hop'st I'll spare thy life.

*Hyp.* Nay, then, sir—mercy! mercy! [*Throws herself at his feet.*] And, since I must confess, have pity on my youth, have pity on my love!

*Phil.* Thy love! what art thou, speak?

*Hyp.* Unless your generous compassion spares me, sure the most wretched youth that ever felt the pangs and torments of a successless passion!

*Phil.* Nay, then, I must forgive thee. [*Raising her.*] For I have known too well the misery, not to pity—any thing in love.—Yet, hold—nor flatter thy fond hopes too far; you must defer your marriage with this lady.

*Hyp.* Sir, on my knees——

*Phil.* Expect no more from me; either comply this moment, or my sword shall force thee.

*Hyp.* Consider, sir——

*Phil.* Nay, then, discover quick—tell me thy name and family.

*Hyp.* Hold, sir!

*Phil.* Speak, or thou diest. [*A noise at the door.*

*Hyp.* Sir, I will—Ha! they are entering—O! for a moment's courage!—Come on, sir!

[*She breaks from him, and draws, retiring, till* DON MANUEL, FLORA, *and* TRAPPANTI, *with* SERVANTS, *rush in, and part them.*

*Man.* Knock him down!—Force him out of the

room there; call an officer; in the mean time secure him in the cellar.

*Phil.* Hear me but one word, sir.

*Man.* Stop his mouth——Out with him. [*They hurry him off.*]—Come, dear son, be pacified.

*Hyp.* A villain! [*Walking in a heat.*

*Flora.* Why should he be concerned, now he's secure? such a rascal would but contaminate the sword of a man of honour.

*Hyp.* I am sorry, sir, such a fellow should have it in his power to disturb me—But——

*Enter* ROSARA.

*Man.* Look; here's my daughter in a fright to see for you.

*Hyp.* Then I'm composed again—

[*Runs to* ROSARA.

*Ros.* I heard fighting here; I hope you are not wounded, sir?

*Hyp.* I have no wound but what the priest can heal.

*Man.* Ay! well said, my little champion! [*Exit.*

*Hyp.* Oh, madam, I have such a terrible escape to tell you.

*Ros.* Truly, I began to be afraid I should lose my little husband.

*Hyp.* Husband, quotha! Get me but once safe out of these breeches, if ever I wear them again——

[*Exeunt.*

# ACT THE FIFTH.

## SCENE I.

DON MANUEL'S *House.*

*Enter* TRAPPANTI.

*Trap.* What in the name of roguery can this new master of mine be? he's either a fool, or bewitched, that's positive.—First, he gives me fifty pieces for helping him to marry the lady; and, as soon as the wedding is over, claps me twenty more into the other hand, to help him to get rid of her—Nay, not only that, but gives me a strict charge to observe his directions, in being evidence against him as an impostor, to refund all the lies I have told in his service, to sweep him clear out of my conscience, and now to swear the robbery against him. What the bottom of this can be, I must confess, does a little puzzle my wit.——There's but one way in the world I can solve it—he must certainly have some reason to hang himself, that he's ashamed to own; and so was resolved first to be married, that his friends might not wonder at the occasion. But here he comes with his noose in his hand.

*Enter* HYPOLITA *and* ROSARA.

*Hyp.* Trappanti, go to Don Pedro; he has business with you.

*Trap.* Yes, sir. [*Exit* TRAPPANTI.

*Ros.* Who's Don Pedro, pray?

*Hyp.* Flora, madam; he knows her yet by no other name.—Where's your father, madam?

*Ros.* I saw him go towards his closet; I believe he's gone to fetch you part of my fortune.—Here he comes.

*Enter* DON MANUEL.

*Man.* Ah, my little conqueror! let me embrace thee!—That ever I should live to see this day!—This most triumphant day! this day of all days in my life!

*Hyp.* Ay, and of my life too, sir. [*Embracing him.*

*Man.* Ay, my cares are over—now, I have nothing to do but to think of the other world, for I've done all my business in this; look you here, children, I have brought you some baubles, that will make you merry as long as you live; twelve thousand pistoles are the least value of them: the rest of your fortune shall be paid in the best Barbary gold to-morrow morning.

*Hyp.* Ay, sir, this is speaking like a father! this is encouragement, indeed!

*Man.* Much good may do thy heart and soul with them—and Heaven bless you together!—I have had a great deal of care and trouble to bring it about, children, but, thank my stars, 'tis over—'tis over now! now I may sleep with my doors open, and never have my slumbers broken with the fear of rogues and rivals.

*Ros.* Don't interrupt him, and see how far his humour will carry him. [*To* HYPOLITA.

*Man.* But there is no joy lasting in this world; we must all die, when we have done our best, sooner or later; old or young, prince or peasant, high or low, kings, lords, and commoners, must die! nothing certain; we are forced to buy one comfort with the loss of another. Now I have married my child, I have

lost my companion—I have parted with my girl—her heart's gone another way now—she'll forget her old father—I shall never have her wake me more, like a cheerful lark, with her pretty songs in a morning—I shall have nobody to chat at dinner with me now, or take up a godly book, and read me to sleep, in an afternoon. Ah! these comforts are all gone now! [*Weeps.*

*Hyp.* How very near the extreme of one passion is to another! Now he is tired with joy, till he is downright melancholy!

*Ros.* What's the matter, sir?

*Man.* Ah, my child! now it comes to the test, methinks I don't know how to part with thee.

*Ros.* Oh, sir! we shall be better friends than ever.

*Man.* Uh, uh! shall we? wilt thou come and see the old man now and then? Well, Heaven bless thee! give me a kiss—I must kiss thee at parting: be a good girl, use thy husband well, make an obedient wife, and I shall die contented.

*Hyp.* Die, sir! Come, come, you have a great while to live—Hang these melancholy thoughts! they are the worst company in the world at a wedding—Consider, sir, we are young; if you would oblige us, let us have a little life and mirth—a jubilee to-day, at least: stir your servants; call in your neighbours; let me see your whole family mad for joy, sir.

*Man.* Ha! shall we? shall we be merry then?

*Hyp.* Merry, sir! ay, as beggars at a feast. What! shall a dull Spanish custom tell me, when I am the happiest man in the kingdom, I sha'n't be as mad as I have a mind to? Let me see the face of nothing to-day but revels, friends, feasts, and music, sir.

*Man.* Ah! thou shalt have thy humour—thou shalt have thy humour! Hey, within there! rogues! dogs! slaves! where are my rascals? Ah, my joy flows again——I can't bear it!

*Enter* SANCHO *and* SERVANTS.

*Sancho.* Did you call, sir?

*Man.* Call, sir! ay, sir. What's the reason you are not all out of your wits, sir? don't you know that your young mistress is married, scoundrels?

*Sanch.* Yes, sir; and we are all ready to be mad, as soon as your honour will please to give any distracted orders.

*Hyp.* You see, sir, they only want a little encouragement.

*Man.* Ah, there shall be nothing wanting this day, if I were sure to beg for it all my life after——Here, sirrah, Cook! look into the Roman history—see what Mark Antony had for supper, when Cleopatra first treated him.—Go. And, d'ye hear? one of you step to Monsieur, the king's butler, for the same wine, that his majesty reserves for his own drinking; tell him he shall have his price for it.

*Sancho.* How much will you please to have, sir?

*Man.* Too much, sir; I'll have every thing on the outside of enough to-day. Go you, sirrah! run to the theatre, and detach me a regiment of fiddlers, and singers, and dancers; and you, sir, to my nephew, Don Louis, give my service, and bring all his family along with him. Ah, we'll make all the hair in the world stand an end at our joy!

*Hyp.* Ay, sir, this is as it should be; now it begins to look like a wedding.—Here comes Flora—Now, madam, observe your cue.

*Enter* FLORA.

*Flora.* Your servant, gentlemen—I need not wish you joy—you have it, I see—Don Philip, I must needs speak with you.

*Hyp.* Psha! Pr'ythee don't plague me with business at such a time as this.

*Flora.* My business won't be deferred, sir.

*Hyp.* Sir!

*Flora.* I suppose you guess it, sir; and I must tell you, I take it ill it was not done before.

*Hyp.* What d'ye mean?

*Flora.* Your ear, sir. [*They whisper.*

*Man.* What's the matter now, trow?

*Ros.* The gentleman seems very free, methinks.

*Man.* Troth, I don't like it.

*Ros.* Don't disturb them, sir—We shall know all presently.

*Hyp.* But what have you done with Don Philip?

*Flora.* I drew the servants out of the way, while he made his escape: what we do, we must do quickly.—Come, come, put on your fighting face, and I'll be with them presently. [*Aside.*

*Hyp.* [*Aloud.*] Sir, I have offered you very fair; if you don't think so, I have married the lady, and take your course.

*Flora.* Sir, our contract was a full third; a third part's my right, and I'll have it, sir.

*Man.* Hey!

*Hyp.* Then I must tell you, sir, since you are pleased to call it your right, you shall not have it.

*Flora.* Not, sir!

*Hyp.* No, sir!—Look ye, don't put on your pert airs to me—'gad, I shall use you very scurvily.

*Flora.* Use me!—You little son of a whore, draw.

*Hyp.* Oh, sir, I am for you.

[*They fight,* DON MANUEL *interposes.*

*Ros.* Ah, help! murder! [*Runs out.*

*Man.* Within there! help! murder!—Why, gentlemen, are ye mad? pray, put up.

*Hyp.* A rascal!

*Man.* Friends, and quarrel! for shame!

*Flora.* Friends! I scorn his friendship; and since he does not know how to use a gentleman, I'll do a public piece of justice, and use him like a villain.

*Hyp.* Let me go.

*Man.* Better words, sir! [*To* FLORA.

*Flora.* Why, sir, do ye take this fellow for Don Philip?

*Man.* What do ye mean, sir?

*Flora.* That he has cheated me as well as you—but I'll have my revenge immediately. [*Exit* FLORA.

[HYPOLITA *walks about, and* DON MANUEL *stares.*

*Man.* Hey! what's all this?—what is it?—my heart misgives me.

*Hyp.* Hey! who waits there?

*Enter* SANCHO.

Here, you! bid my servant run, and hire me a coach and four horses immediately.

*Sancho.* Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

*Man.* A coach!

*Enter* VILETTA.

*Vil.* Sir, sir! bless me! what's the matter, sir? are you not well?

*Man.* Yes, yes—I am—that is—ha!

*Vil* I have brought you a letter, sir.

*Man.* What business can he have for a coach?

*Vil.* I have brought you a letter, sir, from Octavio.

*Man.* To me?

*Vil.* No, sir, to my mistress—he charged me to deliver it immediately, for he said it concerned her life and fortune.

*Man.* How! let's see it—there's what I promised thee—begone. What can this be now! [*Reads.*

*The person, whom your father ignorantly designs you to marry, is a known cheat, and an impostor; the true Don Philip, who is my intimate friend, will immediately appear with the Corrigidore, and fresh evidence against him. I thought this advice, though from one you hate, would be well received, if it came time enough to prevent your ruin.* OCTAVIO.

Oh, my heart! this letter was not designed to fall into my hands—I am affrighted—I dare not think on't.

*Enter* SANCHO.

*Sancho.* Sir, your man is not within.

*Hyp.* Careless rascal, to be out of the way, when my life's at stake!—Pr'ythee, do you go and see if thou canst get me any post horses. [*Exit* SANCHO.

*Man.* Post horses!

*Enter* ROSARA.

*Ros.* Oh, dear, sir, what was the matter?

*Man.* Hey!

*Ros.* What made them quarrel, sir?

*Man.* Child!——

*Ros.* What was it about, sir?—You look concerned.

*Man.* Concerned!

*Ros.* I hope you are not hurt, sir. [*To* HYPOLITA, *who minds her not.*]—What's the matter with him, sir? he won't speak to me. [*To* DON MANUEL.

*Man.* A—speak!—a—go to him again—try what fair words will do, and see if you can pick out the meaning of all this.

*Ros.* Dear sir, what's the matter?

[*To* HYPOLITA.

*Man.* Ay, sir, pray what's the matter?

*Hyp.* I'm a little vexed at my servant's being out of the way, and the insolence of this other rascal.

*Man.* But what occasion have you for post-horses, sir?

*Hyp.* Something happens a little cross, sir.

*Man.* Pray, what is it?

*Hyp.* I'll tell you another time, sir.

*Man.* Another time, sir!—pray, satisfy me now.

*Hyp.* Lord, sir! when you see a man out of humour.

*Man.* Sir, it may be I'm as much out of humour as you; and I must tell ye, I don't like your behaviour, and I'm resolved to be satisfied.

*Hyp.* Sir, what is it you'd have? [*Peevishly.*

*Man.* Look ye, sir——in short—I—I have received a letter.

*Hyp.* Well, sir!

*Man.* I wish it may be well, sir.

*Hyp.* Bless me, sir! what's the matter with you?

*Man.* Matter, sir!—in troth, I'm almost afraid and ashamed to tell ye—but if you must needs know—there's the matter, sir. [*Gives the letter.*

*Enter* DON LOUIS.

*Louis.* Uncle, I am your humble servant.

*Man.* I am glad to see you, nephew.

*Louis.* I received your invitation, and am come to pay my duty: but here I met with the most surprising news.

*Man.* Pray, what is it?

*Louis.* Why, first your servant told me my young cousin was to be married to-day to Don Philip de las Torres; and just as I was entering your doors, who should I meet but Don Philip, with the Corrigidore, and several witnesses, to prove, it seems, that the person, whom you were just going to marry my cousin to, has usurped his name, betrayed you, robbed him, and is, in short, a rank impostor?

*Man.* Dear nephew! don't torture me. Are you sure you know Don Philip when you see him?

*Louis.* Know him, sir! were we not school-fellows, fellow-collegians, and fellow-travellers?

*Man.* But are you sure you may not have forgot him, neither?

*Louis.* You might as well ask me if I had not forgot you, sir.

*Man.* But one question more, and I am dumb for ever—is that he?

*Louis.* That, sir! no, nor in the least like him.

*Man.* Oh! oh! oh! oh! my poor child!

*Ros.* Oh! [*Seems to faint.*

*Man.* Ah! look to my child.

*Louis.* Is this the villain, then, that has imposed on you?

*Hyp.* Sir, I'm this lady's husband, and while I'm sure that name can't be taken from me, I shall be contented with laughing at any other you or your party dare give me.

*Man.* Oh!

*Louis.* Nay then, within there!—such a villain ought to be made an example.

*Enter* CORRIGIDORE *and two* ALGUAZILS, *with* DON PHILIP, OCTAVIO, FLORA, TRAPPANTI, *and* VILETTA.

Oh, gentlemen, we're undone! all comes too late!—my poor cousin's married to the impostor!

*Phil.* How!

*Oct.* Confusion!

*Man.* Oh, oh!

*Phil.* That's the person, sir, and I demand your justice.

*Oct.* And I.

*Flora.* And all of us.

*Man.* Will my cares never be over?

*Cor.* Well, gentlemen, let me rightly understand what 'tis you charge him with, and I'll commit him immediately—First, sir, you say these gentlemen all know you to be the true Don Philip?

*Louis.* That, sir, I presume, my oath will prove.

*Oct.* Or mine.

*Flora.* And mine.

*Trap.* Ay, and mine too, sir.

*Man.* Where shall I hide this shameful head?

*Flora.* And for the robbery, that I can prove upon him; he confessed to me at Toledo, he stole this gen-

tleman's portmanteau there, to carry on his design upon this lady, and agreed to give me a third part of her fortune, for my assistance, which he refusing to pay as soon as the marriage was over, I thought myself obliged, in honour, to discover him.

*Hyp.* Well, gentlemen, you may insult me if you please; but I presume you'll hardly be able to prove that I'm not married to the lady, or have not the best part of her fortune in my pocket; so do your worst; I own my ingenuity, and am proud on't.

*Man.* Ingenuity, abandoned villain!—But, sir, before you send him to gaol, I desire he may return the jewels I gave him, as part of my daughter's portion.

*Cor.* That can't be, sir; since he has married the lady, her fortune's lawfully his. All we can do, is to prosecute him for robbing this gentleman.

*Man.* Oh that ever I was born!

*Hyp.* Return the jewels, sir! If you don't pay me the rest of her fortune to-morrow morning, you may chance to go to gaol before me.

*Man.* Oh that I were buried! will my cares never be over?

*Hyp.* They are pretty near it, sir; you can't have much more to trouble you.

*Cor.* Come, sir, if you please, I must desire to take your deposition in writing.

[*Goes to the table with* FLORA.

*Phil.* Now, sir, you see what your own rashness has brought you to!

*Man.* Pray forbear, sir.

*Hyp.* Keep it up, madam. [*Aside to* ROSARA.

*Ros.* Oh, sir, how wretched have you made me! Is this the care you have taken of me for my blind obedience to your commands?—this my reward for filial duty?

*Man.* Ah, my poor child!

*Ros.* But I deserve it all, for ever listening to your barbarous proposal, when my conscience might have

told me my vows and person, in justice and honour, were the wronged Octavio's.

*Man.* Oh, oh!

*Oct.* Can she repent her falsehood then at last?—Is't possible?—then I am wounded too! Oh, my poor, undone, Rosara! [*Goes to her.*] Ungrateful! cruel! perjured man!

*Man.* Oh, don't insult me! I deserve the worst you can say—I'm a miserable wretch, and I repent me.

*Vil.* So! here's the lady in tears, the lover in rage, the old gentleman out of his senses, most of the company distracted, and the bridegroom in a fair way to be hanged—the merriest wedding that ever I saw in my life!

*Cor.* Well, sir, have you any thing to say before I make your warrant? [*To* HYPOLITA.

*Hyp.* A word or two, and I obey ye, sir.—Gentlemen, I have reflected on the folly of my action, and foresee the disquiets I am like to undergo in being this lady's husband; therefore, as I own myself the author of all this seeming ruin and confusion, so I am willing (desiring first the officers may withdraw) to offer something to the general quiet.

*Oct.* What can this mean?

*Phil.* Psha! some new contrivance—Let's begone.

*Louis.* Stay a moment; it can be no harm to hear him—Sir, will you oblige us?

*Cor.* Wait without. [*Exeunt* ALGUAZILS.

*Vil.* What's to be done now, trow?

*Trap.* Some smart thing, I warrant ye:—the little gentleman has a notable head, 'faith!

*Flora.* Nay, gentlemen, thus much I know of him, that, if you can but persuade him to be honest, 'tis still in his power to make you all amends, and, in my opinion, 'tis high time he should propose it.

*Man.* Ay, 'tis time he were hanged, indeed, for I know no other amends he can make us.

*Hyp.* Then I must tell you, sir, I owe you no re-

paration; the injuries which you complain of, your sordid avarice and breach of promise here, have justly brought upon you. Therefore, sir, if you are injured, you may thank yourself for it.

*Man.* Nay, dear sir, I do confess my blindness.

*Hyp.* Well, sir, however little you have deserved it, yet, for your daughter's sake, if you'll oblige yourself by signing this paper, to keep your first promise, and give her with her full fortune to this gentleman, I'm still content, on that condition, to disannul my own pretences, and resign her.

*Man.* Sir, I don't know how to answer you; for I can never believe you'll have good nature enough to hang yourself out of the way, to make room for him.

*Hyp.* Then, sir, to let you see I have not only an honest meaning, but an immediate power to make good my word, I first renounce all title to her fortune; these jewels, which I received from you, I give him free possession of; and now, sir, the rest of her fortune you owe him with her person.

*Man.* This is unaccountable, I must confess—— But still, sir, if you disannul your pretences, how you'll persuade that gentleman to part with his——

*Phil.* That, sir, shall be no let; I am too well acquainted with the virtue of my friend's title, to entertain a thought that can disturb it.

*Hyp.* Now, sir, it only stops at you.

*Man.* Well, sir, I see the paper is only conditional, and since the general welfare is concerned, I won't refuse to lend you my helping hand to it; but if you should not make your words good, sir, I hope you won't take it ill if a man should poison you?

*Phil.* And, sir, let me too warn you how you execute this promise; your flattery and dissembled penitence has deceived me once already, which makes me, I confess, a little slow in my belief; therefore, take heed, expect no second mercy; for, be assured of this, I never can forgive a villain.

*Hyp.* If I am proved one, spare me not—I ask but this—Use me as you find me.

*Phil.* That you may depend on.

*Man.* There, sir.

[*Gives* HYPOLITA *the writing signed.*

*Ros.* Now I tremble for her. [*Aside.*

*Hyp.* And now, Don Philip, I confess you are the only injured person here.

*Phil.* I know not that—do my friend right, and I shall easily forgive thee.

*Hyp.* His pardon, with his thanks, I am sure I shall deserve; but how shall I forgive myself? Is there in nature left a means that can repair the shameful slights, the insults, and the long disquiets you have known from love?

*Phil.* Let me understand thee.

*Hyp.* Examine well your heart; and if the fierce resentment of its wrongs has not extinguished quite the usual soft compassion there, revive at least one spark, in pity of my woman's weakness.

*Phil.* Whither wouldst thou carry me?

*Hyp.* The extravagant attempt I have this day run through, to meet you thus, justly may subject me to your contempt and scorn; unless the same forgiving goodness, that used to overlook the failings of Hypolita, prove still my friend, and soften all with the excuse of love. [*All seem amazed.*

*Phil.* Speak on, and awake me to the joy, while I have sense to hear you!

*Hyp.* Oh, Philip! Hypolita is—yours for ever!

[*They advance slowly, and at last rush into one another's arms.*

*Phil.* Hypolita! I know her by the busy pulses at my heart, which only love like mine can feel, and she alone can give. [*Eagerly embracing her.*

*Man.* What the devil, have I then been pleased, and plagued, and frighted out of my wits by a woman all this while? Odsbud! she is a notable contriver! Stand

clear, ho! for if I have not a fair brush at her lips, nay, if she does not give me the hearty smack too, odswinds and thunder! she is not the good-humoured girl I took her for.

*Hyp.* Come, sir, I won't baulk your good humour. [*He kisses her.*] And now I have a favour to beg of you: you remember your promise; only your blessing here, sir. [OCTAVIO *and* ROSARA *kneel.*

*Man.* Ah, I can deny thee nothing; and since I find thou art not fit for my girl's business thyself, Odzooks! it shall never be done out of the family—and so, children, Heaven bless you together!—And now my cares are over again.

*Oct.* We'll study to deserve your love, sir.

*Phil.* My friend successful too! then my joys are double!—But how this generous attempt was started first: how it has been pursued, and carried with this kind surprise at last, gives me wonder equal to my joy.

*Hyp.* Here is one, that at more leisure shall inform you all: she was ever a friend to your love, has had a hearty share in the fatigue, and now I am bound in honour to give her part of the garland too.

*Phil.* How! she!

*Flora.* Trusty Flora, sir, at your service. I have had many a battle with my lady, upon your account; but I always told her we should do her business at last.

*Man.* Another metamorphosis! Brave girls, 'faith! 'Odzooks! we shall have them make campaigns shortly!

*Phil.* In Seville I'll provide for thee.

*Hyp.* Nay, here's another accomplice too, confederate I can't say, for honest Trappanti did not know but that I was as great a rogue as himself.

*Trap.* It's a folly to lie; I did not indeed, madam —But the world cannot say I have been a rogue to

your ladyship—and if you had not parted with your money——

*Hyp.* Thou hadst not parted with thy honesty?

*Trap.* Right, madam; but how should a poor naked fellow resist when he had so many pistoles held against him. [*Shows money.*

*Man.* Ay, ay, well said, lad.

*Vil.* La! a tempting bait indeed! Let him offer to marry me again, if he dares! [*Aside.*

*Phil.* Well, Trappanti, thou hast been serviceable however, and I'll think of thee.

*Oct.* Nay, I am his debtor too.

*Trap.* Ah, there's a very easy way, gentlemen, to reward me; and since you partly owe your happiness to my roguery, I should be very proud to owe mine only to your generosity.

*Oct.* As how, pray?

*Trap.* Why, sir, I find by my constitution that it is as natural to be in love as an hungry, and that I han't a jot less stomach than the best of my betters; and though I have often thought a wife but dining every day upon the same dish, yet methinks it's better than no dinner at all: and, for my part, I had rather have no stomach to my meat, than no meat to my stomach: upon which consideration, gentlemen and ladies, I desire you'll use your interest with Madona here——to let me dine at her ordinary.

*Man.* A pleasant rogue, 'faith! Odzooks! the jade shall have him. Come, hussy, he's an ingenious person.

*Vil.* Sir, I don't understand his stuff; when he speaks plain, I know what to say to him.

*Trap.* Why then, in plain terms, let me a lease of your tenement—marry me.

*Vil.* Ay, now you say something——I was afraid, by what you said in the garden, you had only a mind to be a wicked tenant at will.

*Trap.* No, no, child, I have no mind to be turned out at a quarter's warning.

*Vil.* Well, there's my hand—and now meet me as soon as you will with a canonical lawyer, and I'll give you possession of the rest of the premises.

*Man.* 'Odzooks! and well thought of; I'll send for one presently. Here, you sirrah, run to Father Benedict again, tell him his work don't hold here, his last marriage is dropped to pieces, but now we have got better tackle, he must come and stitch two or three fresh couple together, as fast as he can. Now all my cares are over.

*Phil.* Now, my Hypolita,
Let our example teach mankind to love,
From thine the fair their favours may improve;
To the quick pains you give, our joys we owe,
Till those we feel, these we can never know.
But warn'd with honest hope from my success,
Ev'n in the height of all its miseries,
Oh, never let a virtuous mind despair,
For constant hearts are love's peculiar care.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

# COUNTRY GIRL

MURPHY — COME TAKE THE PEN, AND MAKE AN END OF THE LETTER.
JUST AS YOU INTENDED

ACT V. SCENE

PUBLISH'D BY LONGMAN AND CO

THE

# COUNTRY GIRL;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

ALTERED FROM WYCHERLY'S COUNTRY WIFE,

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

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Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

# REMARKS.

THE author of this comedy possessed a mind which delighted every man, and a person which charmed every woman.

Wycherly lived in the cheerful days of Charles the Second; was the companion of the wits of that period, caressed by his sovereign, and, it is said, beloved by his sovereign's mistress, the beautiful Duchess of Cleveland.

As a wife has too often the power to make her husband conceive a friendship for the very man who is the means of his disgrace, such surely may be the power of a mistress; and the singular partiality which his majesty shewed for the author of this play, might possibly be derived from the same artful source which supplies treachery to the marriage state—though, in the present case, followed by less fatal consequences.

In the course of a dangerous illness, which for some time threatened Wycherly's life, the king even condescended to visit him at his lodgings in Bow-street, and was graciously pleased to present him with a large sum of money, in order to travel to the south of France for the recovery of his health. On his return to England, the monarch conferred on him a still higher degree of honour than he had yet done, by entrusting to his care the tuition of a favourite

son, and allowing him a pension of fifteen hundred a year for his guardianship.

The present comedy was greatly admired by the court, and warmly received by the town; which will give the reader no surprise, as its fable, incidents, and dialogue, are all perfectly dramatic, and worthy of high admiration.—Yet to one who has seen this play acted of late years, it must appear wonderful how it could ever be performed successfully without Mrs Jordan.

Mrs Jordan made her first appearance on the London stage in the character of Peggy. She came with no report in her favour to elevate her above a very moderate salary; or to attract more than a very moderate house when she appeared. But here moderation stopped. She at once displayed such consummate art, with such bewitching nature—such excellent sense, with such innocent simplicity, that her auditors were boundless in their plaudits, and so warm in her praises when they left the theatre, that their friends at home would not give credit to the extent of their eulogiums.

It is unnecessary to tell the present generation, that not a syllable that was spoken in Mrs Jordan's commendation in this character was extravagant.

Amongst the external gifts which inspire endearing sensations from one human being to another, the most fascinating is, perhaps, a melodious voice —not the vocal music of singing, but of speaking. Mrs Jordan has this gift beyond any woman who speaks in public. As a proof, her pronunciation is imperfect; for most of her words are uttered with

a kind of provincial dialect; yet her tones are enchanting as the softest harmony—"a concord of sweet sounds."

"The Country Girl" was originally called "The Country Wife;" and received its new title from Mr Garrick, who revived the comedy, when he was manager of Drury Lane, and expunged those parts of it, which probably were thought the most entertaining in the age when it was written, but which an improved taste delicately rejects. The comedy, in its present state, boasts the witty dialogue of former times, blended with the purity and happy incidents of modern dramas.

As the catastrophe of all comedies is marriage, marriage was likewise the catastrophe of poor Wycherly's own comic scenes; for he married, and the rest of his life was a deep tragedy. He married the Countess of Drogheda, who was young, rich, and beautiful; but who had not domestic virtues to reward him for the loss of his sovereign's favour, which immediately followed their union. It is said, the king resented the author's not having solicited his consent to the nuptials; but other causes were more likely to have effected his disgrace at court. The slighted Cleveland might be his enemy; or, as Charles the Second was a social spirit, perhaps, like Sparkish in this play, he—"Could not love a woman, whom other men did not love."—And his majesty might require Wycherly's passion for the Duchess to incite his own; as companions, by seeing others drink, are merrily led to the joys of intoxication.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|---|---|
| Moody | *Mr Wroughton.* |
| Harcourt | *Mr Barrymore.* |
| Sparkish | *Mr Russel.* |
| Belville | *Mr Holland.* |
| William | *Mr Maddocks.* |
| Countryman | *Mr Purser.* |
| | |
| Miss Peggy | *Mrs Jordan.* |
| Alithea | *Miss Mellon.* |
| Lucy | *Mrs Scott.* |

*SCENE—London.*

THE

# COUNTRY GIRL.

## ACT THE FIRST.

### SCENE I.

HARCOURT'S *Lodgings.*

HARCOURT *and* BELVILLE *discovered sitting.*

*Harc.* Ha, ha, ha! and so you are in love, nephew, not reasonably and gallantly, as a young gentleman ought, but sighingly, miserably so—not content to be ankle deep, you have soused over head and ears—ha, Dick?

*Belv.* I am pretty much in that condition, indeed, uncle. [*Sighs.*

*Harc.* Nay, never blush at it—when I was of your age I was ashamed too—but three years at college, and half a one at Paris, methinks should have cured you of that unfashionable weakness—modesty.

*Belv.* Could I have released myself from that, I had, perhaps, been at this instant happy in the possession of what I must despair now ever to obtain—Heigho!

*Harc.* Ha, ha, ha! very foolish indeed.

*Belv.* Don't laugh at me, uncle; I am foolish, I know; but, like other fools, I deserve to be pitied.

*Harc.* Pr'ythee don't talk of pity; how can I help you?——for this Country Girl of yours is certainly married.

*Belv.* No, no—I won't believe it; she is not married, nor she sha'n't, if I can help it.

*Harc.* Well said, modesty.—With such a spirit, you can help yourself, Dick, without my assistance.

*Belv.* But you must encourage, and advise me too, or I shall never make any thing of it.

*Harc.* Provided the girl is not married; for I never, never encourage young men to covet their neighbour's wives.

*Belv.* My heart assures me, that she is not married.

*Harc.* O, to be sure, your heart is much to be relied upon—but, to convince you that I have a fellow-feeling of your distress, and that I am as nearly allied to you in misfortunes as in relationship, you must know——

*Belv.* What, uncle? you alarm me

*Harc.* That I am in love too.

*Belv.* Indeed!

*Harc.* Miserably in love.

*Belv.* That's charming.

*Harc.* And my mistress is just going to be married to another.

*Belv.* Better and better.

*Harc.* I knew my fellow-sufferings would please you; but now prepare for the wonderful wonder of wonders!

*Belv.* Well!

*Harc.* My mistress is in the same house with yours.

*Belv.* What, are you in love with Peggy too?

[*Rising from his Chair.*

*Harc.* Well said, jealousy.—No, no, set your heart at rest.—Your Peggy is too young and too simple for me.—I must have one a little more knowing, a little better bred, just old enough to see the difference be-

tween me and a coxcomb, spirit enough to break from a brother's engagements, and chuse for herself.

*Belv.* You don't mean Alithea, who is to be married to Mr Sparkish!

*Harc.* Can't I be in love with a lady that is going to be married to another as well as you, sir?

*Belv.* But Sparkish is your friend!

*Harc.* Pry'thee don't call him my friend; he can be nobody's friend, not even his own—He would thrust himself into my acquaintance, would introduce me to his mistress, though I have told him again and again that I was in love with her, which, instead of ridding me of him, has made him only ten times more troublesome—and me really in love—He should suffer for his self-sufficiency.

*Belv.* 'Tis a conceited puppy!—And what success with the lady?

*Harc.* No great hopes—and yet, if I could defer the marriage a few days, I should not despair;—her honour, I am confident, is her only attachment to my rival—she can't like Sparkish, and if I can work upon his credulity, a credulity which even popery would be ashamed of, I may yet have the chance of throwing sixes upon the dice to save me.

*Belv.* Nothing can save me.

*Harc.* No, not if you whine and sigh, when you should be exerting every thing that is man about you. I have sent Sparkish, who is admitted at all hours in the house, to know how the land lies for you, and if she is not married already.

*Belv* How cruel you are—you raise me up with one hand, and then knock me down with the other!

*Harc.* Well, well, she sha'n't be married [*Knocking at the Door.*] This is Sparkish, I suppose: don't drop the least hint of your passion to him; if you do, you may as well advertise it in the public papers.

*Belv.* I'll be careful.

*Enter* WILLIAM.

*Will.* An odd sort of a person, from the country I believe, who calls himself Moody, wants to see you, sir; but as I did not know him, I said you were not at home, but would return directly; "And so will I too," said he, very short and surly; and away he went, mumbling to himself

*Harc.* Very well, Will—I'll see him when he comes. [*Exit* WILLIAM.] Moody call to see me!—He has something more in his head than making me a visit —'tis to complain of you, I suppose.

*Belv.* How can he know me?

*Harc.* We must suppose the worst, and be prepared for him.—Tell me all you know of this ward of his, this Peggy—Peggy what's her name?

*Belv.* Thrift, Thrift, uncle.

*Harc.* Ay, ay, Sir Thomas Thrift's daughter, of Hampshire, and left very young under the guardianship of my old acquaintance and companion, Jack Moody.

*Belv.* Your companion! he's old enough to be your father.

*Harc.* Thank you, nephew; he has greatly the advantage of me in years, as well as wisdom. When I first launched from the university into this ocean of London, he was the greatest rake in it; I knew him well for near two years, but all of a sudden he took a freak (a very prudent one) of retiring wholly into the country.

*Belv.* There he gained such an ascendency over the odd disposition of his neighbour, Sir Thomas, that he left him sole guardian to his daughter, who forfeits half her fortune if she does not marry with his consent—there's the devil, uncle.

*Harc.* And are you so young, so foolish, and so much in love, that you would take her with half her value? ha, nephew?

*Belv.* I'll take her with any thing—with nothing.

*Harc.* What! such an unaccomplished, awkward, silly creature; he has scarce taught her to write; she has seen nobody to converse with, but the country people about them; so she can do nothing but dangle her arms, look gawky, turn her toes in, and talk broad Hampshire.

*Belv.* Don't abuse her sweet simplicity—had you but heard her talk, as I have done, from the garden wall in the country, by moonlight——

*Harc.* Romeo and Juliet, I protest, ha, ha, ha! "Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious"——ha, ha, ha! How often have you seen this fair Capulet?

*Belv.* I saw her three times in the country, and spoke to her twice; I have leapt an orchard wall, like Romeo, to come at her, played the balcony scene from an old summer house in the garden; and, if I lose her, I will find out an apothecary, and play the tomb scene too.

*Harc.* Well said, Dick!—this spirit must produce something.—But has the old dragon ever caught you sighing at her?

*Belv.* Never in the country; he saw me yesterday kissing my hand to her from the new tavern window, that looks upon the back of his house, and immediately drove her from it, and fastened up the window-shutters.

*Spark.* [*Without.*] Very well, Will, I'll go up to them.

*Harc.* I hear Sparkish coming up—take care of what I told you—not a word of Peggy;—hear his intelligence, and make use of it, without seeming to mind it.

*Belv.* Mum, mum, uncle.

*Enter* SPARKISH.

*Spark.* O, my dear Harcourt, I shall die with laughing—I have such news for thee—ha, ha, ha!—What, your nephew too, and a little dumpish, or so—

you have been giving him a lecture upon economy I suppose—you, who never had any, can best describe the evils that arise from the want of it.—I never mind my own affairs, not I—"The gods take care of Cato."—I hear, Mr Belville, you have got a pretty snug house, with a bow window that looks into the Park, and a back door that goes out into it.—Very convenient, and well imagined—no young handsome fellow should be without one—you may be always ready there, like a spider in his web, to seize upon strayed women of quality.

*Harc.* As you used to do—you vain fellow you; pr'ythee don't teach my nephew your abandoned tricks—he is a modest young man, and you must not spoil him.—

*Spark.* May be so;—but his modesty has done some mischief at our house—my surly, jealous brother-in-law saw that modest young gentleman casting a wishful eye at his forbidden fruit, from the new tavern window.

*Belv.* You mistake the person, Mr Sparkish—I don't know what young lady you mean.

*Harc.* Explain yourself, Sparkish, you must mistake—Dick has never seen the girl.

*Spark.* I don't say he has; I only tell you what Moody says. Besides he went to the tavern himself, and inquired of the waiter who dined in the back room, No. 4, and they told him it was Mr Belville, your nephew; that's all I know of the matter, or desire to know of it, 'faith.

*Harc.* He kissed his hand, indeed, to your lady, Alithea, and is more in love with her than you are, and very near as much as I am; so look about you, such a youth may be dangerous.

*Spark.* The more danger the more honour: I defy you both; win her and wear her if you can—*Dolus an virtus* in love as well as in war—though you must be expeditious, 'faith; for I believe, if I don't change

my mind, I shall marry her to-morrow, or the day after. Have you no honest clergyman, Harcourt, no fellow collegian to recommend to me to do the business?

*Harc* Nothing ever, sure, was so lucky. [*Aside.*] Why, faith, I have, Sparkish; my brother, a twin brother, Ned Harcourt, will be in town to-day, and proud to attend your commands. I am a very generous rival, you see, to lend you my brother to marry the woman I love!

*Spark.* And so am I too, to let your brother come so near us—but Ned shall be the man; poor Alithea grows impatient—I can't put off the evil day any longer—I fancy the brute, her brother, has a mind to marry his country idiot at the same time.

*Bel.* How, country idiot, sir!

*Harc* Taisez vous, bête. [*Aside to* BELVILLE.] I thought she had been married already.

*Spark.* No, no, he's not married, that's the joke of it.

*Belv.* No, no, he is not married.

*Harc.* Hold your tongue— [*Elbowing* BELVILLE.

*Spark.* Not he—I have the finest story to tell you—by the bye, he intends calling upon you, for he ask'd me where you lived, to complain of modesty there.—He picked up an old raking acquaintance of his, as we came along together,—Will Frankly, who saw him with his girl, sculking and muffled up, at the play last night: he plagued him much about matrimony, and his being ashamed to show himself: swore he was in love with his wife, and intended to cuckold him. "Do you?" cried Moody, folding his arms, and scowling with his eyes thus—"You must have more wit than you used to have.—Besides, if you have as much as you think you have, I shall be out of your reach, and this profligate metropolis, in less than a week." Moody would fain have got rid of him, but the other held him by the sleeve, so I left them;

rejoiced most luxuriously to see the poor devil tormented.

*Belv.* I thought you said, just now, that he was not married: Is not that a contradiction, sir?

[HARCOURT *still makes signs to* BELVILLE.

*Spark.* Why, it is a kind of one—but, considering your modesty, and your ignorance of the young lady, you are pretty tolerably inquisitive, methinks, ha, Harcourt! ha, ha, ha!

*Harc.* Pooh, pooh! don't talk to that boy, tell me all you know.

*Spark.* You must know, my booby of a brother-in-law hath brought up this ward of his (a good fortune let me tell you) as he coops up and fattens his chickens, for his own eating: he is plaguy jealous of her, and was very sorry that he could not marry her in the country, without coming up to town; which he could not do, on account of some writings or other; so what does my gentleman? he persuades the poor silly girl, by breaking a sixpence, or some nonsense or another, that they are to all intents married in Heaven; but that the laws require the signing of articles, and the church service, to complete their union—so he has made her call him husband, and Bud, which she constantly does, and he calls her wife, and gives out she is married, that she may not look after younger fellows, nor younger fellows after her, egad; ha, ha, ha! and all won't do.

*Bel.* Thank you, sir.—What heavenly news, uncle! [*Aside.*

*Harc.* What an idiot you are, nephew! And so then you make but one trouble of it; and are both to be tacked together the same day?

*Spark.* No, no, he can't be married this week; he damns the lawyers for keeping him in town;——besides, I am out of favour; and he is continually snarling at me, and abusing me, for not being jea-

lous. [*Knocking at the door.*] There he is—I must not be seen with you, for he'll suspect something; I'll go with your nephew to his house, and we'll wait for you, and make a visit to my wife that is to be, and, perhaps, we shall show young modesty here a sight of Peggy too.

*Enter* WILLIAM.

*Will.* Sir, here's the strange, odd sort of a gentleman come again, and I have shown him into the fore parlour.

*Spark.* That must be Moody! Well said, Will; an odd sort of a strange gentleman indeed; we'll step into the next room till he comes into this, and then you may have him all to yourself—much good may it do you. [SPARKISH *going, returns.*] Remember that he is married, or he'll suspect me of betraying him.

[*Exeunt* SPARKISH *and* BELVILLE.

*Harc.* Shew him up, Will. [*Exit* WILLIAM.] Now must I prepare myself to see a very strange, though a very natural metamorphosis—a once high-spirited, handsome, well-dressed, raking prodigal of the town, sunk into a surly, suspicious, economical, country sloven——

*Enter* MOODY.

*Moody.* Mr Harcourt, your humble servant—— have you forgot me?

*Harc.* What, my old friend Jack Moody! By thy long absence from the town, the grumness of thy countenance, and the slovenliness of thy habit, I should give thee joy—you are certainly married.

*Moody.* My long stay in the country will excuse my dress, and I have a suit at law that brings me up to town, and puts me out of humour—besides, I must give Sparkish ten thousand pounds to-morrow to take my sister off my hands.

*Harc.* Your sister is very much obliged to you——

being so much older than her, you have taken upon you the authority of a father, and have engaged her to a coxcomb.

*Moody.* I have; and to oblige her——nothing but coxcombs and debauchees are the favourites now-a-days, and a coxcomb is rather the more innocent animal of the two.

*Harc.* She has sense and taste, and can't like him; so you must answer for the consequences.

*Moody.* When she is out of my hands, her husband must look to consequences. He's a fashionable fool, and will cut his horns kindly.

*Harc.* And what is to secure your worship from consequences?—I did not expect marriage from such a rake——one that knew the town so well: fy, fy, Jack.

*Moody.* I'll tell you my security—I have married no London wife.

*Harc.* That's all one—that grave circumspection in marrying a country wife, is like refusing a deceitful, pamper'd, Smithfield jade, to go and be cheated by a friend in the country.

*Moody.* I wish the devil had both him and his simile! [*Aside.*

*Harc.* Well, never grumble about it; what's done can't be undone; is your wife handsome and young?

*Moody.* She has little beauty but her youth, nothing to brag of but her health, and no attraction but her modesty——wholesome, homely, and housewifely—that's all.

*Harc.* You talk as like a grazier as you look, Jack,—why did you not bring her to town before, to be taught something?

*Moody.* Which something I might repent as long as I live.

*Harc.* But, pr'ythee, why would'st thou marry her, if she be ugly, ill-bred, and silly? She must be rich then.

*Moody.* As rich as if she had the wealth of the Mogul—she'll not ruin her husband, like a London baggage, with a million of vices she never heard of—then, because she's ugly, she's the likelier to be my own; and being ill-bred, she'll hate conversation; and, since silly and innocent, will not know the difference between me and you; that is, between a man of thirty and one of forty.

*Harc.* Fifty, to my knowledge—[Moody *turns off, and grumbles.*] But see how you and I differ, Jack—wit to me is more necessary than beauty: I think no young woman ugly that has it; and no handsome woman agreeable without it.

*Moody.* 'Tis my maxim—He's a fool that marries; but he's a greater that does not marry a fool.——I know the town, Mr Harcourt, and my wife shall be virtuous in spite of you, or your nephew.

*Harc.* My nephew!—poor sheepish lad—he runs away from every woman he sees—he saw your sister Alithea at the opera, and was much smitten with her—He always toasts her—and hates the very name of Sparkish. I'll bring him to your house—and you shall see what a formidable Tarquin he is.

*Moody.* I have no curiosity, so give yourself no trouble. You have heard of a wolf in sheep's clothing, and I have seen your innocent nephew kissing his hands at my windows.

*Harc.* At your sister, I suppose; not at her, unless he was tipsy. How can you, Jack, be so outrageously suspicious? Sparkish has promised to introduce him to his mistress.

*Moody.* Sparkish is a fool, and may be, what I'll take care not to be. I confess my visit to you, Mr Harcourt, was partly for old acquaintance sake, but chiefly to desire your nephew to confine his gallantries to the tavern, and not send them in looks, signs, or tokens, on the other side of the way. I keep no brothel—so pray tell your nephew. [*Going.*

*Harc.* Nay, pr'ythee, Jack, leave me in better humour.—Well, I'll tell him, ha, ha, ha! poor Dick, how he'll stare! This will give him reputation, and the girls won't laugh at him any longer. Shall we dine together at the tavern, and send for my nephew, to chide him for his gallantry? Ha, ha, ha! we shall have fine sport!

*Moody.* I am not to be laughed out of my senses, Mr Harcourt; I was once a modest, meek, young gentleman myself, and I never have been half so mischievous before or since, as I was in that state of innocence. And so, old friend, make no ceremony with me—I have much business, and you have much pleasure, and therefore, as I hate forms, I will excuse your returning my visit, or sending your nephew to satisfy me of his modesty—and so your servant. [*Exit.*

*Harc.* Ha, ha, ha! poor Jack! what a life of suspicion does he lead! I pity the poor fellow, though he ought and will suffer for his folly.——Folly!—'tis treason, murder, sacrilege! When persons of a certain age will indulge their false, ungenerous appetites, at the expense of a young creature's happiness, dame Nature will revenge herself upon them, for thwarting her most heavenly will and pleasure. [*Exit.*

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## ACT THE SECOND.

### SCENE I.

*A Chamber in* MOODY'S *House.*

*Enter* MISS PEGGY *and* ALITHEA.

*Peg.* Pray, sister, where are the best fields and woods to walk in, in London?

*Alith.* A pretty question! Why, sister, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and St James's Park, are the most frequented.

*Peg.* Pray, sister, tell me why my Bud looks so grum here in town, and keeps me up close, and will not let me go a-walking, nor let me wear my best gown yesterday?

*Alith.* O, he's jealous, sister.

*Peg.* Jealous! what's that?

*Alith.* He's afraid you should love another man.

*Peg.* How should he be afraid of my loving another man, when he will not let me see any but himself?

*Alith.* Did he not carry you yesterday to a play?

*Peg.* Ay; but we sat amongst ugly people: he would not let me come near the gentry who sat under us, so that I could not see them. He told me, none but naughty women sat there—but I would have ventured for all that.

*Alith.* But how did you like the play?

*Peg.* Indeed I was weary of the play; but I liked hugeously the actors; they are the goodliest, properest men, sister.

*Alith.* O, but you must not like the actors, sister.

*Peg.* Ay, how should I help it, sister? Pray, sister, when my guardian comes in, will you ask leave for me to go a-walking?

*Alith.* A-walking! ha, ha, ha! Lord, a country gentlewoman's pleasure is the drudgery of a foot-post; and she requires as much airing as her husband's horses! [*Aside.*] But here comes my brother; I'll ask him, though I'm sure he'll not grant it.

*Enter* MOODY.

*Peg.* O my dear, dear Bud, welcome home; why dost thou look so fropish? Who has nanger'd thee?

*Moody.* You're a fool. [PEGGY *goes aside, and cries.*

*Alith.* 'Faith, and so she is, for crying for no fault; poor tender creature!

*Moody* What, would you have her as impudent as yourself, as arrant a gilflirt, a gadder, a magpie, and, to say all, a mere notorious town woman!

*Alith.* Brother, you are my only censurer; and the honour of your family will sooner suffer in your wife that is to be, than in me, though I take the innocent liberty of the town!

*Moody.* Hark you, mistress, do not talk so before my wife: the innocent liberty of the town!

*Alith.* Pray, what ill people frequent my lodgings? I keep no company with any woman of scandalous reputation.

*Moody.* No, you keep the men of scandalous reputation company.

*Alith.* Would you not have me civil, answer them at public places, walk with them when they join me in the Park, Ranelagh, or Vauxhall?

*Moody.* Hold, hold; do not teach my wife where the men are to be found: I believe she's the worse for your town documents already. I bid you keep her in ignorance, as I do.

*Peg.* Indeed, be not angry with her, Bud, she will tell me nothing of the town, though I ask her a thousand times a day.

*Moody.* Then you are very inquisitive to know, I find?

*Peg.* Not I indeed, dear; I hate London: our playhouse in the country is worth a thousand of't; 'would I were there again!

*Moody.* So you shall, I warrant. But were you not talking of plays and players when I came in? you are her encourager in such discourses.

*Peg.* No, indeed, dear; she chid me just now for liking the player-men.

*Moody.* Nay, if she is so innocent as to own to me

her liking them, there is no hurt in't. [*Aside.*] Come, my poor rogue, but thou likest none better than me?

*Peg.* Yes, indeed, but I do; the player-men are finer folks.

*Moody.* But you love none better than me?

*Peg.* You are my own dear Bud, and I know you; I hate strangers.

*Moody.* Ay, my dear, you must love me only; and not be like the naughty town women, who only hate their husbands, and love every man else; love plays, visits, fine coaches, fine clothes, fiddles, balls, treats, and so lead a wicked town life.

*Peg.* Nay, if to enjoy all these things be a town life, London is not so bad a place, dear.

*Moody.* How! if you love me, you must hate London.

*Peg.* But, Bud, do the town women love the player-men too?

*Moody.* Ay, I warrant you.

*Peg.* Ay, I warrant you.

*Moody.* Why, you do not, I hope?

*Peg.* No, no, Bud; but why have we no player-men in the country?

*Moody.* Ha! Mrs Minx, ask me no more to go to a play.

*Peg.* Nay, why, love? I did not care for going: but when you forbid me, you make me, as 'twere, desire it.

*Alith.* So 'twill be in other things, I warrant. [*Aside.*

*Peg.* Pray let me go to a play, dear?

*Moody.* Hold your peace, I won't.

*Peg* Why, love?

*Moody.* Why, I'll tell you.

*Alith.* Nay, if he tell her, she'll give him more cause to forbid her that place. [*Aside.*

*Peg.* Pray, why, dear?

*Moody.* First, you like the actors, and the gallants may like you.

*Peg.* What, a homely country girl? No, Bud, nobody will like me.

*Moody.* I tell you yes, they may.

*Peg.* No, no, you jest—I won't believe you: I will go.

*Moody.* I tell you then, that one of the most raking fellows in town, who saw you there, told me he was in love with you.

*Peg.* Indeed! who, who, pray, who was't?

*Moody.* I've gone too far, and slipt before I was aware. How overjoyed she is! [*Aside.*

*Peg.* Was it any Hampshire gallant, or any of our neighbours?——Promise you I am beholden to him.

*Moody.* I promise you, you lie; for he would but ruin you, as he has done hundreds.

*Peg.* Ay, but if he loves me, why should he ruin me? answer me to that. Methinks, he should not; I would do him no harm.

*Alith.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Moody.* 'Tis very well; but I'll keep him from doing you any harm, or me either. But here comes company; get you in, get you in.

*Peg.* But, pray, husband, is he a pretty gentleman that loves me?

*Moody.* In, baggage, in.

[*Thrusts her in, and shuts the door.*

*Enter* SPARKISH, HARCOURT, *and* BELVILLE.

*Moody.* What, all the libertines of the town brought to my lodging, by this easy coxcomb! 'Sdeath, I'll not suffer it.

*Spark.* Here, Belville, do you approve my choice? Dear little rogue, I told you, I'd bring you acquainted with all my friends, the wits.

*Moody.* Ay, they shall know her as well as you yourself will, I warrant you.

*Spark.* This is one of those, my pretty rogue, that are to dance at your wedding to-morrow. And one you must make welcome, for he's modest. [BELVILLE *salutes* ALITHEA.] Harcourt makes himself welcome, and has not the same foible, though of the same family.

*Harc.* You are too obliging, Sparkish.

*Moody.* And so he is, indeed. The fop's horns will as naturally sprout upon his brows, as mushrooms upon dunghills.

*Harc.* This, Mr Moody, is my nephew you mentioned to me; I would bring him with me, for a sight of him will be sufficient, without poppy or mandragora, to restore you to your rest.

*Belv.* I am sorry, sir, that any mistake or imprudence of mine should have given you any uneasiness; it was not so intended, I assure you, sir.

*Moody.* It may be so, sir, but not the less criminal for that—My wife, sir, must not be smirked and nodded at from tavern windows; I am a good shot, young gentleman, and don't suffer magpies to come near my cherries.

*Belv.* Was it your wife, sir?

*Moody.* What's that to you, sir—suppose it was my grandmother?

*Belv.* I would not dare to offend her—permit me to say a word in private to you.

[*Exeunt* MOODY *and* BELVILLE.

*Spark.* Now old Surly is gone, tell me, Harcourt, if thou likest her as well as ever——My dear, don't look down, I should hate to have a wife of mine out of countenance at any thing.

*Alith.* For shame, Mr Sparkish.

*Spark.* Tell me, I say, Harcourt, how dost like her? thou hast stared upon her enough to resolve me.

*Harc.* So infinitely well, that I could wish I had a mistress too, that might differ from her in nothing but her love and engagement to you.

*Alith.* Sir, Mr Sparkish has often told me, that his acquaintance were all wits and railers, and now I find it.

*Spark.* No, by the universe, madam, he does not rally now; you may believe him; I do assure you he is the honestest, worthiest, true-hearted gentleman; a man of such perfect honour, he would say nothing to a lady he does not mean.

*Harc.* Sir, you are so beyond expectation obliging, that——

*Spark.* Nay, egad, I am sure you do admire her extremely, I see it in your eyes——He does admire you, madam, he has told me so a thousand and a thousand times—Have you not, Harcourt? You do admire her, by the world you do—don't you?

*Harc.* Yes, above the world, or the most glorious part of it, her whole sex; and, till now, I never thought I should have envied you or any man about to marry: but you have the best excuse to marry I ever knew.

*Alith.* Nay, now, sir, I am satisfied you are of the society of the wits and railers, since you cannot spare your friend, even when he is most civil to you; but the surest sign is, you are an enemy to marriage, the common butt of every railer.

*Harc.* Truly, madam, I was never an enemy to marriage till now, because marriage was never an enemy to me before.

*Alith.* But why, sir, is marriage an enemy to you now? because it robs you of your friend here? for you look upon a friend married, as one gone into a monastery, that is dead to the world.

*Harc.* 'Tis indeed, because you marry him: I see, madam, you can guess my meaning: I do confess,

heartily and openly, I wish it were in my power to break the match; by Heavens I would.

*Spark.* Poor Frank!

*Alith.* Would you be so unkind to me?

*Harc.* No, no, 'tis not because I would be unkind to you.

*Spark.* Poor Frank; no, egad, 'tis only his kindness to me.

*Alith.* Great kindness to you, indeed!—Insensible! Let a man make love to his mistress to his face!

[*Aside.*

*Spark.* Come, dear Frank, for all my wife there, that shall be, thou shalt enjoy me sometimes, dear rogue: by my honour, we men of wit condole for our deceased brother in marriage, as much as for one dead in earnest: I think that was prettily said of me, ha, Harcourt?—But come, Frank, be not melancholy for me.

*Harc.* No, I assure you, I am not melancholy for you.

*Spark.* Pr'ythee, Frank, dost think my wife, that shall be, there, a fine person?

*Harc.* I could gaze upon her, till I became as blind as you are.

*Spark.* How, as I am? how?

*Harc.* Because you are a lover, and true lovers are blind.

*Spark.* True, true; but, by the world, she has wit too, as well as beauty; go, go with her into a corner, and try if she has wit; talk to her any thing, she's bashful before me. [HARCOURT *courts* ALITHEA *aside.*

*Enter* MOODY.

*Moody.* How, sir! if you are not concerned for the honour of a wife, I am for that of a sister;—be a pander to your own wife, bring men to her, let them make love before your face, thrust them into a corner toge-

ther, then leave them in private; is this your town wit and conduct?

*Spark.* Ha, ha, ha! a silly wise rogue would make one laugh more than a stark fool: ha, ha, ha! I shall burst. Nay, you shall not disturb them: I'll vex thee, by the world. What have you done with Belville?

[*Struggles with* MOODY, *to keep him from* HARCOURT *and* ALITHEA.

*Moody.* Shown him the way out of my house, as you should to that gentleman.

*Spark.* Nay, but pr'ythee—let me reason with thee.

[*Talks aside with* MOODY.

*Alith.* The writings are drawn, sir, settlements made; 'tis too late, sir, and past all revocation.

*Harc.* Then so is my death.

*Alith.* I would not be unjust to him.

*Harc.* Then why to me so?

*Alith.* I have no obligations to you.

*Harc.* My love.

*Alith.* I had his before.

*Harc.* You never had it; he wants, you see, jealousy, the only infallible sign of it.

*Alith.* Love proceeds from esteem; he cannot distrust my virtue; besides, he loves me, or he would not marry me.

*Harc.* Marrying you is no more a sign of his love, than bribing your woman that he may marry you, is a sign of his generosity. But if you take marriage for a sign of love, take it from me immediately.

*Alith.* No, now you have put a scruple in my head: but, in short, sir, to end our dispute, I must marry him! my reputation would suffer in the world else.

*Harc.* No; if you do marry him, with your pardon, madam, your reputation suffers in the world.

*Alith.* Nay, now you are rude, sir—Mr Sparkish,

pray come hither; your friend here is very troublesome, and very loving.

*Harc.* Hold, hold! [*Aside to* ALITHEA.

*Moody.* D'ye hear that, senseless puppy?

*Spark.* Why, d'ye think I'll seem jealous, like a country bumpkin?

*Moody.* No, rather be dishonoured, like a credulous driveller.

*Harc.* Madam, you would not have been so little generous as to have told him?

*Alith.* Yes, since you could be so little generous as to wrong him.

*Harc.* Wrong him! no man can do't; he's beneath an injury; a bubble, a coward, a senseless idiot, a wretch so contemptible to all the world but you, that——

*Alith.* Hold, do not rail at him; for, since he is like to be my husband, I am resolved to like him; nay, I think, I am obliged to tell him, you are not his friend —Mr Sparkish! Mr Sparkish!

*Spark.* What, what: now, dear rogue, has not she wit?

*Harc.* Not so much as I thought, and hoped she had. [*Surlily.*

*Alith.* Mr Sparkish, do you bring people to rail at you?

*Harc.* Madam!

*Spark.* How! no; but if he does rail at me, 'tis but in jest, I warrant: what we wits do for one another, and never take any notice of it.

*Alith.* He spoke so scurrilously of you, I had no patience to hear him.

*Moody.* And he was in the right on't.

*Alith.* Besides, he has been making love to me.

*Moody.* And I told the fool so.

*Harc.* True, damned tell-tale woman! [*Aside.*

*Spark.* Pshaw, to shew his parts—We wits rail and

make love often, but to shew our parts; as we have no affections, so we have no malice; we——

*Moody.* Did you ever hear such an ass!

*Alith.* He said, you were a wretch below an injury.

*Spark.* Pshaw!

*Alith.* A common bubble.

*Spark.* Pshaw!

*Alith.* A coward.

*Spark.* Pshaw, pshaw!

*Alith.* A senseless drivelling idiot.

*Moody.* True, true, true; all true.

*Spark.* How! did he disparage my parts? nay, then my honour's concerned. I can't put up that, sir, by the world! brother, help me to kill him.

[*Offers to draw.*

*Alith.* Hold! hold!

*Moody.* If Harcourt would but kill Sparkish, and run away with my sister, I should be rid of three plagues at once.

*Alith.* Indeed, to tell the truth, the gentleman said, after all, that what he spoke was but out of friendship to you.

*Spark.* How! say I am a fool, that is, no wit, out of friendship to me?

*Alith.* Yes, to try whether I was concerned enough for you; and made love to me only to be satisfied of my virtue for your sake.

*Harc.* Kind, however! [*Aside.*

*Spark.* Nay, if it were so, my dear rogue, I ask thee pardon;—but why would you not tell me so, 'faith?

*Harc.* Because I did not think on't, 'faith!

*Spark.* Come, Belville is gone away; Harcourt, let's be gone to the new play—Come, madam.

*Alith.* I will not go, if you intend to leave me alone in the box, and run all about the house, as you use to do.

*Spark.* Pshaw, I'll leave Harcourt with you in the box, to entertain you, and that's as good; if I sat in the box, I should be thought no critic—I must run about, my dear, and abuse the author—Come away, Harcourt, lead her down. B'ye, brother.

[*Exeunt* SPARKISH, ALITHEA, *and* HARCOURT.

*Moody.* B'ye, driveller. Well, go thy ways, for the flower of the true town fops, such as spend their estates before they come to them, and are cuckolds before they're married. But let me go look to my freehold.

*Enter a* COUNTRYMAN.

*Countr.* Master, your worship's servant—here is the lawyer counsellor gentleman, with a green bag full of papers, come again, and would be glad to speak with you.

*Moody.* Now here's some other damned impediment, which the law has thrown in our way—I shall never marry the girl, nor get clear of the smoke and wickedness of this cursed town. Where is he?

*Countr.* He's below in a coach, with three other lawyer counsellor gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Chamber.*

*Enter* MISS PEGGY *and* LUCY.

*Lucy.* What ails you, Miss Peggy? You are grown quite melancholy.

*Peg.* Would it not make any one melancholy to see your mistress, Alithea, go every day fluttering about abroad to plays and assemblies, and I know not what, whilst I must stay at home, like a poor, lonely, sullen bird in a cage?

*Lucy.* Dear Miss Peggy, I thought you chose to be confined: I imagined that you had been bred so young to the cage, that you had no pleasure in flying about, and hopping in the open air, as other young ladies, who go a little wild about this town.

*Peg.* Nay, I confess, I was quiet enough, till somebody told me what pure lives the London ladies lead, with their dancing meetings and junketings, and dressed every day in their best gowns; and, I warrant you, play at nine-pins every day in the week, so they do.

*Lucy.* To be sure, miss, you will lead a better life when joined in holy wedlock with your sweet-tempered guardian, the cheerful Mr Moody.

*Peg.* I can't lead a worse, that's one good thing—but I must make the best of a bad market, for I can't marry nobody else.

*Lucy.* How so, miss? that's very strange.

*Peg.* Why we have a contraction to one another—so we are as good as married, you know——

*Lucy.* I know it? Heaven forbid, miss——

*Peg.* Heigho!

*Lucy.* Don't sigh, Miss Peggy—if that young gentleman, who was here just now, would take pity on me, I'd throw such a contract as yours behind the fire.

*Peg.* Lord bless us, how you talk!

*Lucy.* Young Mr Belville would make you talk otherwise, if you knew him.

*Peg.* Mr Belville!—where is he?—when did you see him?—you have undone me, Lucy—where was he? did he say any thing?

*Lucy.* Say any thing! very little, indeed—he's quite distracted, poor young creature; he was talking with your guardian just now.

*Peg.* The deuce he was!—but where was it, and when was it?

*Lucy.* In this house, five minutes ago, when your

guardian turned you into your chamber, for fear of your being seen.

*Peggy.* I knew something was the matter, I was in such a flutter.—But what did he say to my Bud?

*Lucy.* What do you call him Bud for? Bud means husband, and he is not your husband yet—and I hope never will be; and if he was my husband, I'd bud him, a surly, unreasonable beast!

*Peg.* I'd call him any names, to keep him in good humour; if he'd let me marry any body else, (which I can't do,) I'd call him husband as long as he lived. —But what said Mr Belville to him?

*Lucy.* I don't know what he said to him, but I'll tell you what he said to me, with a sigh, and his hand upon his breast, as he went out of the door:—If you ever were in love, young gentlewoman, (meaning me,) and can pity a most faithful lover, tell the dear object of my affections——

*Peg.* Meaning me, Lucy?

*Lucy* Yes, you, to be sure. Tell the dear object of my affections, I live but upon the hopes that she is not married; and, when those hopes leave me—— she knows the rest——then he cast his eyes up thus —gnashed his teeth—struck his forehead—would have spoke again, but could not—fetched a deep sigh, and vanished.

*Peg.* That is really very fine—I'm sure it makes my heart sink within me, and brings tears into my eyes—O, he's a charming, sweet——but hush, hush, I hear my husband!

*Lucy.* Don't call him husband. Go into the Park this evening if you can.

*Peg.* Mum, mum——

*Enter* MOODY.

*Moody.* Come, what's here to do? You are putting the town pleasures into her head, and setting her a-longing.

*Lucy.* Yes, after nine-pins: you suffer none to give her those longings you mean, but yourself.

*Moody.* Come, Mrs Flippant, good precepts are lost, when bad examples are still before us: the liberty your mistress takes abroad, makes her hanker after it, and out of humour at home: poor wretch! she desired not to come to London; I would bring her.

*Lucy.* O yes, you surfeit her with pleasures.

*Moody.* She has been this fortnight in town, and never desired, till this afternoon, to go abroad.

*Lucy.* Was she not at the play yesterday?

*Moody.* Yes, but she never asked me. I was myself the cause of her going.

*Lucy.* Then if she ask you again, you are the cause of her asking, and not my mistress.

*Moody.* Well, next week I shall be rid of you all, rid of this town, and my dreadful apprehensions. Come, be not melancholy, for thou shalt go into the country very soon, dearest.

*Peg.* Pish! what d'ye tell me of the country for?

*Moody.* How's this! what, flout at the country!

*Peg.* Let me alone, I am not well.

*Moody.* O, if that be all——what ails my dearest?

*Peg.* Truly, I don't know; but I have not been well since you told me there was a gallant at the play in love with me.

*Moody.* Ha!

*Lucy.* That's my mistress too.

*Moody.* Nay, if you are not well, but are so concerned because a raking fellow chanced to lie, and say he liked you, you'll make me sick too.

*Peg.* Of what sickness?

*Moody.* O, of that which is worse than the plague, jealousy.

*Peg.* Pish, you jeer: I'm sure there's no such disease in your receipt book at home.

*Moody.* No, thou never met'st with it, poor innocent.

*Peg.* Well; but pray, Bud, let's go to the play to-night.

*Moody.* No, no;—no more plays.—But why are you so eager to see a play?

*Peg.* 'Faith, dear, not that I care one pin for their talk there; but I like to look upon the player-men, and would see. if I could, the gallant you say loves me: that's all, dear Bud.

*Moody.* Is that all, dear Bud?

*Lucy.* This proceeds from my mistress's example.

*Peg.* Let s go abroad, however, dear Bud, if we don't go to the play.

*Moody.* Come, have a little patience, and thou shalt go into the country next week.

*Peg.* Therefore I would see first some sights, to tell my neighbours of: nay, I will go abroad, that's once.

*Moody.* What, you have put this into her head?

*Lucy.* Heaven defend me, what suspicions! somebody has put more things into your head than you ought to have.

*Moody.* Your tongue runs too glibly, madam, and you have lived too long with a London lady, to be a proper companion for innocence. I am not over fond of you, mistress.

*Lucy.* There's no love lost between us.

*Moody.* You admitted those gentlemen into the house, when I said I would not be at home; and there was the young fellow too, who behaved so indecently to my wife at the tavern window.

*Lucy.* Because you would not let him see your handsome wife out of your lodgings.

*Peg.* Why, O Lord! did the gentleman come hither to see me, indeed?

*Moody.* No, no; you are not the cause of that damned question too.

*Peg.* Come, pray, Bud, let's go abroad before 'tis

late; for I will go, that't flat and plain—only into the Park.

*Moody.* So! the obstinacy already of the town wife; and I must, whilst she's here, humour her like one. [*Aside.*] How shall we do, that she may not be seen or known?

*Lucy.* Muffle her up with a bonnet and handkerchief, and I'll go with her, to avoid suspicion.

*Moody.* No, no, I'm obliged to you for your kindness, but she sha'n't stir without me.

*Lucy.* What will you do then?

*Peg.* What, shall we go? I am sick with staying at home: if I don't walk in the Park, I'll do nothing that I'm bid for a week—I won't be moped.

*Lucy.* O, she has a charming spirit! I could stand your friend now, and would, if you had ever a civil word to give me.

*Moody.* I'll give thee a better thing, I'll give thee a guinea for thy good advice, if I like it; and I can have the best of the college for the same money.

*Lucy.* I despise a bribe—when I am your friend, it shall be without fee or reward.

*Peg.* Don't be long then, for I will go out.

*Lucy.* The tailor brought home last night the clothes you intend for a present to your godson in the country.

*Peg.* You must not tell that, Lucy.

*Lucy.* But I will, madam—When you were with your lawyers last night, Miss Peggy, to divert me and herself, put 'em on, and they fitted her to a hair.

*Moody.* Thank you, thank you, Lucy, 'tis the luckiest thought! Go this moment, Peggy, into your chamber, and put them on again—and you shall walk with me into the Park, as my godson. Well thought of, Lucy—I shall love you for ever for this.

*Peg.* And so shall I too, Lucy, I'll put 'em on di-

rectly. [*Going, returns.*] Suppose, Bud, I must keep on my petticoats, for fear of shewing my legs.

*Moody.* No, no, you fool, never mind your legs. [*Exit* PEGGY, *rejoiced.*] What a simpleton it is! Well, Lucy, I thank you for the thought, and, before I leave London, thou shalt be convinced how much I am obliged to thee. [*Exit, smiling.*

*Lucy.* And before you leave London, Mr Moody, I hope I shall convince you how much you are obliged to me. [*Exit.*

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## ACT THE THIRD.

### SCENE I.

*Enter* BELVILLE *and* HARCOURT.

*Belv.* And the moment Moody left me, I took an opportunity of conveying some tender sentiments, through Lucy, to Miss Peggy, and here I am, in expectation of seeing my country goddess.

*Harc.* And so to blind Moody, and take him off the scent of your passion for this girl, and at the same time to give me an opportunity with Sparkish's mistress (and of which I have made the most) you hinted to him, with a grave melancholy face, that you were dying for his sister—'Gad-a-mercy, nephew! I will back thy modesty against any other in the three kingdoms—It will do, Dick.

*Belv.* What could I do, uncle?—it was my last stake, and I played for a great deal.

*Harc.* You mistake me, Dick——I don't say you could do better——I only can't account for your modesty's doing so much; you have done such wonders, that I, who am rather bold than sheepish, have not yet ceased wondering at you. But do you think that you imposed upon him?

*Belv.* 'Faith, I can't say——he said very little, grumbled much, shook his head, and shewed me the door. But what success have you had with Alithea?

*Harc.* Just enough to have a glimmering of hope, without having light enough to see an inch before my nose.——This day will produce something; Alithea is a woman of great honour, and will sacrifice her happiness to it, unless Sparkish's absurdity stands my friend, and does every thing that the fates ought to do for me.

*Belv.* Yonder comes the prince of coxcombs, and if your mistress and mine should by chance be tripping this way, this fellow will spoil sport——let us avoid him you can't cheat him before his face.

*Harc.* But I can though, thanks to my wit, and his want of it.

*Belv.* But you cannot come near his mistress but in his company.

*Harc.* Still the better for me, nephew, for fools are most easily cheated, when they themselves are accessaries; and he is to be bubbled of his mistress, or of his money, (the common mistress,) by keeping him company.

*Enter* SPARKISH.

*Spark.* Who's that that is to be bubbled? 'faith, let me snack; I ha'n't met with a bubble since Christmas. 'Gad, I think bubbles are like their brother woodcocks, go out with the cold weather.

*Harc.* He did not hear all, I hope.

[*Aside to* BELVILLE.

*Spark.* Come, you bubbling rogues, you, where do we sup? O Harcourt, my mistress tells me you have made love, fierce love to her last night, all the play long; ha, ha, ha! but I——

*Harc.* I make love to her!

*Spark.* Nay, I forgive thee; I think I know you, I think I know her, but I am sure I know myself.

*Belv.* Do you, sir? Then you are the wisest man in the world, and I honour you as such. [*Bowing.*

*Spark.* O, your servant, sir, you are at your raillery, are you? You can't oblige me more—I'm your man —He'll meet with his match—Ha! Harcourt!—Did not you hear me laugh prodigiously at the play last night?

*Harc.* Yes, and was very much disturbed at it.—You put the actors and audience into confusion—and all your friends out of countenance.

*Spark.* So much the better——I love confusion ——and to see folks out of countenance——I was in tip-top spirits, 'faith, and said a thousand good things.

*Belv.* But I thought you had gone to plays to laugh at the poet's good things, and not at your own.

*Spark.* Your servant, sir: no, I thank you. 'Gad, I go to a play, as to a country treat: I carry my own wine to one, and my own wit to t'other, or else I'm sure I should not be merry at either: and the reason why we are so often louder than the players is, because we hate authors damnably.

*Belv.* But why should you hate the poor rogues? you have too much wit, and despise writing, I'm sure.

*Spark.* O yes I despise writing. But women, women, that make men do all foolish things, make 'em write songs too. Every body does it: 'tis e'en as com-

mon with lovers, as playing with fans, and you can no more help rhyming to your Phillis, than drinking to your Phillis.

*Harc.* But the poets damned your songs, did they?

*Spark.* O yes, damn the poets, they turned them into burlesque, as they call it: that burlesque is a hocus-pocus trick they have got, by which, by the virtue of hictius doctius, topsy turvey, they make a clever witty thing absolute nonsense! Do you know, Harcourt, that they ridiculed my last song, Twang, twang, the best I ever wrote?

*Harc* That may be, and be very easily ridiculed, for all that.

*Belv.* Favour me with it, sir, I never heard it.

*Spark.* What, and have all the Park about us?

*Harc.* Which you'll not dislike, and so, pr'ythee begin.

*Spark.* I never am asked twice, and so have at you.

SONG.

*Tell not me of the roses and lilies,*
*Which tinge the fair cheek of your Phillis,*
*Tell not me of the dimples and eyes,*
*For which silly Corydon dies:*
*Let all whining lovers go hang;*
*My heart would you hit,*
*Tip your arrow with wit,*
*And it comes to my heart with a twang, twang,*
*And it comes to my heart with a twang.*

*I am rock to the handsome and pretty,*
*Can only be touch'd by the witty;*
*And beauty will ogle in vain,*
*The way to my heart's through my brain.*

*Let all whining lovers go hang;*
*We wits, you must know,*
*Have two strings to our bow,*
*To return them their darts with a twang, twang,*
*And return them their darts with a twang.*

[*At the end of the Song,* HARCOURT *and* BELVILLE *steal away from* SPARKISH, *and leave him singing.——He sinks his voice by degrees, at the surprise of their being gone; then*

*Enter* HARCOURT *and* BELVILLE.

*Spark.* What the deuce did you go away for?
*Harc.* Your mistress is coming.
*Spark.* The devil she is—O hide, hide me from her!
[*Hides behind* HARCOURT.
*Harc.* She sees you.
*Spark.* But I will not see her: for I'm engaged, and at this instant. [*Looking at his Watch.*
*Harc.* Pray first take me, and reconcile me to her.
*Spark.* Another time; 'faith, it is to a lady, and one cannot make excuses to a woman.
*Belv.* You have need of them, I believe.
*Spark.* Pshaw, pr'ythee hide me.

*Enter* MOODY, PEGGY, (*in Boy's Clothes,*) *and* ALITHEA.

*Harc.* Your servant Mr Moody.
*Moody.* Come along— [*To* PEGGY.
*Peg.* Lau!—what a sweet, delightful place this is!
*Moody.* Come along, I say—don't stare about you so—you'll betray yourself—
[*Exit* MOODY, *pulling* PEGGY, ALITHEA *following.*
*Harc.* He does not know us—
*Belv.* Or he won't know us—
*Spark.* So much the better—
[*Exit* BELVILLE *after them.*

*Harc.* Who is that pretty youth with him, Sparkish?

*Spark.* Some relation of Peggy's, I suppose, for he is something like her in the face and gawkiness.

*Enter* BELVILLE.

*Belv.* By all my hopes, uncle—Peggy in boy's clothes—I am all over agitation!

[*Aside to* HARCOURT.

*Harc.* Be quiet, or you'll spoil all. They return ——Alithea has seen you, Sparkish, and will be angry if you don't go to her: besides, I would fain be reconciled to her, which none but you can do, my dear friend.

*Spark.* Well, that's a better reason, dear friend: I would not go near her now for hers or my own sake; but I can deny you nothing: for, though I have known thee a great while, never go, if I do not love thee as well as a new acquaintance.

*Harc.* I am obliged to you, indeed, my dear friend: I would be well with her, only to be well with thee still; for these ties to wives usually dissolve all ties to friends.

*Spark.* But they sha'n't, though—Come along.

[*They retire.*

*Enter* MOODY, PEGGY, *and* ALITHEA.

*Moody.* Sister, if you will not go, we must leave you. [*To* ALITHEA.] The fool, her gallant, and she, will muster up all the young saunterers of this place. What a swarm of cuckolds and cuckold-makers are here! I begin to be uneasy. [*Aside.*] Come, let's begone, Peggy.

*Peg.* Don't you believe that, I ha'n't half my belly full of sights yet.

*Moody.* Then walk this way.

*Peg.* Lord, what a power of fine folks are here!—And Mr Belville, as I hope to be married! [*Aside.*

*Moody.* Come along, what are you a muttering at?

*Peg.* There's the young gentleman there you were so angry about—that's in love with me.

*Moody.* No, no, he's a dangler after your sister—or pretends to be—but they are all bad alike—Come along, I say. [*He pulls her away.*

[*Exeunt* PEGGY *and* MOODY. BELVILLE *following.*—SPARKISH, HARCOURT, *and* ALITHEA *come forward.*

*Spark.* Come, dear madam, for my sake you shall be reconciled to him.

*Alith.* For your sake I hate him.

*Harc.* That's something too cruel, madam, to hate me for his sake.

*Spark.* Ay, indeed, madam, too, too cruel to me, to hate my friend for my sake.

*Alith.* I hate him because he is your enemy; and you ought to hate him too, for making love to me, if you love me.

*Spark.* That's a good one! I hate a man for loving you! if he did love you, 'tis but what he can't help: and 'tis your fault, not his, if he admires you.

*Alith.* Is it for your honour, or mine, to suffer a man to make love to me, who am to marry you to-morrow?

*Harc.* But why, dearest madam, will you be more concerned for his honour than he is himself? Let his honour alone for my sake and his. He has no honour.

*Spark.* How's that?

*Harc.* But what my dear friend can guard himself.

*Spark.* O ho——that's right again.

*Alith.* You astonish me, sir, with want of jealousy.

*Spark.* And you make me giddy, madam, with your jealousy and fears, and virtue and honour. 'Gad, I see virtue makes a woman as troublesome as a little reading or learning.

*Harc.* Come, madam, you see you strive in vain to make him jealous of me: my dear friend is the kindest creature in the world to me.

*Spark.* Poor fellow!

*Harc.* But his kindness only is not enough for me, without your favour, your good opinion, dear madam: 'tis that must perfect my happiness. Good gentleman, he believes all I say: 'would you would do so! —Jealous of me! I would not wrong him nor you for the world.

*Spark.* Look you there: hear him, hear him, and not walk away so. Come back again.

[ALITHEA *walks carelessly to and fro.*

*Harc.* I love you, madam, so—

*Spark.* How's that! nay—now you begin to go too far indeed.

*Harc.* So much, I confess, I say, I love you, that I would not have you miserable, and cast yourself away upon so unworthy and inconsiderable a thing as what you see here.

[*Clapping his Hand on his Breast, points to* SPARKISH.

*Spark.* No, 'faith, I believe thou wouldst not; now his meaning is plain; but I knew before thou wouldst not wrong me nor her.

*Harc.* No, no, Heavens forbid the glory of her sex should fall so low, as into the embraces of such a contemptible wretch, the least of mankind—my dear friend here—I injure him! [*Embracing* SPARKISH.

*Alith.* Very well.

*Spark.* No, no, dear friend, I knew it: Madam, you see he will rather wrong himself than me in giving himself such names.

*Alith.* Do not you understand him yet?

*Spark.* Come, come, you shall stay till he has saluted you; that I may be assured you are friends, after his honest advice and declaration: come, pray, madam, be friends with him.

*Enter* MOODY *and* PEGGY. BELVILLE *at a Distance.*

*Moody.* What, invite your wife to kiss men? Monstrous! Are you not ashamed?

*Spark.* Are you not ashamed, that I should have more confidence in the chastity of your family, than you have? You must not teach me, I am a man of honour, sir, though I am frank and free; I am frank, sir—

*Moody.* Very frank, sir, to share your wife with your friends.—You seem to be angry, and yet won't go. [*To* ALITHEA.

*Alith.* No impertinence shall drive me away.

*Moody.* Because you like it.—But you ought to blush at exposing your wife as you do.

*Spark.* What then? It may be I have a pleasure in't, as I have to show fine clothes at a playhouse, the first day, and count money before poor rogues.

*Moody.* He, that shows his wife or money, will be in danger of having them borrowed sometimes.

*Spark.* I love to be envied, and would not marry a wife that I alone could love. Loving alone is as dull as eating alone; and so good night, for I must to Whitehall.—Madam, I hope you are now reconciled to my friend; and so I wish you a good night, madam, and sleep if you can; for to-morrow, you know, I must visit you early with a canonical gentleman. Good night, dear Harcourt—remember to send your brother. [*Exit* SPARKISH.

*Harc.* You may depend upon me. Madam, I hope you will not refuse my visit to-morrow, if it should be earlier, with a canonical gentleman, than Mr Sparkish?

*Moody.* This gentlewoman is yet under my care, therefore you must yet forbear your freedom with her.

*Harc.* Must, sir!

*Moody.* Yes, sir, she is my sister.

*Harc.* 'Tis well she is, sir——for I must be her servant, sir.——Madam——

*Moody.* Come away, sister, we had been gone if it had not been for you, and so avoided these lewd rakehells, who seem to haunt us.

*Harc.* I see a little time in the country makes a man turn wild and unsociable, and only fit to converse with his horses, dogs, and his herds.

*Moody.* I have business, sir, and must mind it: your business is pleasure, therefore you and I must go different ways.

*Harc.* Well, you may go on; but this pretty young gentleman [*Takes hold of* PEGGY.] shall stay with us, for I suppose his business is the same with ours, pleasure.

*Moody.* 'Sdeath, he knows her, she carries it so sillily; yet, if he does not, I should be more silly to discover it first. [*Aside.*] Come, come.

*Harc.* Had you not rather stay with us? [*To* PEGGY.] Pr'ythee, who is this pretty young fellow?

*Moody.* One to whom I am a guardian.—I wish I could keep her out of your hands. [*Aside.*

*Harc.* Who is he? I never saw any thing so pretty in all my life.

*Moody.* Pshaw, do not look upon him so much. He's a poor bashful youth, you'll put him out of countenance. [*Offers to take her away.*

*Harc.* Here, nephew, let me introduce this young gentleman to your acquaintance.—You are very like, and of the same age, and should know one another—Salute him, Dick, à la Françoise.

[BELVILLE *kisses her.*

*Moody.* I hate French fashions. Men kiss one another! [*Endeavours to take hold of her.*

*Peg.* I am out of my wits——What do you kiss me for? I am no woman.

*Harc.* But you are ten times handsomer.

*Peg.* Nay, now you jeer one; and pray don't jeer me.

*Harc.* Kiss him again, Dick.

*Moody.* No, no, no; come away, come away.

[*To* PEGGY.

*Harc.* Why, what haste are you in? Why won't you let me talk with him?

*Moody.* Because you'll debauch him: he's yet young and innocent. How she gazes upon him! The devil! [*Aside.*] Come, pray, let him go, I cannot stay fooling any longer; I tell you my wife stays supper for us.

*Harc.* Does she? Come, then, we'll all go sup with her.

*Moody.* No, no—now I think on't, having staid so long for us, I warrant she's gone to bed.—I wish she and I were well out of your hands. [*Aside.*

*Harc.* Well then, if she be gone to bed, I wish her and you a good night. But pray, young gentleman, present my humble service to her.

*Peg.* Thank you heartily, sir. [*Bowing.*

*Moody.* 'Sdeath, she will discover herself yet, in spite of me! *Aside.*

*Belv.* And mine too, sir.

*Peg.* That I will, indeed. [*Bowing.*

*Harc.* Pray give her this kiss for me.

[*Kisses* PEGGY.

*Peg.* I am very much obliged to you, sir.

*Moody.* O Heavens! what do I suffer?

*Belv.* And this for me. [*Kisses* PEGGY.

*Peg.* Thank you, sir. [*Courtesies.*

[*Exeunt* BELVILLE *and* HARCOURT, *laughing.*

*Moody.* O the idiot! Come, come, driveller. So they are gone at last.—Sister, stay with Peggy—till I find my servant—don't let her stir an inch, I'll be back directly. [*Exit* MOODY.

*Enter* HARCOURT *and* BELVILLE.

*Harc.* What, not gone yet?—Nephew, show the

young gentleman Rosamond's pond, while I speak another word to this lady.

[*Exeunt* BELVILLE *and* PEGGY.

[ALITHEA *and* HARCOURT *struggle.*

*Alith.* My brother will go distracted.

*Enter* MOODY.

*Moody.* Where! how!—what's become of—gone—whither?—

*Alith.* In the next walk only, brother.

*Moody.* Only, only, where, where? [*Exit.*

*Harc.* But, dearest madam—

*Enter* MOODY.

*Moody.* Gone, gone, not to be found; quite gone; ten thousand plagues go with 'em; which way went they?

*Alith.* But in t'other walk, brother.

*Moody.* T'other walk—t'other devil! Where are they, I say?

*Alith.* You are too abusive, brother, and too violent about trifles.

*Moody.* You know where they are, you infamous wretch, eternal shame of your family; which you do not dishonour enough yourself, you think, but you must help her to it too, thou legion of—

*Alith.* Good brother—

*Moody.* Damned, damned sister! [*Exit.*

*Alith.* Show me to my chair, Mr Harcourt—His scurrility has overpowered me—I will get rid of his tyranny and your importunities, and give my hand to Sparkish to-morrow morning. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*Another Part of the Park.*

*Enter* BELVILLE *and* MISS PEGGY.

*Belv.* No disguise could conceal you from my heart; I pretended not to know you, that I might de-

ceive the dragon, that continually watches over you —but now he's asleep, let us fly from misery to happiness.

*Peg.* Indeed, Mr Belville, as well as I like you, I can't think of going away with you so—and as much as I hate my guardian, I must take leave of him a little handsomely, or he will kill me, so he will.

*Belv.* But, dear Miss Peggy, think of your situation; if we don't make the best use of this opportunity, we never may have another.

*Peg.* Ay, but, Mr Belville—I am as good as married already—my guardian has contracted me, and there wants nothing but church ceremony to make us one—I call him husband, and he calls me wife already: he made me do so;—and we had been married in church long ago, if the writings could have been finished.

*Belv.* That's his deceit, my sweet creature—He pretends to have married you, for fear of your liking any body else—You have a right to chuse for yourself, and there is no law in Heaven or earth that binds you before marriage to a man you cannot like.

*Peg.* I'feck, no more I believe it does; sister Alithea's maid has told me as much—she's a very sensible girl.

*Belv.* You are in the very jaws of perdition, and nothing but running away can avoid it——the law will finish your chains to-morrow, and the church will rivet them the day after——Let us secure our happiness by escape, and love and fortune will do the rest for us.

*Peg.* These are fine sayings, to be sure, Mr Belville; but how shall we get my fortune out of Bud's clutches? We must be a little cunning; 'tis worth trying for—We can at any time run away without it.

*Belv.* I see by your fears, my dear Peggy, that you live in awe of this brutal guardian; and if he has you

once more in his possession, both you and your fortune are secured to him for ever,

*Peg.* Ay, but it sha'n't though—I thank him for that.

*Belv.* If you marry without his consent, he can but seize upon half your fortune—The other half, and a younger brother's fortune, with a treasure of love, are our own—Take it, my sweetest Peggy, and this moment, or we shall be divided for ever.

[*Kneels, and presses her Hand.*

*Peg.* I'fackins, but we won't—Your fine talk has bewitched me.

*Belv.* 'Tis you have bewitched me—thou dear, enchanting, sweet simplicity——Let us fly with the wings of love to my house there, and we shall be safe for ever.

*Peg.* And so we will then—there, squeeze me again by the hand; now run away with me, and if my guardy follows us, the devil take the hindmost, I say. [*Going.*] Boo! here he is.

*Enter* MOODY, *hastily, and meets them.*

*Moody.* O! there's my strayed sheep, and the wolf again, in sheep's clothing!—Where have you been, you puppy?

*Peg.* Been, Bud?—We have been hunting all over the Park to find you.

*Belv* From one end to the other, sir. [*Confusedly.*

*Moody.* But not where I was to be found, you young devil you. Why did you start when you saw me?

*Peg.* I'm always frightened when I see you, and if I did not love you so well—I should run away from you, so I should. [*Pouting.*

*Moody.* But I'll take care you don't.

*Peg.* This gentleman has a favour to beg of you, Bud? [BELVILLE *makes signs of dislike.*

*Moody.* I am not in the humour to grant favours to young gentlemen, though you may. What have

you been doing with this young lady?—gentleman, I would say—

*Peg.* Fie, Bud, you have told all.

*Belv.* I have been as civil as I could to the young stranger; and, if you'll permit me, I will take the trouble off your hands, and show the young spark Rosamond's pond, for he has not seen it yet—Come, pretty youth, will you go with me?

*Peg.* As my guardian pleases.

*Moody.* No, no, it does not please me—whatever I think he ought to see, I shall show him myself—You may visit Rosamond's pond if you will—and the bottom of it if you will—And so, sir, your humble servant.

[*Exeunt* MOODY, *with* PEGGY *under his arm.*

—BELVILLE *a contrary way.*

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## ACT THE FOURTH.

### SCENE I.

MOODY'S *House.*

*Enter* LUCY *and* ALITHEA.

*Lucy.* Well, madam, have I spent so much time upon you, and all this for no other purpose but to bury you alive? for I look upon Mr Sparkish's bed to be little better than a grave.

*Alith.* Hold your peace.

*Lucy.* Nay, madam, I will ask you the reason why you would banish poor Mr Harcourt for ever from your sight? how could you be so hard-hearted?

*Alith.* 'Twas because I was not hard-hearted.

*Lucy.* No, no; 'twas stark love and kindness, I warrant.

*Alith.* It was so; I would see him no more, because I love him.

*Lucy.* Hey-day! a very pretty reason!

*Alith.* You do not understand me.

*Lucy.* I wish you may yourself.

*Alith.* I was engaged to marry, you see, another man, whom my justice will not suffer me to deceive, or injure.

*Lucy.* Can there be a greater cheat or wrong done to a man, than to give him your person without your heart? I should make a conscience of it.

*Alith* I'll retrieve it for him, after I am married.

*Lucy.* The woman, that marries to love better, will be as much mistaken, as the rake that marries to live better.

*Alith.* What nonsense you talk!

*Lucy.* 'Tis a melancholy truth, madam,—marrying to increase love, is like gaming to become rich—— Alas! you only lose what little stock you had before. ——There are many woeful examples of it in this righteous town!

*Alith.* I find by your rhetoric you have been bribed to betray me.

*Lucy.* Only by his merit, that has bribed your heart, you see, against your word and rigid honour.

*Alith.* Come, pray talk no more of honour, nor Mr Harcourt; I wish the other would come to secure my fidelity to him, and his right in me.

*Lucy.* You will marry him then?

*Alith.* Certainly.

*Lucy* Well, I wish I may never stick a pin more, if he be not an arrant natural to t'other fine gentleman.

*Alith.* I own he wants the wit of Harcourt.

*Lucy* Lord, madam, what should you do with a fool to your husband? You intend to be honest, don't you? Then that husbandly virtue, credulity, is thrown away upon you.

*Alith.* He only, that could suspect my virtue, should have cause to do it; 'tis Sparkish's confidence in my truth that obliges me to be faithful to him.

*Lucy.* What, faithful to a creature who is incapable of loving and esteeming you as he ought! To throw away your beauty, wit, accomplishments, sweet temper——

*Alith.* Hold your tongue.

*Lucy.* That you know I can't do, madam; and upon this occasion, I will talk for ever—What, give yourself away to one, that poor I, your maid, would not accept of!

*Alith.* How, Lucy!

*Lucy.* I would not, upon my honour, madam; 'tis never too late to repent—'Take a man, and give up your coxcomb, I say.

*Enter* SERVANT.

*Serv.* Mr Sparkish, with company, madam, attends you below.

*Alith.* I will wait upon them. [*Exit* SERVANT.] My heart begins to fail me, but I must go through with it. Go with me, Lucy. [*Exit.*

*Lucy.* Not I, indeed, madam——If you will leap the precipice, you shall fall by yourself—What excellent advice have I thrown away!—So I'll e'en take it where it will be more welcome.——Miss Peggy is bent upon mischief against her guardian, and she can't have a better privy counsellor than myself—I must be busy one way or another. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

*A Chamber in* MOODY'S *House.*

*Enter* MOODY *and* PEGGY.

*Moody.* I saw him kiss your hand before you saw me. This pretence of liking my sister was all a blind—the young abandoned hypocrite! [*Aside.*] Tell me, I say, for I know he likes you, and was hurrying you to his house—tell me, I say——

*Peg.* Lord, ha'n't I told it a hundred times over?

*Moody.* I would try if, in the repetition of the ungrateful tale, I could find her altering it in the least circumstance; for, if her story be false, she is so too. [*Aside.*] Come, how was't, baggage?

*Peg.* Lord, what a pleasure you take to hear it, sure!

*Moody.* No, you take more in telling it, I find; but speak, how was't? No lies—I saw him kiss you—he kissed you before my face.

*Peg.* Nay, you need not be so angry with him neither; for, to say the truth, he has the sweetest breath I ever knew.

*Moody.* The devil!—you were satisfied with it then, and would do it again?——

*Peg.* Not unless he should force me.

*Moody.* Force you, changeling!

*Peg.* If I had struggled too much, you know—he would have known I had been a woman; so I was quiet, for fear of being found out.

*Moody.* If you had been in petticoats then, you would have knocked him down?

*Peg.* With what, Bud?——I could not help myself—besides, he did it so modestly, and blushed so—that I almost thought him a girl in men's clothes, and upon his mummery too, as well as me—and if so, there was no harm done, you know.

*Moody.* This is worse and worse—so 'tis plain she loves him, yet she has not love enough to make her conceal it from me. Love, 'twas he gave women first their craft, their art of deluding. I must strangle that little monster, while I can deal with him. [*Aside.*] Go, fetch pen, ink, and paper, out of the next room.

*Peg.* Yes, I will, Bud.

*Moody.* Go, then.

*Peg.* I'm going.

*Moody.* Why don't you go, then?

*Peg.* I'm going. [*Exit.*

*Moody.* This young fellow loves her, and she loves him—But I'll crush this mischief in the shell—Why should women have more invention in love than men? It can only be, because they have more desire, more soliciting passions, more of the devil.

*Enter* PEGGY, *with pen, ink, and paper.*

Come, minx, sit down and write.

*Peg.* Ay, dear, dear Bud; but I can't do it very well.

*Moody.* I wish you could not at all.

*Peg.* But what should I write for?

*Moody.* I'll have you write a letter to this young man.

*Peg.* O Lord, a letter to the young gentleman!

*Moody.* Yes, to the young gentleman.

*Peg.* Lord, you do but jeer: sure you jest?

*Moody.* I am not so merry: come, sit down, and write as I bid you.

*Peg.* What, do you think I am a fool?

*Moody* She's afraid I would not dictate any love to him, therefore she's unwilling. [*Aside.*] But you had best begin.

*Peg.* Indeed and indeed but I won't, so I won't.

*Moody.* Why?

*Peg.* Because he's in town: you may send for him here, if you will.

*Moody.* Very well, you would have him brought to you?—is it come to this? I say, take the pen and ink and write, or you'll provoke me.

*Peg.* Lord, what do you make a fool of me for? Don't I know that letters are never writ but from the country to London, and from London into the country? now he's in town, and I am in town too; therefore I can't write to him, you know.

*Moody.* So, I am glad it is no worse; she's innocent enough yet. [*Aside.*] Yes, you may, when your husband bids, write letters to people who are in town.

*Peg.* O may I so! then I am satisfied.

*Moody.* Come, begin—*Sir*— [*Dictates.*

*Peg.* Sha'n't I say, *dear sir?* you know one says always something more than bare *Sir.*

*Moody.* Write as I bid you, or I will write something with this penknife in your face.

*Peg.* —*Sir*—

Moody. *Though I suffered last night your nauseous loathed kisses and embraces*—Write!

*Peg.* Nay, why should I say so? you know I told you he had a sweet breath.

*Moody.* Write!

*Peg.* Let me put out *loathed.*

*Moody.* Write! I say.

*Peg.* Well then. [*Writes.*

*Moody.* Let me see what you have writ. *Though I suffered last night your kisses and embraces*—[*Reads the paper.*] Thou impudent creature, where is *nauseous* and *loathed?*

*Peg.* I can't abide to write such filthy words.

*Moody.* Once more, write as I'd have you, or I will spoil your writing with this; I will stab out those eyes that cause my mischief. [*Holds up the penknife.*

*Peg.* O Lord, I will.

*Moody.* So—so—let's see now: *Though I suffered last night your nauseous loathed kisses and embraces;* go on,—*yet I would not have you presume that you shall ever repeat them*——so. [*She writes.*

*Peg.* I have writ it.

*Moody.* O then—*I then concealed myself from your knowledge, to avoid your insolencies*—— [*She writes.*

Peg. *To avoid*——

Moody. *Your insolencies*——

Peg. *Your insolencies.* [*Writes.*

Moody. *The same reason, now I am out of your hands*——

*Peg.* So—— [*She writes.*

Moody. *Makes me own to you my unfortunate—though innocent frolic of being in man's clothes.*

[*She writes.*

*Peg.* So——

Moody. *That you may for evermore——*

Peg. *Evermore?*

Moody. *Evermore cease to pursue her who hates and detests you.* [*She writes.*

*Peg.* So—h. [*Sighs.*

*Moody.* What do you sigh for?—*detests you—as much as she loves her husband and her honour—*

*Peg.* I vow, husband, he'll ne'er believe I should write such a letter.

*Moody.* What, he'd expect a kinder from you? Come, now your name only.

*Peg.* What, sha'n't I say your most faithful humble servant till death?

*Moody.* No, tormenting fiend!——Her style, I find, would be very soft. [*Aside.*] Come, wrap it up now, whilst I go fetch wax and a candle; and write on the outside, *For Mr Belville.* [*Exit* MOODY

Peg. *For Mr Belville.*—So—I am glad he is gone—Hark, I hear a noise.

*Moody* [*Without.*] Very well, if he must see me, I will come to him.

*Peg.* [*Goes to the door.*] I'feck there's folk with him—that's pure——now I may think a little——Why should I send dear Mr Belville such a letter?—Can one have no shift? ah! a London woman would have had a hundred presently.——Stay——what if I should write a letter, and wrap it up like this, and write upon it too?——Ay, but then my guardian would see't——I don't know what to do—But yet y'vads I'll try, so I will—for I will not send this letter to poor Mr Belville, come what will on't. [*She writes, and repeats what she writes.*] *Dear, sweet Mr Belville,*—so—*My guardian would have me send you a base, rude letter, but I won't*—so—*and would have me say I hate*

*you—but I don't*——there——*for I'm sure, if you and I were in the country at cards together*—so—*I could not help treading on your toe under the table—so pray keep at home, for I shall be with you as soon as I can*——*so no more at present, from one who am, dear, dear, poor, dear Mr Belville, your loving friend till death, Margaret Thrift.*—So—now wrap it up just like t'other—so—now write, *For Mr Belville*—But oh! what shall I do with it? for here comes my guardian.

[*Puts the Letter in her bosom.*

*Enter* MOODY, *with a candle and sealing-wax.*

*Moody.* I have been detained by a sparkish coxcomb, who pretended to visit me, but I fear 'twas to my wife. [*Aside.*] What, have you done?

*Peg.* Ay, ay, Bud, just now.

*Moody.* Let's see't; what do you tremble for?——

[*He opens and reads the first Letter.*

*Peg.* So, I had been finely served, if I had given him this! [*Aside.*

*Moody.* Come, where's the wax and seal?

*Peg.* Lord, what shall I do now?——pray let me see't. Lord, you think I can't seal a letter; I will do't, so I will.

[*Snatches the Letter from him, changes it for the other, seals it, and delivers it to him.*

*Moody.* Nay, I believe you will learn that and other things too, which I would not have you.

*Peg.* So, ha'n't I done it curiously? I think I have——there's my letter going to Mr Belville, since he'll needs have me send letters to folks. [*Aside.*

*Moody.* 'Tis very well, but I warrant you would not have it go now?

*Peg.* Yes, indeed, but I would, Bud, now.

*Moody.* Well, you are a good girl then. Come, let me lock you up in your chamber, till I come back; and be sure you come not within three strides of the window, when I am gone; for I have a spy in the

street. [*Puts her into the Chamber.*] At least 'tis fit she thinks so; if we do not cheat women, they'll cheat us.——Now I have secured all within, I'll deal with the foe without, with false intelligence. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

BELVILLE'S *Lodgings.*

*Enter* LUCY *and* BELVILLE.

*Lucy.* I run great risks, to be sure, to serve the young lady, and you, sir——but I know you are a gentleman of honour, and would scorn to betray a friend who means you well, and is above being mercenary.

*Bel.* As you are not mercenary, Mrs Lucy, I ought to be the more generous—give me leave to present you with this trifle, [*Gives a Ring.*] not as a reward for your services, but as a small token of friendship.

*Lucy.* Though I scorn to be bribed in any cause, yet I am proud to accept of it as a mark of your regard, and as such shall keep it for your sake—and now to business.

*Belv.* But has the dear creature resolved?

*Lucy.* Has she?—why, she will run away and marry you, in spite of your teeth, the first moment she can break prison—so you, in your turn, must take care not to have your qualms——Stay at home till you hear from us.

*Belv.* Blessings on thee, Lucy, for the thought!

*Moody.* [*Speaking without.*] But I must, and will see him, let him have what company he will.

*Lucy.* As I hope to be married, Mr Belville, I hear Mr Moody's voice—where shall I hide myself?—if he sees me we are all undone.

*Belv.* This is our cursed luck again—What the devil can he want here?—Get into this closet till he's gone. [*Puts* LUCY *into the Closet.*] Don't you stir, Lucy—I must put the best face upon the matter—— Now for it. [*Takes a Book, and reads.*

*Enter* MOODY.

*Moody.* You will excuse me, sir, for breaking through forms, and your servants' entreaties, to have the honour—but you are alone, sir—your fellow told me below, that you were with company.

*Belv.* Yes, sir, the best company. [*Shows his Book.*] When I converse with my betters, I chuse to have them alone.

*Moody.* And I chuse to interrupt your conversation! The business of my errand must plead my excuse.

*Belv.* You shall be always welcome to me; but you seem ruffled, sir; what brings you hither, and so seemingly out of humour?

*Moody.* Your impertinency—I beg pardon, your modesty, I mean.

*Belv.* My impertinency!

*Moody* Your impertinency.

*Belv.* Sir, from the peculiarity of your character, and your intimacy with my uncle, I shall allow you great privileges; but you must consider, youth has its privileges too; and as I have not the honour of your acquaintance, I am not obliged to bear with your ill humours, or your ill manners.

*Moody.* They who wrong me, young man, must bear with both; and if you had not made too free with me, I should have taken no liberties with you.

*Belv.* I could have wish'd, sir, to have found you a little more civil, the first time I have the honour of a visit from you.

*Moody.* If that is all you want, young gentleman,

you will find me very civil indeed! There, sir, read that, and let your modesty declare whether I want either kindness or civility—Look you there, sir.

[*Gives a letter.*

*Belv.* What is it?

*Moody.* Only a love letter, sir;——and from my wife.

*Belv.* How, is it from your wife?—hum—hum—

[*Reads.*

*Moody.* Even from my wife, sir; am not I wondrous kind and civil to you now too? But you'll not think her so. [*Aside.*

*Belv.* Ha! is this a trick of his or hers? [*Aside.*

*Moody.* The gentleman's surprised, I find: what, you expected a kinder letter?

*Belv.* No, 'faith, not I, how could I?

*Moody.* Yes, yes, I'm sure you did; a man so young and well made as you are, must needs be disappointed, if the women declare not their passion at the first sight or opportunity.

*Belv.* But what should this mean? It seems he knows not what the letter contains! [*Aside.*

*Moody.* Come, ne'er wonder at it so much.

*Belv.* 'Faith, I can't help it.

*Moody.* Now I think I have deserved your infinite friendship and kindness, and have showed myself sufficiently an obliging kind friend and husband—am I not so, to bring a letter from my wife to her gallant?

*Belv.* Ay, indeed, you are the most obliging kind friend and husband in the world; ha, ha, ha! Pray, however, present my humble service to her, and tell her, I will obey her letter to a tittle, and fulfil her desires, be they what they will, or with what difficulty soever I do't; and you shall be no more jealous of me: I warrant her and you.

*Moody.* Well then, fare you well, and play with any

man's honour but mine, kiss any man's wife but mine, and welcome—so, Mr Modesty, your servant.

[*As* MOODY *is going out,*

*Enter* SPARKISH, *who meets him.*

*Spark.* So, brother-in-law, that was to have been, I have followed you from home to Belville's: I have strange news for you.

*Moody.* Strange news! what, are you wiser than you were this morning?

*Spark.* 'Faith, I don't know but I am, for I have lost your sister, and I sha'n't eat half an ounce the less at dinner for it; there's philosophy for you!

*Moody.* Insensibility you mean—I hope you don't mean to use my sister ill, sir?

*Spark.* No, sir, she has used me ill; she's in her tantrums—I have had a narrow escape, sir.

*Moody.* If thou art endowed with the smallest portion of understanding, explain this riddle.

*Belv.* Ay, ay, pr'ythee, Sparkish, condescend to be intelligible.

*Spark.* Why, you must know, we had settled to be married—it is the same thing to me, whether I am married or not—I have no particular fancy one way or other, and so I told your sister; off or on, 'tis the same thing to me; but the thing was fixed, you know—You and my aunt brought it about—I had no hand in it. And, to show you that I was as willing to marry your sister as any other woman, I suffered the law to tie me up to hard terms, and the church would have finished me still to harder—but she was taken with her tantrums!

*Moody.* Damn your tantrums—come to the point.

*Spark.* Your sister took an aversion to the parson, Frank Harcourt's brother—abused him like a pickpocket, and swore 'twas Harcourt himself.

*Moody.* And so it was, for I saw him.

*Spark.* Why, you are as mad as your sister—I tell you it was Ned, Frank's twin brother.

*Moody.* What, Frank told you so?

*Spark.* Ay, and Ned too——they were both in a story.

*Moody.* What an incorrigible fellow!——Come, come, I must begone.

*Spark.* Nay, nay, you shall hear my story out.—She walked up within pistol shot of the church—then twirled round upon her heel—called me every name she could think of; and when she had exhausted her imagination, and tired her tongue—no easy matter, let me tell you—she called her chair, sent her footman to buy her a monkey before my face, then bid me good-morrow with a sneer, and left us with our mouths open, in the middle of a hundred people, who were all laughing at us! If these are not tantrums, I don't know what are.

*Moody.* Ha, ha, ha! I thank thee, Sparkish, from my soul: 'tis a most exquisite story; I have not had such a laugh for this half year—Thou art a most ridiculous puppy, and I am infinitely obliged to thee; ha, ha, ha! [*Exit* MOODY.

*Spark.* Did you ever hear the like, Belville?

*Belv.* O yes; how is it possible to hear such a foolish story, and see thy foolish face, and not laugh at them? ha, ha, ha! [LUCY, *in the Closet, laughs.*

*Spark.* Hey-day! what's that? What, have you raised a devil in the closet, to make up a laughing chorus at me? I must take a peep——

[*Going to the Closet.*

*Belv.* Indeed but you must not.

*Spark.* 'Twas a woman's voice.

*Belv* So much the better for me.

*Spark.* Pr'ythee, introduce me.

*Belv.* Though you take a pleasure in exposing your ladies, I chuse to conceal mine. So, my dear Sparkish,

lest the lady should be sick by too long a confinement, and laughing heartily at you, I must entreat you to withdraw—Pr'ythee, excuse me, I must laugh —ha, ha, ha!

*Spark.* Do you know that I begin to be angry, Belville?

*Belv.* I can't help that; ha, ha, ha!

*Spark.* My character's at stake—I shall be thought a damned silly fellow—I will call Alithea to an account directly. [*Exit.*

*Belv.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Lucy.* [*Peeping out.*] Ha, ha, ha! O dear sir, let me have my laugh out, or I shall burst—What an adventure! [*Laughs.*

*Belv.* My sweet Peggy has sent me the kindest letter—and by the dragon himself—There's a spirit for you!

*Lucy.* There's simplicity for you! Show me a town-bred girl with half the genius—Send you a love-letter, and by a jealous guardian too! ha, ha, ha!—— Well, Mr Belville—the world goes as it should do—my mistress will exchange her fool for a wit; Miss Peggy her brute for a pretty young fellow; I shall dance at two weddings—be well rewarded by both parties—get a husband myself, and be as happy as the best of you—and so your humble servant. [*Exit.*

*Belv.* Success attend you, Lucy! [*Exit.*

## ACT THE FIFTH.

### SCENE I.

### MOODY'S *House.*

PEGGY *alone, leaning on her elbow. A Table, Pen, Ink, and Paper.*

*Peg.* Well, 'tis e'en so, I have got the London disease they call love; I am sick of my guardian, and dying for Mr Belville! I have heard this distemper called a fever, but methinks it is like an ague; for, when I think of my guardian, I tremble, and am so cold; but when I think of dear Mr Belville, my hot fit comes, and I am all in a fever indeed. Ah! poor Mr Belville! Well, I cannot, will not stay here; therefore I'll make an end of my letter to him, which shall be a finer letter than my last, because I have studied it like any thing. Oh! sick, sick!

*Enter* MOODY, *who, seeing her writing, steals softly behind her, and, looking over her Shoulder, snatches the Paper from her.*

*Moody.* What, writing more letters?

*Peg.* O Lord! Bud, why d'ye fright me so?

[*She offers to run out, he stops her, and reads.*

*Moody.* How's this! nay, you shall not stir, madam. *Dear, dear, dear Mr Belville,*—very well, I have taught you to write letters to good purpose—— but let's see't.—[*Reads.*] *First, I am to beg your pardon for my boldness in writing to you, which I'd have you to know I would not have done, had you not said first you loved me so extremely; which, if you do, you will never suffer me to be another man's, whom I loath, nauseate, and detest:* (Now you can write these filthy

words.)—But what follows?—*therefore, I hope you will speedily find some way to free me from this unfortunate match, which was never, I assure you, of my choice, but I'm afraid 'tis already too far gone; however, if you love me, as I do you, you will try what you can do; you must help me away before to-morrow, or else, alas! I shall be for ever out of your reach; for I can defer no longer our*—our—What is to follow *our?*—speak what—our journey into the country, I suppose.——Oh, woman, damned woman! and love, damned love! their old tempter.—But make an end of your letter, and then I'll make an end of you thus, and all my plagues together. [*Draws his Sword.*

*Peg.* O Lord! O Lord! you are such a passionate man, Bud!

*Moody.* Come, take the pen, and make an end of the letter, just as you intended; if you are false in a tittle, I shall soon perceive it, and punish you with this, as you deserve. [*Lays his Hand on his Sword.*] Write what was to follow—let's see—*You must make haste, and help me away before to-morrow, or else I shall be for ever out of your reach; for I can defer no longer our*—What follows *our?*——

[PEGGY *takes the Pen and writes.*

*Peg.* Must all out then, Bud?——Look you there then.

*Moody.* Let's see——*for I can defer no longer our wedding*——*Your slighted* ALITHEA.——What's the meaning of this; my sister's name to't? speak, unriddle.

*Peg.* Ay, but you'll tell her again: if you would not tell her again——

*Moody.* I will not; I am stunned, my head turns round. Speak.

*Peg.* Won't you tell her indeed, and indeed?

*Moody.* No; speak, I say.

*Peg.* She'll be angry with me, but I had rather she should be angry with me than you, Bud. And, to tell

you the truth, 'twas she made me write the letter, and taught me what I should write.

*Moody.* Ha!—I thought the style was somewhat better than her own. [*Aside.*] Could she come to you to teach you, since I had locked you up alone?

*Peg.* Oh, through the key-hole, Bud.

*Moody.* But why should she make you write a letter for her to him, since she can write herself?

*Peg.* Why, she said because——

*Moody.* Because, what——

*Peg.* Why, because, Bud——

*Moody.* Because, what? I say.

*Peg.* Because, lest Mr Belville, as he was so young, should be inconstant, and refuse her, or be vain afterwards, and show the letter, she might disown it, the hand not being hers.

*Moody.* Belville again!—Am I to be deceived again with that young hypocrite?

*Peg.* You have deceived yourself, Bud, you have indeed——I have kept the secret, for my sister's sake, as long as I could——but you must know it——and shall know it too. [*Cries.*

*Moody* Dry your eyes.

*Peg.* You always thought he was hankering after me—Good law! he's dying for Alithea, and Alithea for him—they have had private meetings—and he was making love to her, before yesterday, from the tavern window, when you thought it was me— I would have discovered all—but she made me swear to deceive you, and so I have finely—have not I, Bud?

*Moody.* Why did you write that foolish letter to him then, and make me more foolish to carry it?

*Peg.* To carry on the joke, Bud—to oblige them.

*Moody.* And will nothing serve her but that great baby?—he's too young for her to marry.

*Peg.* Why do you marry me then? 'tis the same thing, Bud.

*Moody.* No, no, 'tis quite different—How innocent she is!—This changeling could not invent this lie; but if she could, why should she? she might think I should soon discover it. [*Aside.*] But hark you, madam, your sister went out in the morning, and I have not seen her within since.

*Peg.* Alack-a-day! she has been crying all day above, it seems, in a corner.

*Moody.* Where is she? let me speak with her.

*Peg.* O Lord! then she'll discover all! [*Aside.*] Pray hold, Bud; what, d'ye mean to discover me?—she'll know I have told you then. Pray, Bud, let me talk with her first.

*Moody.* I must speak with her, to know whether Belville ever made her any promise, and whether she will be married to Sparkish or no.

*Peg.* Pray, dear Bud, don't, till I have spoken with her, and told her that I have told you all; for she'll kill me else.

*Moody.* Go then, and bid her come to me.

*Peg.* Yes, yes, Bud.

*Moody.* Let me see——

*Peg.* I have just time to know of Lucy, who first set me to work, what lie I shall tell next; for I am e'en at my wit's end. [*Aside, and exit.*

*Moody.* Well, I resolve it, Belville shall have her: I'd rather give him my sister, than lend him my wife; and such an alliance will prevent his pretensions to my wife, sure—I'll make him of kin to her, and then he won't care for her.

*Enter* PEGGY.

*Peg.* O Lord, Bud, I told you what anger you would make me with my sister.

*Moody.* Won't she come hither?

*Peg.* No, she won't: she's ashamed to look you in the face. She'll go directly to Mr Belville, she says. Pray let her have her way, Bud—she won't be paci-

fied if you don't—and will never forgive me—For my part, Bud, I believe, but don't tell any body, they have broken a piece of silver between them—or have contracted one another, as we have done, you know, which is the next thing to being married.

*Moody.* Pooh! you fool——she is ashamed of talking with me about Belville, because I made the match for her with Sparkish! But Sparkish is a fool, and I have no objection to Belville's family or fortune——tell her so.

*Peg.* I will, Bud. [*Going.*

*Moody.* Stay, stay, Peggy—let her have her own way—she shall go to Belville herself, and I'll follow her——that will be best——let her have her whim.

*Peg.* You're in the right, Bud——for they have certainly had a quarrel, by her crying and hanging her head so——I'll be hanged if her eyes an't swelled out of her head, she's in such a piteous taking.

*Moody.* Belville sha'n't use her ill, I'll take care of that—if he has made her a promise, he shall keep to it—but she had better go first—I will follow her at a distance, that she may have no interruption: and I will wait in the Park before I see them, that they may come to a reconciliation before I come upon them.

*Peg.* La, Bud, how wise you are! I wish I had half your wisdom; you see every thing at once——Stand o' one side then——there, a little further that way.

*Moody.* So I will—she sha'n't see me till I break in upon her at Belville's.

*Peg.* Now for it. [*Exit* PEGGY.

*Moody.* My case is something better—for, suppose the worst—should Belville use her ill—I had rather fight him for not marrying my sister, than for debauching my wife, for I will make her mine absolutely to-morrow; and, of the two, I had rather find

my sister too forward than my wife; I expected no other from her free education, as she calls it, and her passion for the town. Well, wife and sister are names which make us expect love and duty, pleasure and comfort; but we find them plagues and torments, and are equally, though differently, troublesome to their keeper—but here she comes. [*Steps on one side.*

*Enter* PEGGY, *dressed like* ALITHEA; *and as she passes over the Stage, seems to sigh, sob, and wipe her eyes.*

*Peg.* Heigho! [*Exit.*

*Moody.* [*Comes forward.*] There the poor devil goes, sighing and sobbing; a woeful example of the fatal consequences of a town education—but I am bound in duty, as well as in inclination, to do my utmost to save her—but first I'll secure my own property.—[*Opens the Door, and calls.*] Peggy! Peggy!—my dear!—I will return as soon as possible—Do you hear me? Why don't you answer? You may read in the book I bought you till I come back—As the Jew says in the play, "Fast bind, fast find." [*Locks the Door.*] This is the best, and only security, of female affections.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

*The Park before* BELVILLE'S *Door.*

*Enter* SPARKISH, *drunk.*

*Spark.* If I can but meet with her, or any body that belongs to her, they will find me a match for them—When a man has wit, and a great deal of it, champagne gives it a double edge, and nothing can withstand it—'tis a lighted match to gunpowder——

I was right to consult my friends, and they all agree with Moody, that I make a damned ridiculous figure, as matters stand at present. I'll consult Belville—this is his house—he's my friend too—and no fool. It shall be so—damn it, I must not be ridiculous. [*Going to the Door, sees* PEGGY *coming.*] Hold! hold! if the champagne does not burst my eyesight, while it sharpens my wit, the enemy is marching up this way. —Come on, madam Alithea; now for a smart fire, and then let's see who will be ridiculous.

*Enter* PEGGY.

*Peg.* Dear me, I begin to tremble—there is Mr Sparkish, and I can't get to Mr Belville's house without passing him—he sees me—and will discover me—he seems in liquor too!—bless me!

*Spark.* Oho! she stands at bay a little—she don't much relish the engagement. The first blow is half the battle. I'll be a little figurative with her. [*Approaching her.*] I find, madam, you like a solo better than a duet. You need not have been walking alone this evening, if you had been wiser yesterday—What, nothing to say for yourself? Repentance, I suppose, makes you as awkward and as foolish as the poor country girl your brother has locked up in Pall-Mall.

*Peg.* I'm frightened out of my wits.

[*Tries to pass by him*

*Spark.* Not a step farther shall you go, till you give me an account of your behaviour, and make me reparation for being ridiculous. What, dumb still—then, if you won't by fair means, I must squeeze you to a confession. [*As he goes to seize her, she slips by him; but he catches hold of her before she reaches* BELVILLE's *Door.*] Not quite so fast, if you please. Come, come, let me see your modest face, and hear your soft tongue, or I shall be tempted to use you ill.

*Enter* MOODY.

*Moody.* Hands off, you ruffian—how dare you use a lady, and my sister, in this manner?

[MOODY *takes her from* SPARKISH.

*Spark.* She's my property, sir—transferred to me by you—and though I would give her up to any body for a dirty sword-knot, yet I won't be bullied out of my right, though it is not worth that——

[*Snaps his Fingers.*

*Moody.* There's a fellow to be a husband——you are justified in despising him, and flying from him—I'll defend you with my purse and my sword ——knock at the door, and let me speak with Belville.——[PEGGY *knocks at the Door: when the* FOOTMAN *opens it, she runs in.*]—Is your master at home, friend?

*Foot.* Yes, sir.

*Moody.* Tell him then that I have rescued that lady from this gentleman, and that, by her desire, and my consent, she flies to him for protection; if he can get a parson, let him marry her this minute; tell him so, and shut the door. [*Exit* FOOTMAN.] And now, sir, if your wine has given you courage, you had better show it upon this occasion, for you are still damned ridiculous.

*Spark.* Did you ever hear the like!——Look ye, Mr Moody, we are in the Park, and to draw a sword is an offence to the court—so you may vapour as long as you please. A woman of so little taste is not worth fighting for—she's not worth my sword! but if you'll fight me to-morrow morning for diversion, I am your man.

*Moody.* Relinquish your title in the lady to Belville peaceably, and you may sleep in a whole skin.

*Spark.* Belville! he would not have your sister with

the fortune of a nabob; no, no, his mouth waters at your country tit-bit at home—much good may it do him.

*Moody.* And you think so, puppy—ha, ha, ha!

*Spark.* Yes, I do, mastiff—ha, ha, ha!

*Moody.* Then thy folly is complete—ha, ha, ha!

*Spark.* Thine will be so, when thou hast married thy country innocence—ha, ha, ha!

[*They laugh at each other.*

*Enter* HARCOURT.

*Spark.* What, my boy, Harcourt!

*Moody.* What brings you here, sir?

*Harc.* I followed you to Belville's, to present a near relation of yours, and a nearer one of mine, to you.

[*Exit.*

*Spark.* What's the matter now?

*Enter* HARCOURT *with* ALITHEA.

*Harc.* Give me leave, gentlemen, without offence to either, to present Mrs Harcourt to you!

*Spark.* Alithea! your wife!——Mr Moody, are you in the clouds too?

*Moody.* If I am not in a dream—I am the most miserable waking dog that ever ran mad with his misfortunes and astonishment!

*Harc.* Why so, Jack?—can you object to my happiness, when this gentleman was unworthy of it?

[MOODY *walks about in a rage.*

*Spark.* This is very fine, very fine indeed—where's your story about Belville now, 'Squire Moody! Pr'ythee don't chafe and stare and stride, and beat thy head, like a mad tragedy poet, but out with thy tropes and figures.

*Moody.* Zounds! I can't bear it.

[*Goes hastily to* BELVILLE's *Door, and knocks hard.*

*Alith.* Dear brother, what's the matter?

*Moody.* The devil's the matter! the devil and woman together. [*Knocks again.*] I'll break the door down if they won't answer. [*Knocks again.*

FOOTMAN *appears in the Balcony.*

*Foot.* What would your honour please to have?

*Moody.* Your master, rascal!

*Foot.* He is obeying your commands, sir, and the moment he is finished, he will do himself the pleasure to wait on you.

*Moody.* You sneering villain you—if your master does not produce that she-devil, who is now with him, and who, with a face of innocence, has cheated and undone me, I'll set fire to his house.

[*Exit* FOOTMAN.

*Spark.* Gad so! now I begin to smoke the business. Well said, simplicity! rural simplicity! Egad! if thou hast tricked Cerberus here, I shall be so ravished, that I will give this couple a wedding dinner.—Pray, Mr Moody, who's damned ridiculous now?

*Moody.* [*Going to* SPARKISH.] Look ye, sir—don't grin, for if you dare to show your teeth at my misfortunes, I'll dash them down your impudent throat, you jackanapes.

*Spark.* [*Quite calm.*] Very fine, 'faith—but I have no weapons to butt with a mad bull, so you may toss and roar by yourself, if you please.

BELVILLE *appears in the Balcony.*

*Bel.* What does my good friend want with me?

*Moody.* Are you a villain, or are you not?

*Belv.* I have obeyed your commands, sir.
*Moody.* What have you done with the girl, sir?
*Belv.* Made her my wife, as you desired.
*Spark.* Very true, I am your witness——
*Moody.* She's my wife, and I demand her.

PEGGY *appears in the Balcony.*

*Peg.* No, but I ar'n't——What's the matter, Bud, are you angry with me?
*Moody.* How dare you look me in the face, cockatrice?
*Peg.* How dare you look me in the face, Bud? Have you not given me to another, when you ought to have married me yourself? Have not you pretended to be married to me, when you knew in your conscience you was not?—And have not you been shilly shally for a long time? So that if I had not married dear Mr Belville, I should not have married at all—so I should not.

[BELVILLE *and* PEGGY *retire from the Balcony.*

*Spark.* Extremely pleasant, faith; ha, ha, ha!
*Moody.* I am stupified with shame, rage, and astonishment. [*Sighs.*] I cannot bear to look, or be looked upon——I will hurry down to my old house, take a twelvemonth's provision into it——cut down my draw-bridge, run wild about my garden, which shall grow as wild as myself——then will I curse the world, and every individual in it—and, when my rage and spirits fail me, I will be found dead among the nettles and thistles, a woeful example of the baseness and treachery of one sex, and of the falsehood, lying, perjury, deceit, impudence, and—damnation of the other. [*Exit.*
*Spark.* Very droll, and extravagantly comic, I must confess; ha, ha, ha!

*Enter* BELVILLE *and* PEGGY.

Look ye, Belville, I wish you joy, with all my heart—you have got the prize, and perhaps have caught a Tartar—that's no business of mine.——If you want evidence for Mr Moody's giving his consent to your marriage, I shall be ready. I bear no ill will to that pair. I wish you happy—[*To* ALITHEA *and* HARCOURT.]—though I'm sure they'll be miserable—and so your humble servant. [*Exit.*

*Peg.* I hope you forgive me, Alithea, for playing your brother this trick; indeed I should have only made him and myself miserable, had we married together.

*Alith.* Then 'tis much better as it is.—But I am yet in the dark how this matter has been brought about: how your innocence, my dear, has outwitted his worldly wisdom.

*Peg.* I am sure I'll do any thing to please my Bud, but marry him.

PEGGY *comes forward, and addresses the Audience.*

But you, good gentry, what say you to this?
You are to judge me—have I done amiss?
I've reasons will convince you all, and strong ones;
Except old folks, who hanker after young ones:
Bud was so passionate, and grown so thrifty,
'Twas a sad life;——and then, he was near fifty!
I'm but nineteen—my husband too is young,
So soft, so gentle, such a winning tongue!
Have I, pray ladies, speak, done very wrong?
As for poor Bud, 'twas honest to deceive him!
More virtuous sure, to cheat him, than to grieve him.
Great folks, I know, will call me simple slut,
"Marry for love!" they cry, "the country put!"
Marriage with them's a fashion—soon grows cool:
But I'm for loving always, like a fool.

With half my fortune I would rather part,
Than be all finery, with an aching heart:
For these strange awkward notions don't abuse me,
And, as I know no better, pray excuse me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

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